

MICHAEL DOUGHERTY PRESENTS

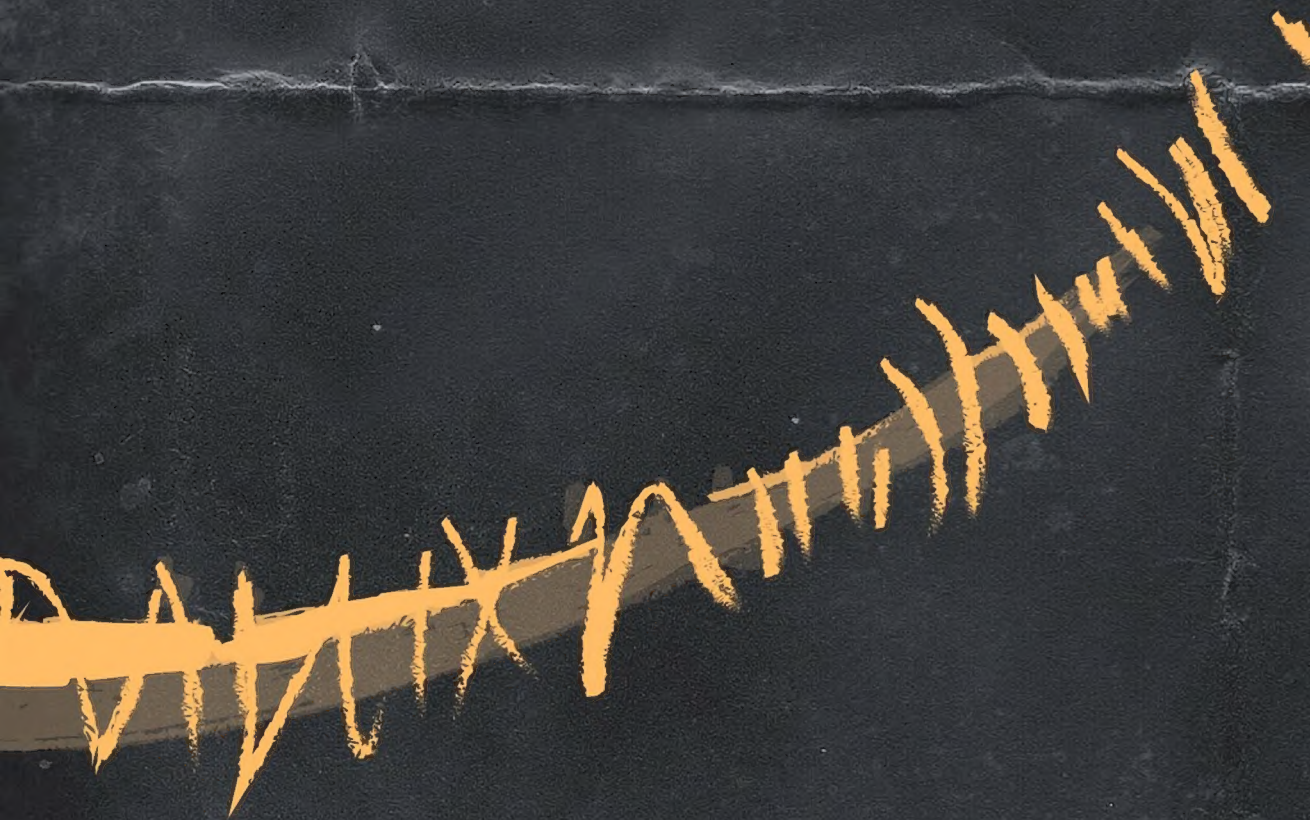
Trick 'r Treat

SAM'S 10TH ANNIVERSARY COLLECTION





XTMILWA



Trick'r Treat

SAM'S 10TH ANNIVERSARY COLLECTION

Trick'r Treat

BASED ON THE MOVIE WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY BY **MICHAEL DOUGHERTY**

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CHAPTER ONE

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CHAPTER TWO

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GRANT BOND

CHAPTER THREE

ART BY
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CHAPTER FOUR

ART
FIONA STAPLES

LETTERING BY
ROB LEIGH

CHAPTER BREAK ART BY

ONE AND TWO
BREEHN BURNS

THREE
RAGNAR

FOUR
MICHAEL DOUGHERTY

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED BY WILDSTORM PRODUCTIONS 2009
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A **LEGENDARY COMICS** PRODUCTION
PRESENTED BY **MICHAEL DOUGHERTY**

Trick 'r Treat

DAYS OF THE DEAD

STORY BY
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SPECIAL THANKS TO **ALEX GARCIA, BARNABY LEGG, SHIRIT BRADLEY, & BENJAMIN WRIGHT**

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It's September. And I am elated.

I know. What's the big deal, right? It's not like it's October. The month that REALLY counts. That magical month when the air turns crisp, leaves take on fiery hues, and front yards are slowly transformed into cemeteries. No, it's just plain old September. The month we just sort of just put up with and trudge through until October finally arrives with all of its wonderful trappings. Or at least that's how it used to be.

No, these days September seems to be taking on similar colors and pumpkin scents. In the same way that Christmas slowly started encroaching upon November until it completely devoured Thanksgiving, Halloween seems to be spreading its gnarled vines over September, allowing the season to unofficially begin as soon as we clean up our Labor Day barbecues. Drug store shelves are already being stocked with candy corn and plastic pumpkins; seasonal Halloween shops filled with costumes and decorations are popping up in empty storefronts; and yes, that true dark harbinger of the holy season, Pumpkin Spice, is everywhere. Lattes. Cakes. Ice Cream. Cereal. You can't swing a dead cat without hitting Pumpkin Spice Something. Believe me, I've tried.

But more recently I've noticed how something else has started popping up in September. Or should I say... someone. I'll see his burlap face and button eyes grinning at me from rows of rubber monster masks, right next to much more famous faces like Freddy, Jason, or Michael. I'll find his deadly lollipop stocked next to plastic machetes and butcher knives. Sometimes I'll even spot him waddling around in broad daylight at a comic convention, sporting a homemade cosplay outfit and mingling with the more traditional icons from DC and Marvel like the mischievous little imp he is. And if

you're reading this book chances are you know exactly who I'm talking about. The flag-bearer of Trick 'r Treat, the spirit of Halloween himself — **Sam**.

I don't have kids, and don't plan to, but I can't help but feel a surge of fatherly pride as I've watched Sam go out into the world and carve out a life of his own over the last ten years. And it's all thanks to you. The fans who embraced "the little horror movie that could" and turned it into a true Halloween tradition. And that's no understatement. Over the past decade, Sam went from getting dumped direct-to-dvd to getting a still growing line of toys, decorations, costumes, and even mazes at Universal's Halloween Horror Nights. And there are no signs of his growth stopping. Quite the opposite, in fact. This book is another chapter in that growth and I can't thank you enough for plucking it off the shelf and giving it a read. While a true sequel seems to be an ephemeral wish dream at this point, this tome is a collection of stories that truly capture the spirit of Trick 'r Treat and of Halloween itself, created by a team of talented artists who love the high holiday as much as the rest of us.

So grab a caramel apple, pour yourself a Pumpkin Spice whatever, and remember... always check your candy.

Michael Dougherty
September 2019



CHAPTER ONE







MAKES ME WISH EVERY DAY WAS HALLOWEEN.

SORRY.

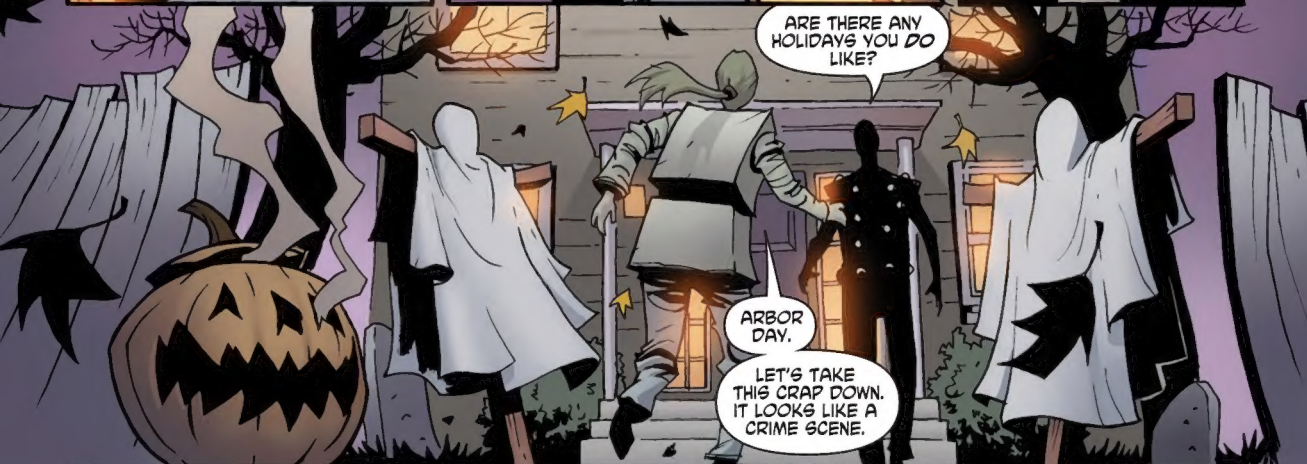


WAIT A MINUTE. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KEEP IT LIT. ANCIENT TRADITION.

IT'S HALLOWEEN, NOT HANUKKAH. I'M LIT. YOU'RE LIT.



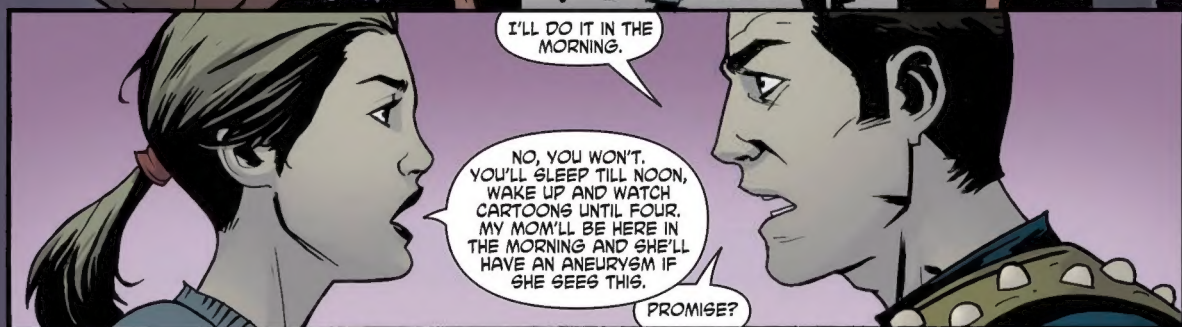
BUT HIS NIGHT IS OVER.



ARE THERE ANY HOLIDAYS YOU DO LIKE?

ARBOR DAY.

LET'S TAKE THIS CRAP DOWN. IT LOOKS LIKE A CRIME SCENE.



I'LL DO IT IN THE MORNING.

NO, YOU WON'T. YOU'LL SLEEP TILL NOON, WAKE UP AND WATCH CARTOONS UNTIL FOUR. MY MOM'LL BE HERE IN THE MORNING AND SHE'LL HAVE AN ANEURYSM IF SHE SEES THIS.

PROMISE?

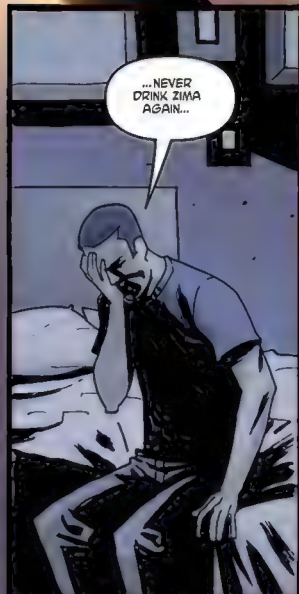


HAR, HAR. I'LL DO IT. JUST GO GET UNDRESSED AND I'LL BE UP IN A FEW MINUTES.

OKAY, OKAY.

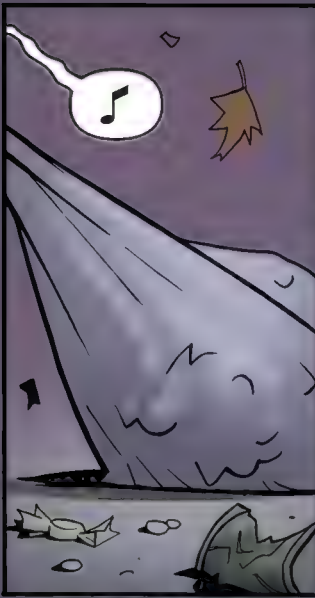








---Nooooooo!!





THAT CAN'T
BE GOOD FOR
YOUR DIABETES,
CHARLIE.



I, uh,
I WAS,
uh...



DON'T WASTE A PERFECTLY GOOD
LIE ON THIS. IT'S JUST CANDY. GUESS
IT'S A GOOD THING I GOT MORE.
WHY DON'T YOU SIT DOWN, STAY
FOR A WHILE?

I--

SIT DOWN,
CHARLIE.



DIDN'T SEE YOU IN
SCHOOL TODAY. IS YOUR
MOM STILL SICK?

Uh-huh.

YEAH, SCABIES IS
ROUGH. HERE, HELP
YOURSELF.



!GASP!:

IT'S FOR
THE PUMPKIN,
NOT YOU.
PROMISE.

SMASHING JACK O'LANTERNS AND
STEALING CANDY, huh? I USED TO
BE JUST LIKE YOU WHEN I WAS A
KID. UNTIL MY DAD SET ME
STRAIGHT.



YOU PROBABLY
THINK HALLOWEEN IS
ALL ABOUT GORGING ON
CANDY AND TERRORIZING
TRICK-OR-TREATERS, RIGHT?

WELL,
YEAH.





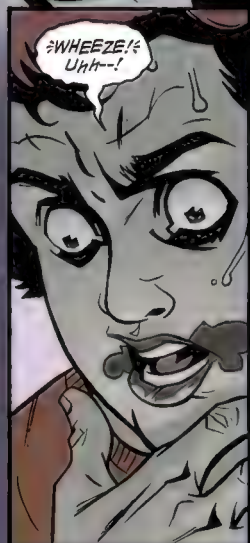
WELL, YOU'RE WRONG. MY DAD TAUGHT ME TONIGHT'S ALL ABOUT RESPECTING THE DEAD. RESPECTING THEIR CUSTOMS. NOT BREAKING THEM.

ALL THESE TRADITIONS-- COSTUMES, PUMPKINS, TREATS--WERE STARTED TO PROTECT US. BUT, NOWADAYS...

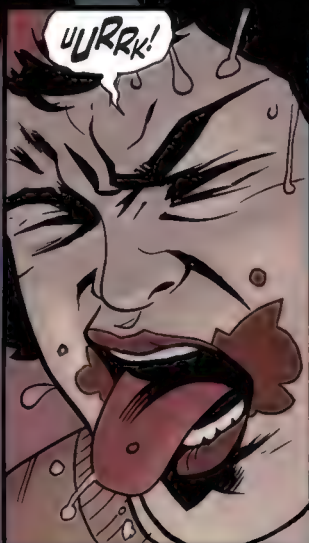


...NO ONE REALLY CARES.

Uh-hu...
COUGH!!



WHEEZE!!
Uhh--!



UURK!



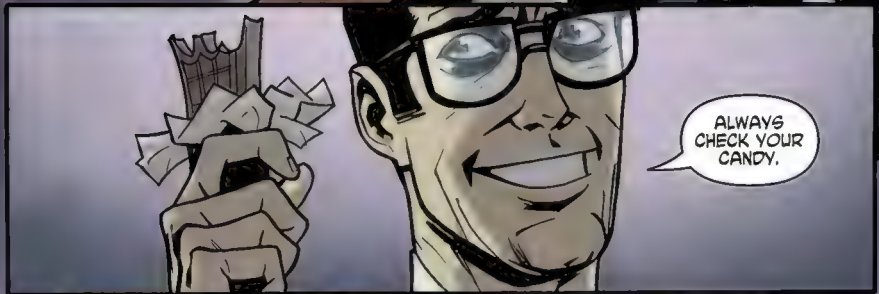
H-HELP...
M-ME...
GASP!!



OOOPS. LOOKS LIKE THERE'S A TRADITION YOU FORGOT, CHARLIE.

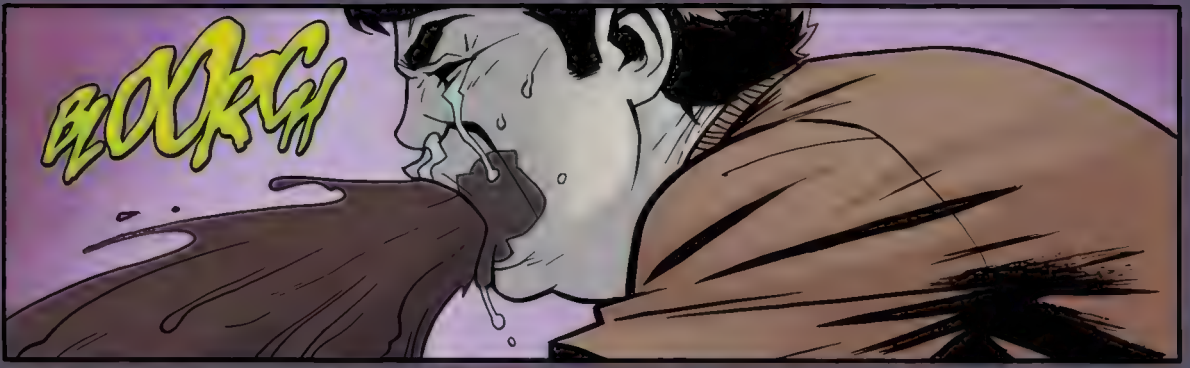


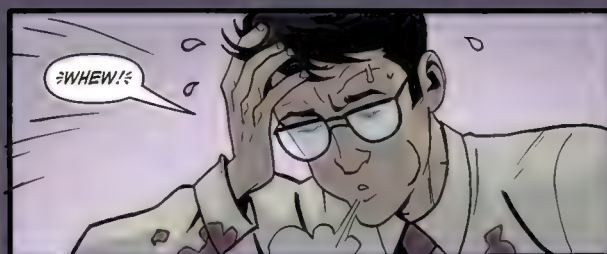
AN IMPORTANT ONE, TOO.

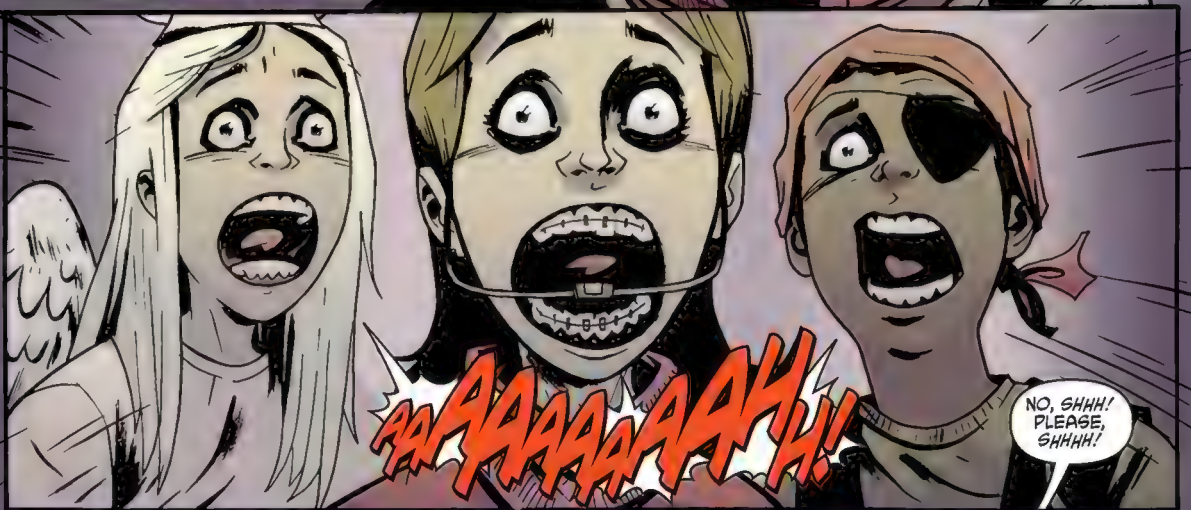
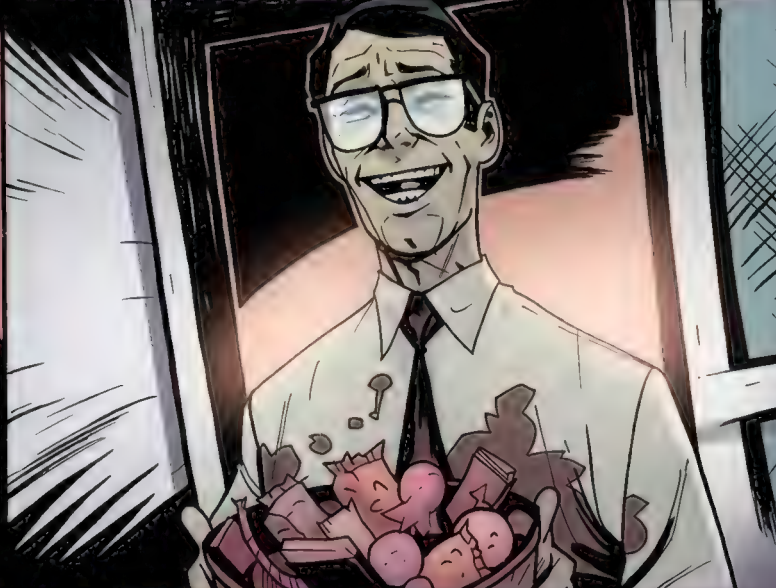
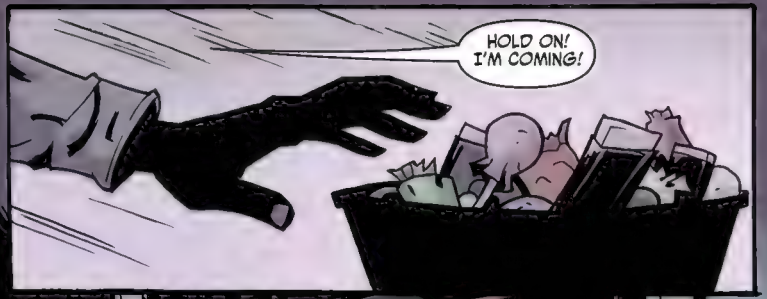


ALWAYS CHECK YOUR CANDY.











NEVER MIND.
CANDY?

MR. WILKINS,
CAN WE HAVE YOUR
JACK O'LANTERN?

YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO SMASH
IT, ARE YOU?

NO, NO!
IT'S A SCAVENGER
HUNT... FOR *ummm...*
UNICEF.

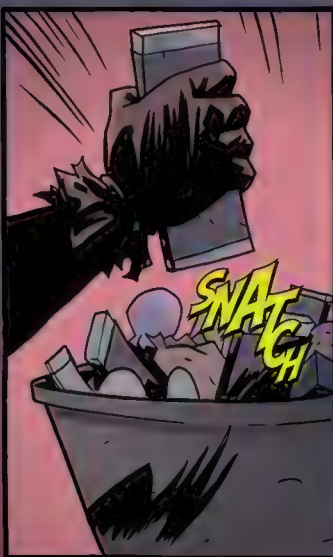


ANYTHING
FOR A GOOD
CAUSE.

THANKS!



AND WHO ARE
YOU? DIDN'T YOU
GET ONE?



SNATCH



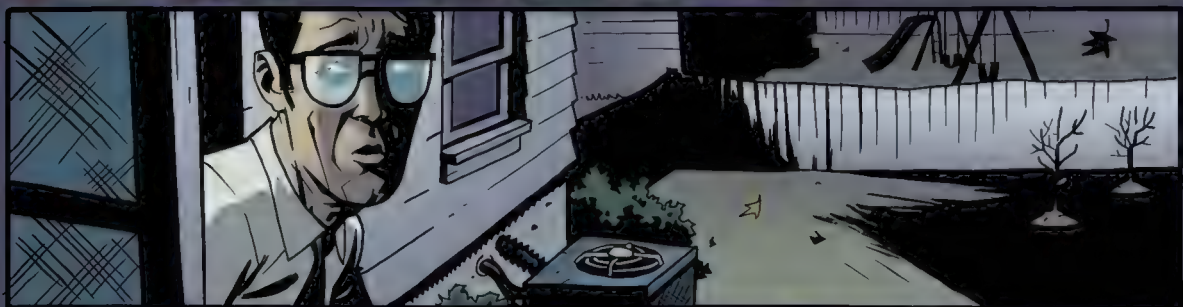
Um...



...HAPPY
HALLOWEEN.



NOW,
WHERE WERE WE,
CHARLIE?





BILLY, SHHHH!

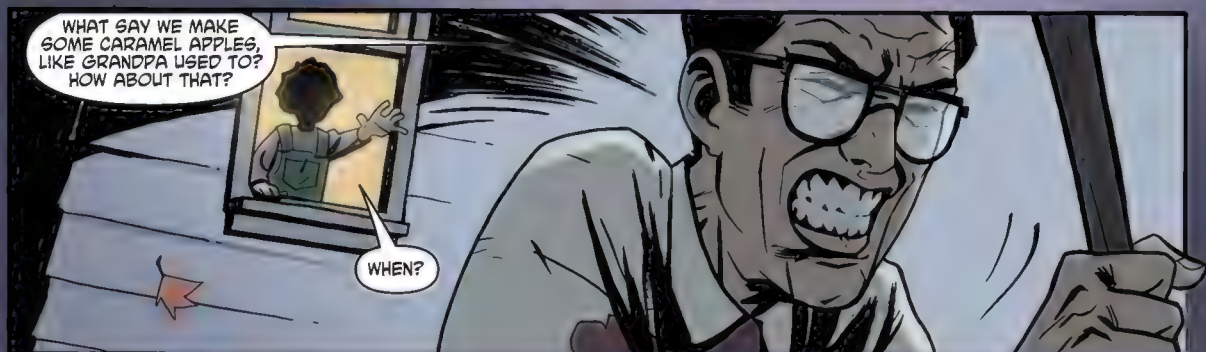
WHATCHA DOIN'?

GARDENING!

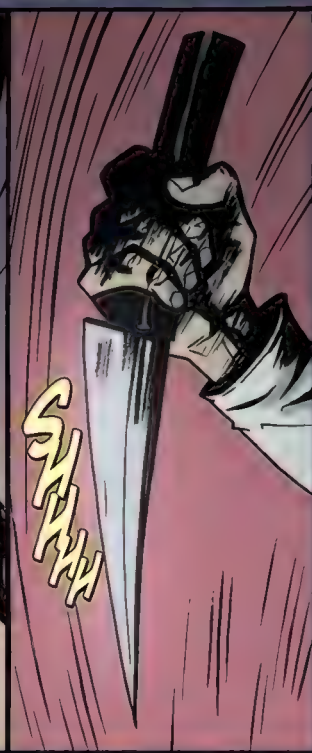










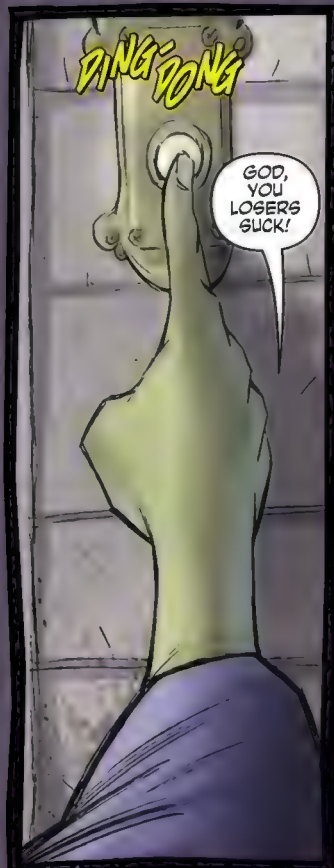
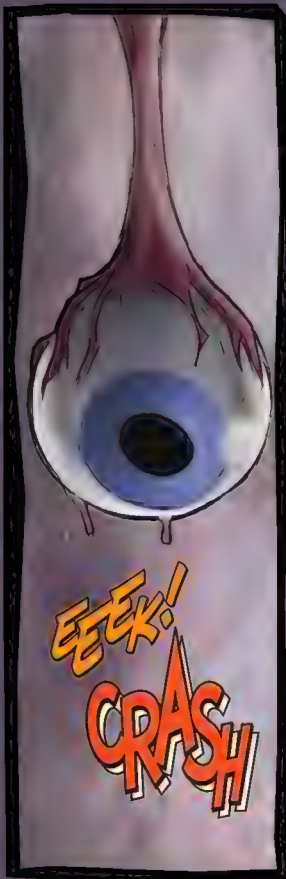


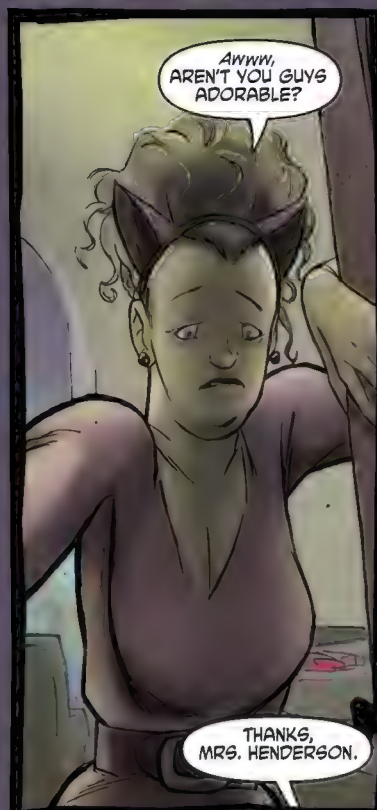
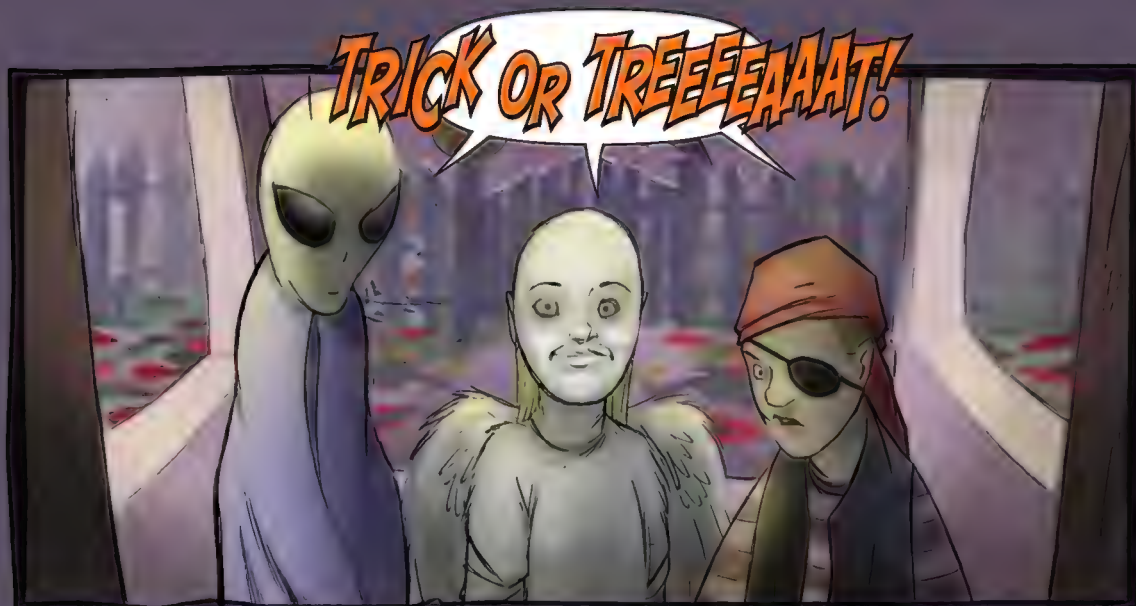


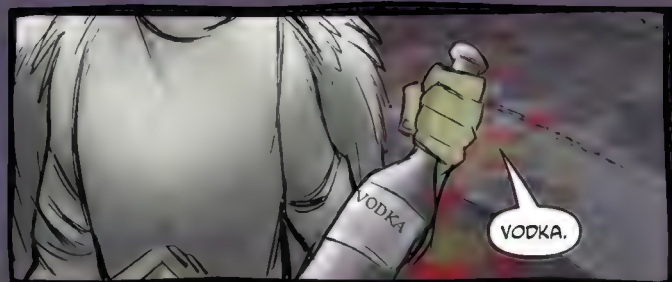
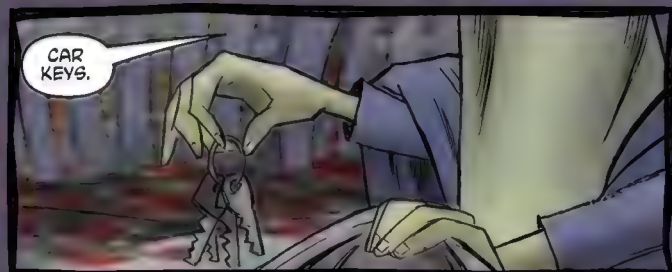
THE
END

CHAPTER TWO











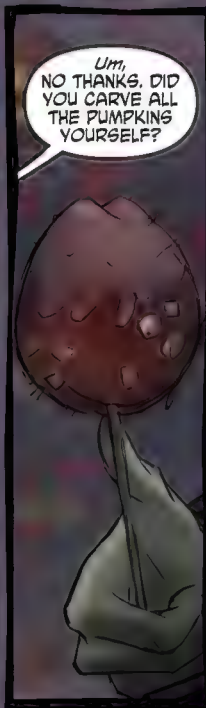
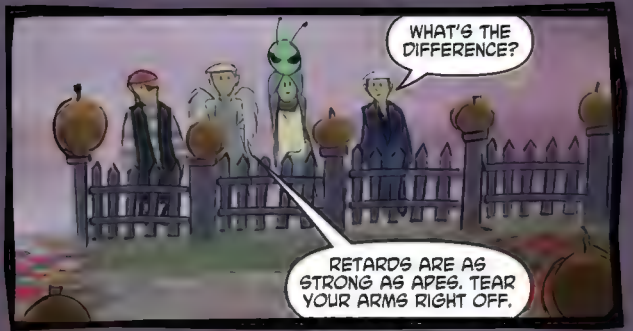


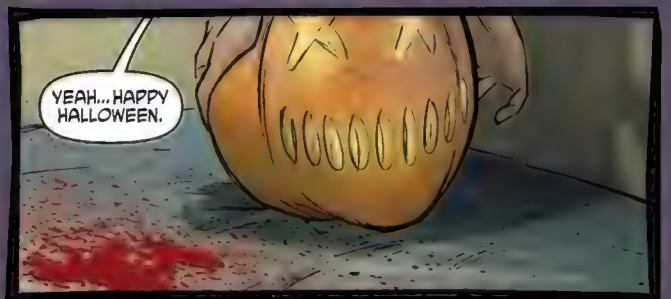
THIS IS...

...WEIRD.

...AMAZING.

WHO MADE THESE?









"A SCHOOL BUS WAS ON ITS USUAL ROUTE. BUT THIS WASN'T YOUR TYPICAL SCHOOL BUS. AND THE PASSENGERS WEREN'T YOUR TYPICAL KIDS."

"THERE WERE EIGHT OF THEM. AND THEY WERE DIFFERENT."



"TROUBLED."



"DISTURBED."



"EVERY DAY, PARENTS PUT THEIR DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS ON THIS BUS TO BE DRIVEN TO A SPECIAL SCHOOL MILES OUTSIDE OF TOWN."



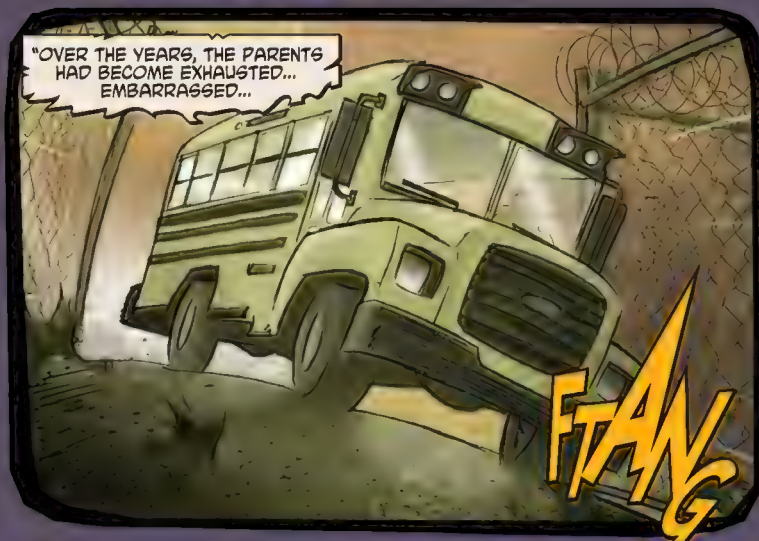
OAKWOOD DRIVE.
TEAKWOOD DRIVE.
REDWOOD AVENUE...

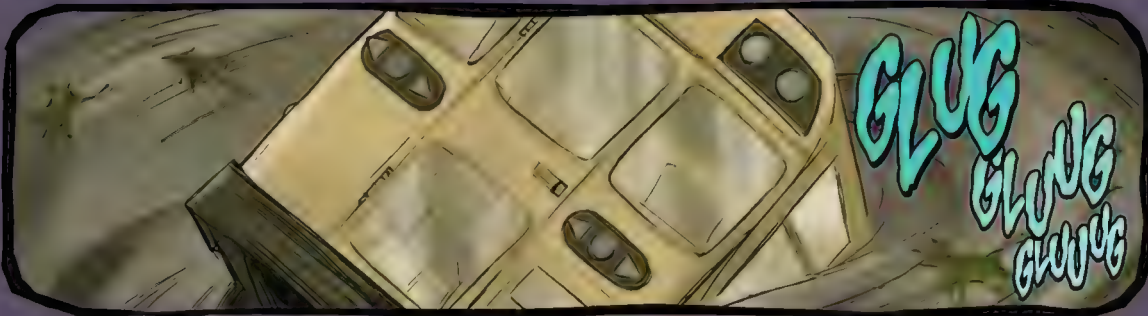
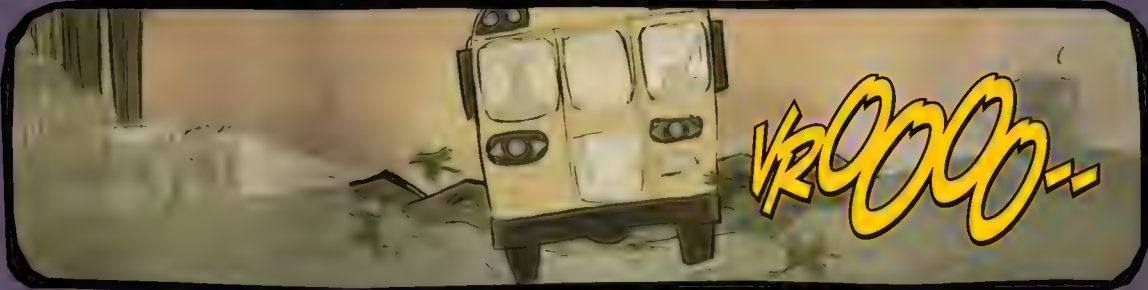
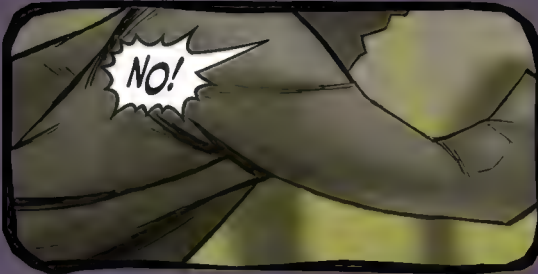
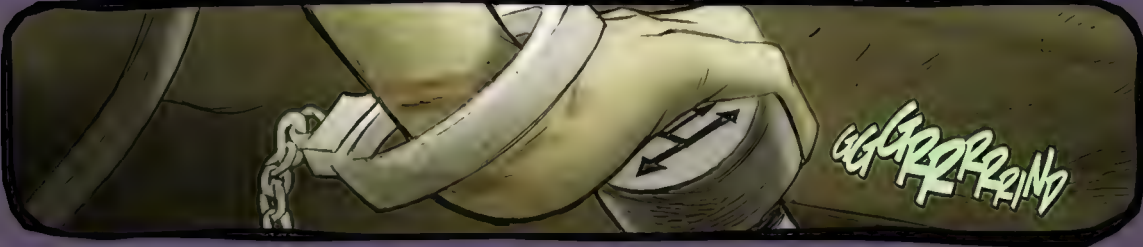


"BUT THAT DAY..."









"THE DRIVER WAS NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN. AS FOR THE BUS, WELL, SOME SAY IT SANK SO DEEP IT COULDN'T BE FOUND. OTHERS SAY THE TOWN JUST DIDN'T WANT IT TO BE FOUND. BUT, FOR ALL WE KNOW, IT'S STILL DOWN THERE..."

SPLOOSH

PANT! PANT!

OH, GOD...

...AND SO ARE THOSE KIDS.

YOU ARE SO FULL OF SHIT.

YOU SAID A BAD WORD, TOO.

REALLY? THEN I GUESS YOU WON'T MIND BEING FIRST.

FIRST WHAT?

EIGHT VICTIMS. EIGHT JACK O' LANTERNS. EACH REPRESENTING A LOST SOUL.

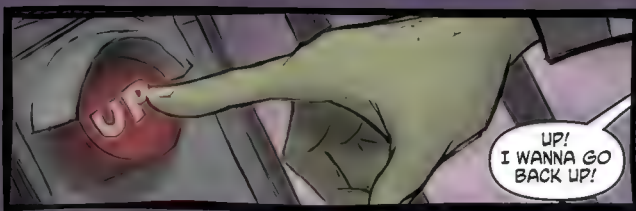
WE'RE GONNA LEAVE 'EM BY THE SHORE. AN OFFERING FOR THOSE WHO DIED.



AAARRROOOO!



WHY ARE THEY MAKING THOSE NOISES?! WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?



UP! I WANNA GO BACK UP!



AREN'T YOU COMING?

NO WAY.



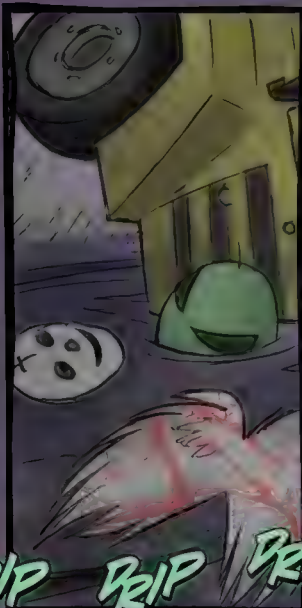
STAY HERE. DON'T LET THEIR CANDLES GO OUT AND THEY'LL PROTECT YOU, OKAY?



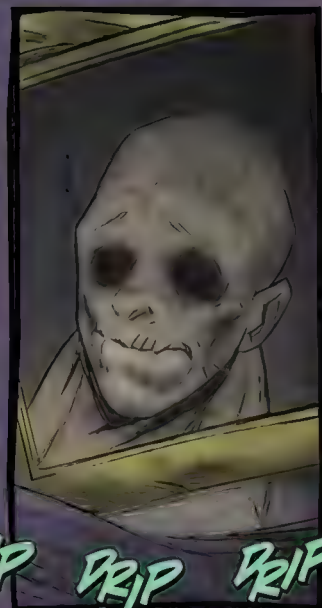
DRIP DRIP



DRIP DRIP



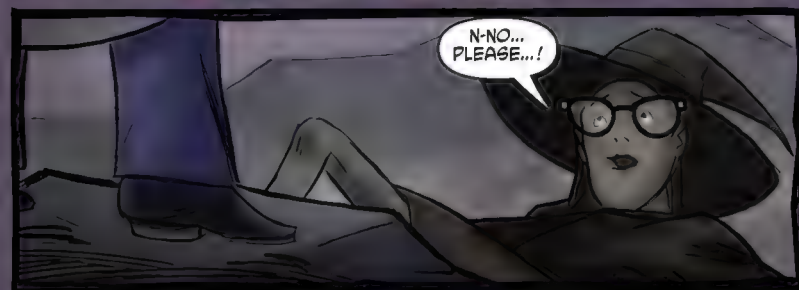
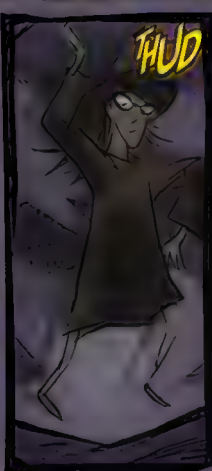
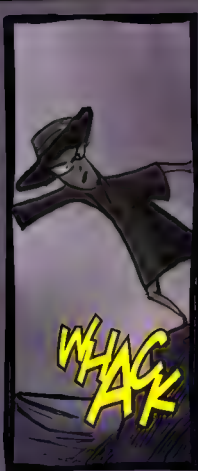
DRIP DRIP

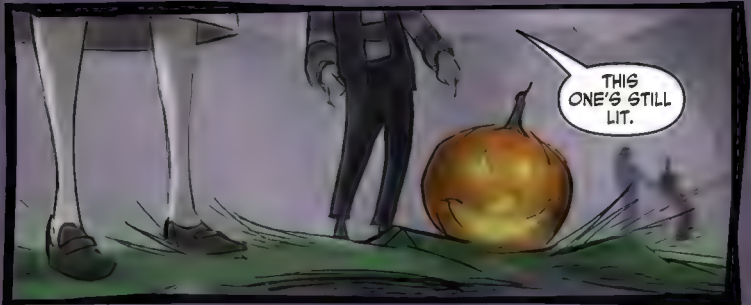


DRIP DRIP



AAAAHHHH!!!









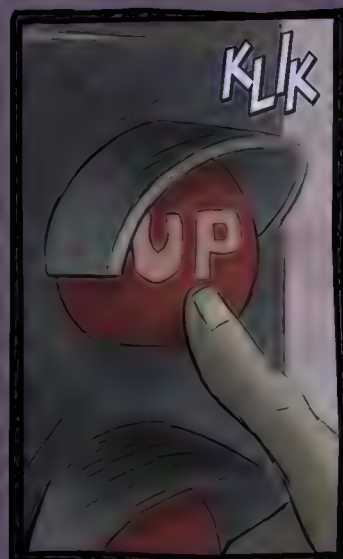
AAAAAAAH!

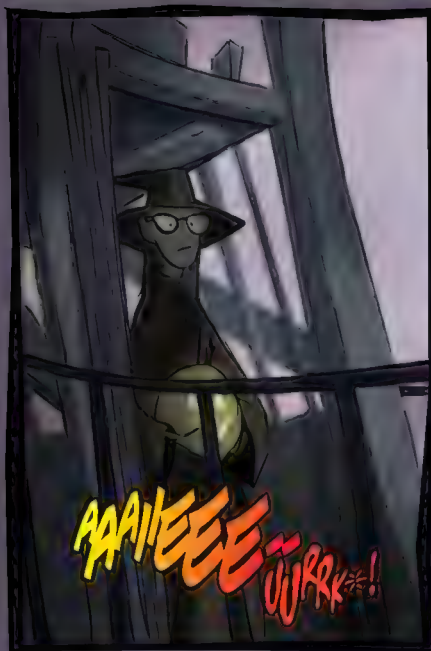
HEEHEE
HEEHEE!

WRONG
WAY...

URRK--!

RUN!





CHAPTER THREE





WHOO-
HOOO!

"Oh!"



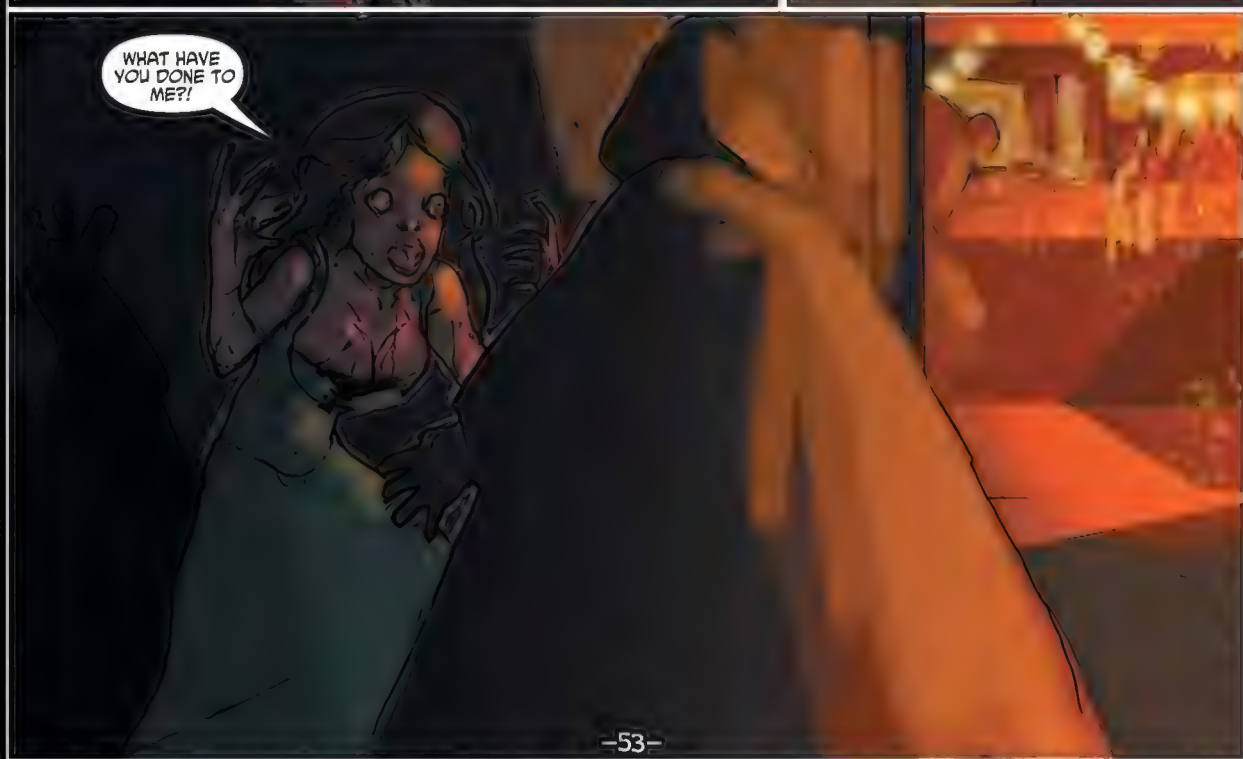
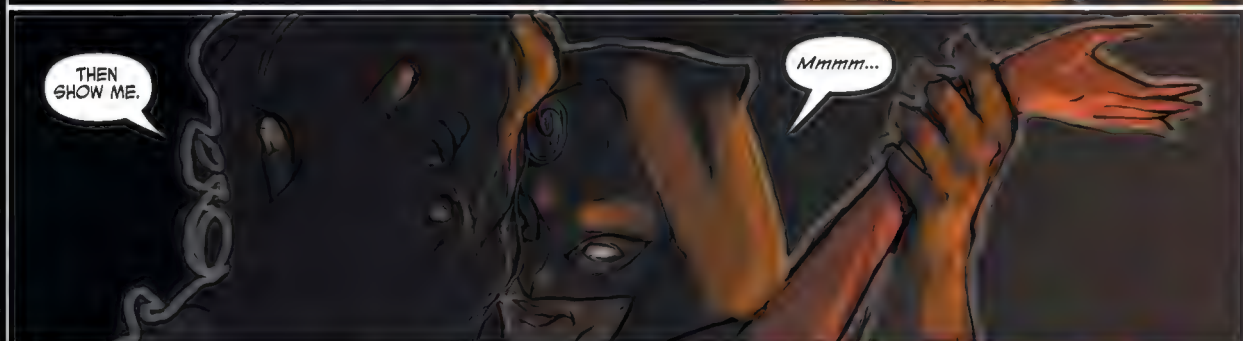
"FEELS NICE,
DOESN'T IT?"

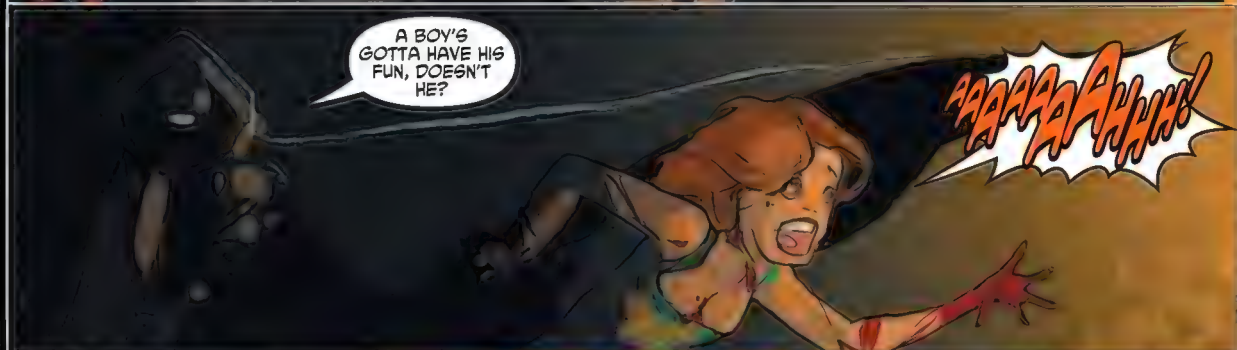
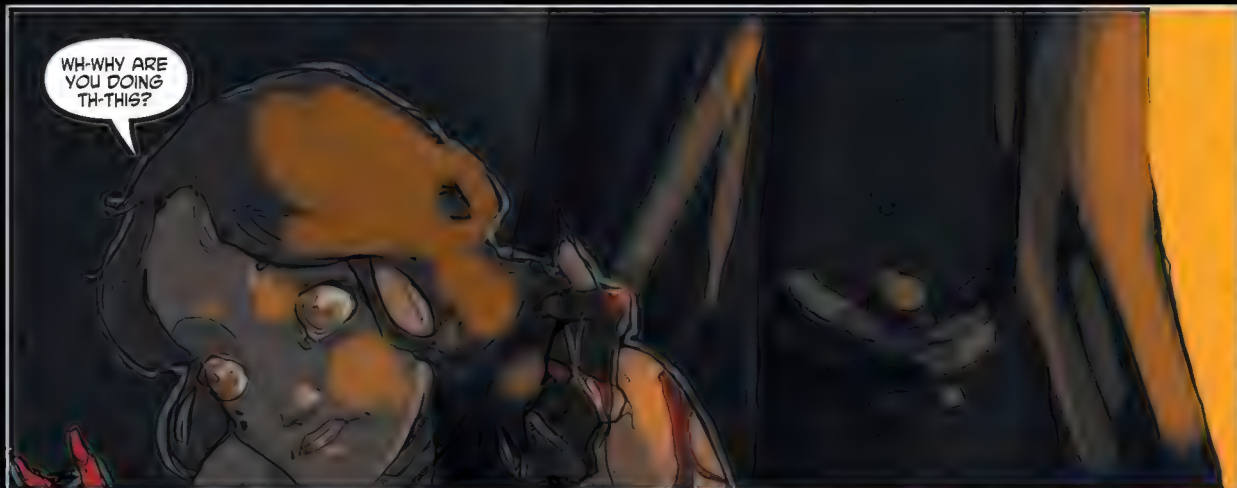
"Y-YES..."



Uhh...
I DON'T FEEL
SO GOOD...

"TELL ME!"







H-HE'S
KILLING
ME!

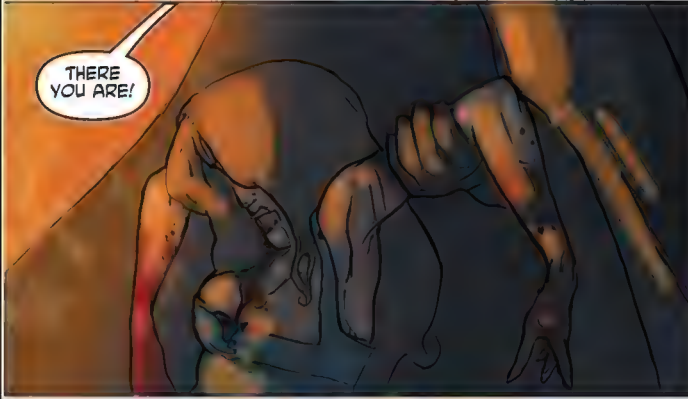
JESUS
CHRIST!

HENRY?



...P-PLEASE...

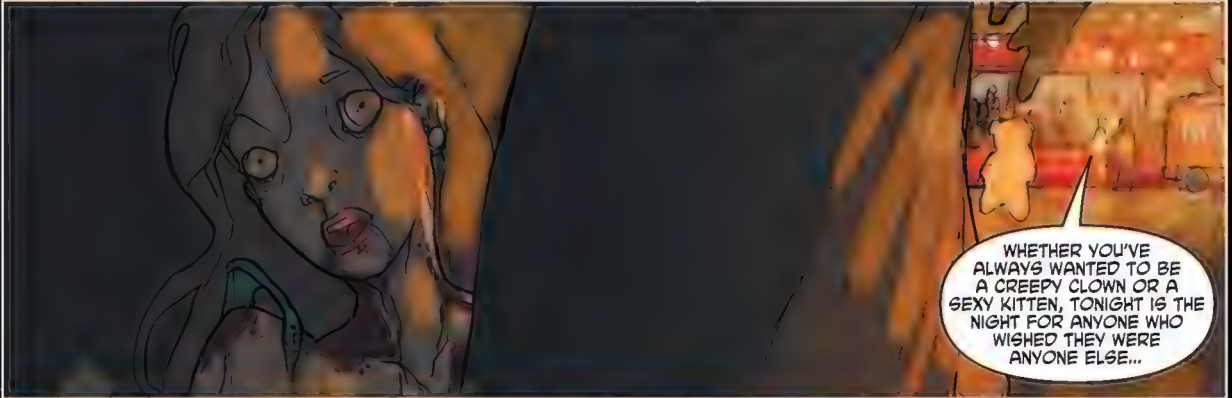
COME ON,
HENRY. SHE'S
JUST DRUNK.



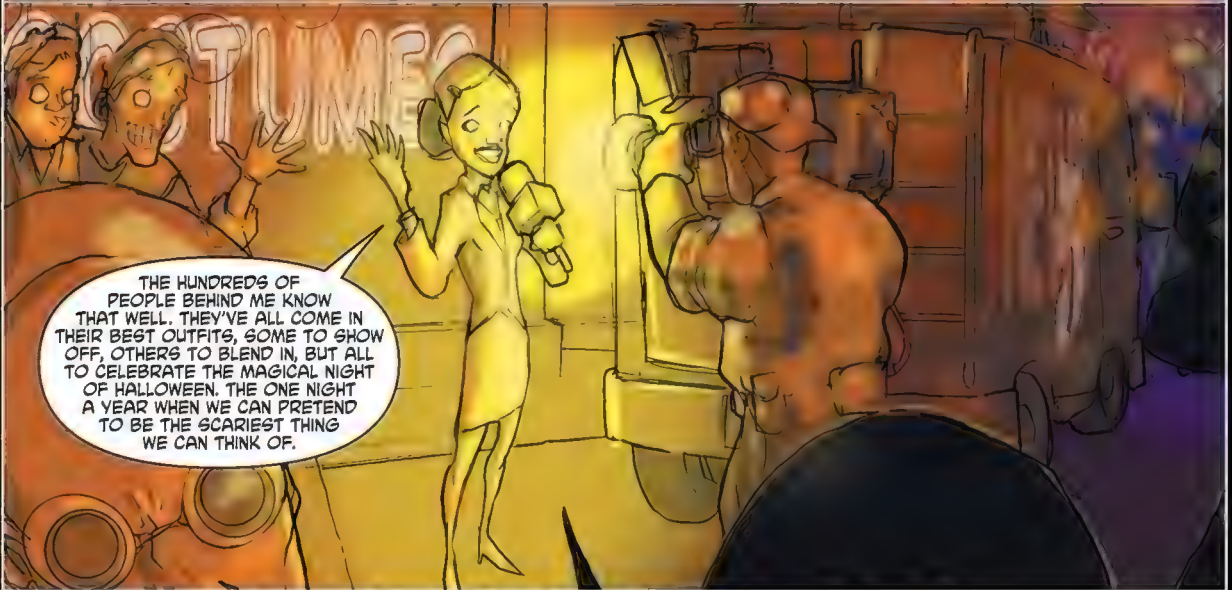
THERE
YOU ARE!



...PLEASE
...NO...



WHETHER YOU'VE
ALWAYS WANTED TO BE
A CREEPY CLOWN OR A
SEXY KITTEN, TONIGHT IS THE
NIGHT FOR ANYONE WHO
WISHED THEY WERE
ANYONE ELSE...

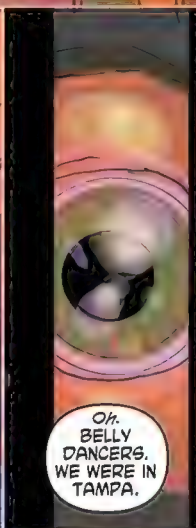
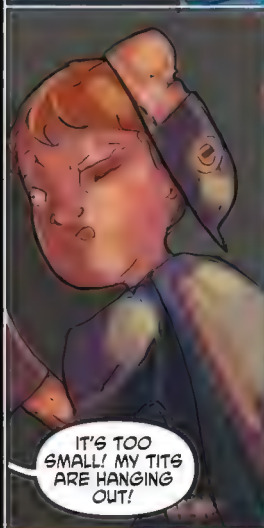


THE HUNDREDS OF
PEOPLE BEHIND ME KNOW
THAT WELL. THEY'VE ALL COME IN
THEIR BEST OUTFITS, SOME TO SHOW
OFF, OTHERS TO BLEND IN, BUT ALL
TO CELEBRATE THE MAGICAL NIGHT
OF HALLOWEEN. THE ONE NIGHT
A YEAR WHEN WE CAN PRETEND
TO BE THE SCARIEST THING
WE CAN THINK OF.

"SOMETIMES EVEN
OURSELVES."

I AM NOT
WEARING
THIS!

WHOA.





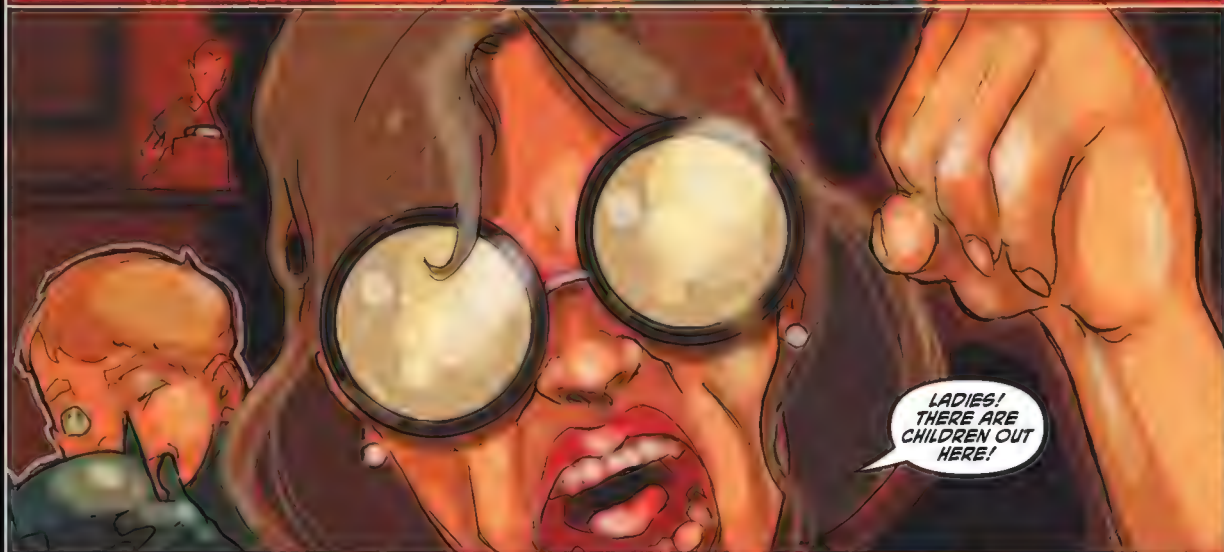
ARE THESE
WOOL? I'M
ALLERGIC!

YOU'RE
ALLERGIC TO
EVERYTHING. JUST
PUT THE DAMN
COSTUME ON
ALREADY!

YEAH,
AND MARIA'S
WAS A GIRL.



SO WHAT?
SHE WAS
PERFECTLY
SWEET.



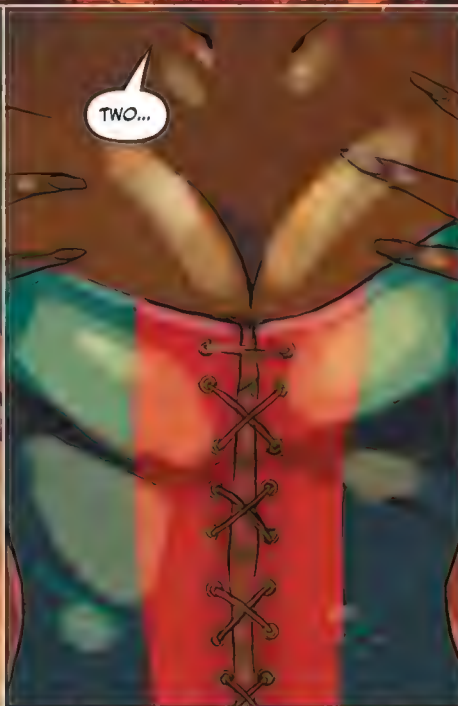
LADIES!
THERE ARE
CHILDREN OUT
HERE!



OKAY, ALL
OF YOU COME OUT
ON THE COUNT OF
THREE.

ONE...

NO! I LOOK
STUPID. THIS IS
STUPID.



TWO...



THREE.



NICE.



HEY, COME ON,
OPEN UP.

NO!

OPEN THE DOOR,
OR WE'LL HUFF AND
WE'LL PUFF AND--

FINE!
JUST...DON'T
LAUGH.



MOM
WOULD NOT
APPROVE.

SHUT UP,
YOU LOOK...
GREAT.

SO WHAT
DO WE NOW?

WE MEET
OUR DATES.



THIRTY-FOUR,
THIRTY D. I MEAN--
THIRTY-FOUR,
THIRTY-THREE.

Y'KNOW, THIS
MIGHT SEEM A LITTLE
FORWARD, BUT WE'RE JUST
IN TOWN FOR A PARTY AND
I WAS WONDERING WHAT
TIME YOU GET OFF...
WORK.

Oh.
Um, IN ABOUT
TWENTY MINUTES,
ACTUALLY.

GREAT. KNOW
WHERE SHEEP'S
MEADOW IS?



'BYE!
OH, CUTIE!
I JUST WANNA
EAT YOU UP!

YOUR PROBLEM
IS SIMPLE, LAURIE--
YOU ALWAYS WAIT FOR
THEM TO COME TO YOU.
IF YOU TRIED JUST A TEENY
BIT HARDER, YOU WOULDN'T
STILL BE A VIRGIN AT
TWENTY-TWO.

EXCUSE
ME?



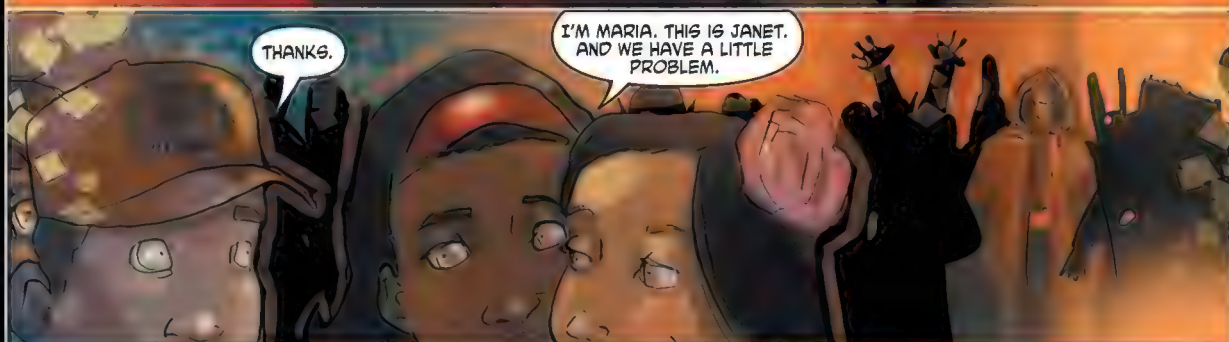
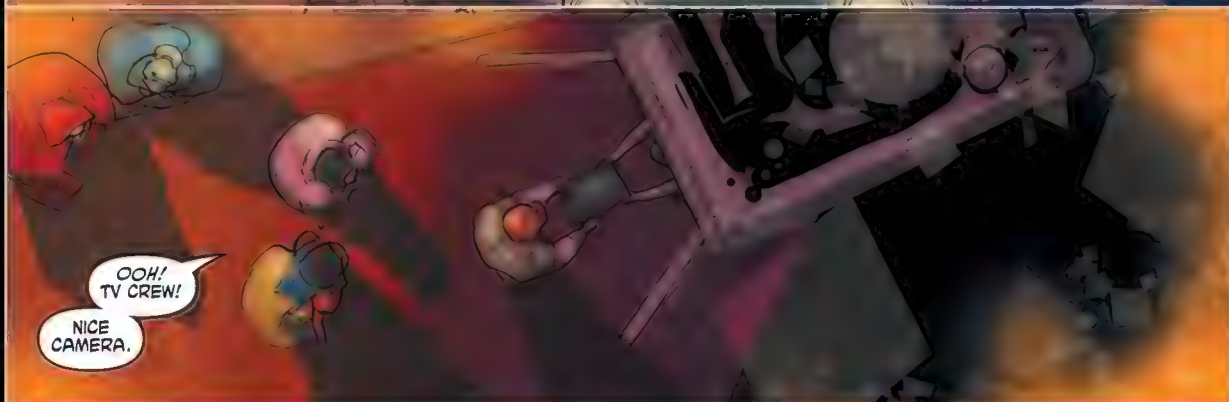
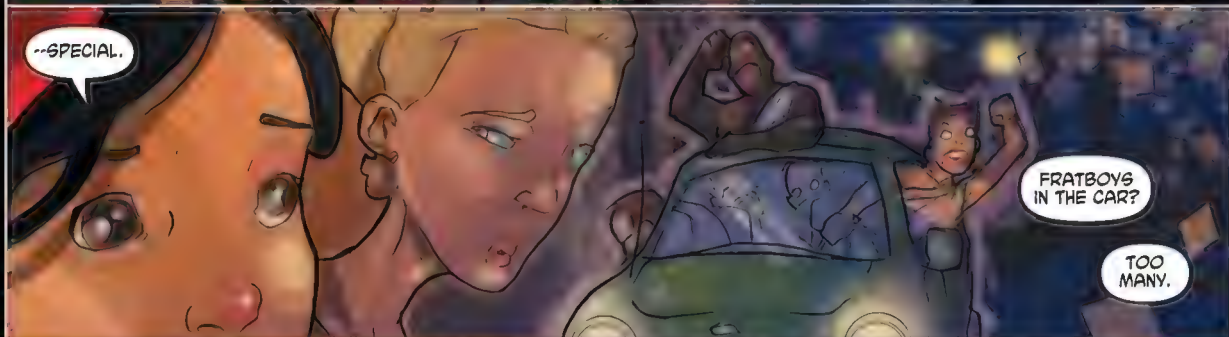
IT'S PRACTICALLY
STAPLED TO YOUR
FOREHEAD.

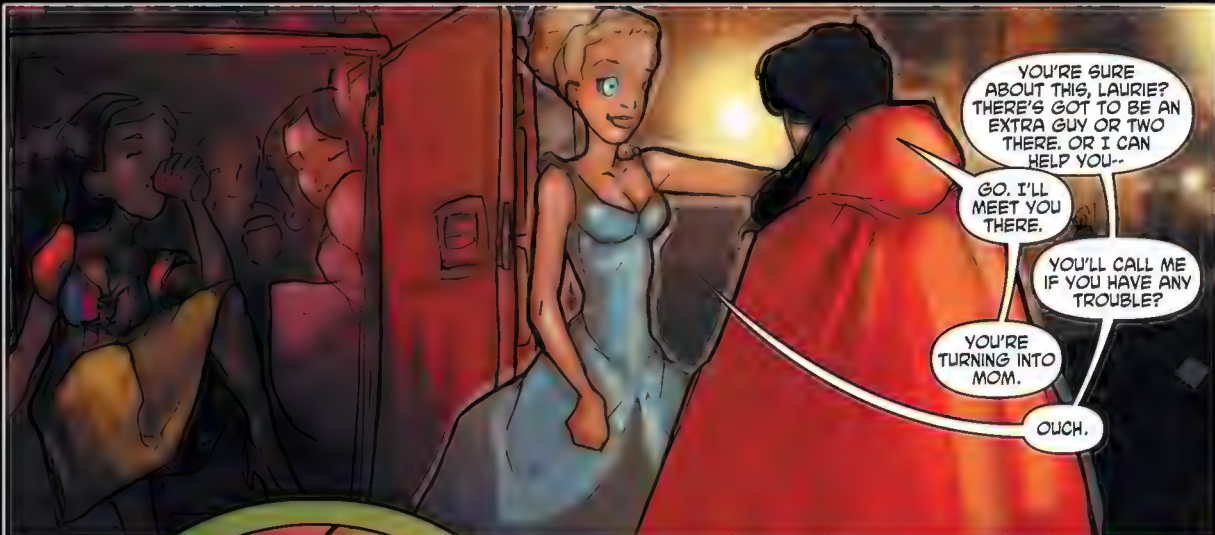
WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?
I--I'VE HAD PLENTY.
I GET IT ALL THE
TIME!

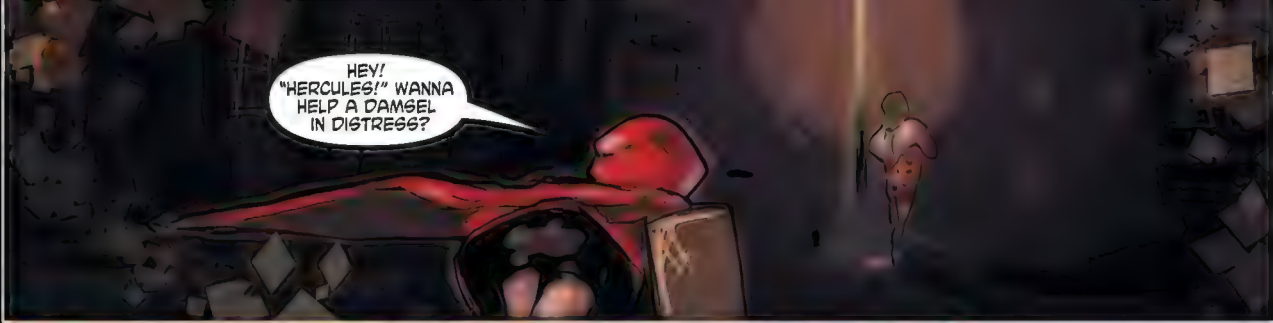
NAME
ONE.

DAVE.
THE LAWYER IN
TORONTO.

DURING YOUR
SUMMER INTERNSHIP.
BY YOURSELF.







HEY!
"HERCULES!" WANNA
HELP A DAMSEL
IN DISTRESS?



OH.
SORRY.

MA'AM.



THIRD TIME'S
THE CHARM.
I HOPE.

HI THERE,
HORSEY. CAN
I GET A
RIDE?

WHY, SURE
AND--

EXCUSE
ME?



UH, SUSAN,
THIS IS...

LITTLE
RED LEAVING
HOOD.



UGH. WHY AM
I MALE-REPELLANT?
ONE DATE. IS THAT
SO MUCH TO...

...ASK?



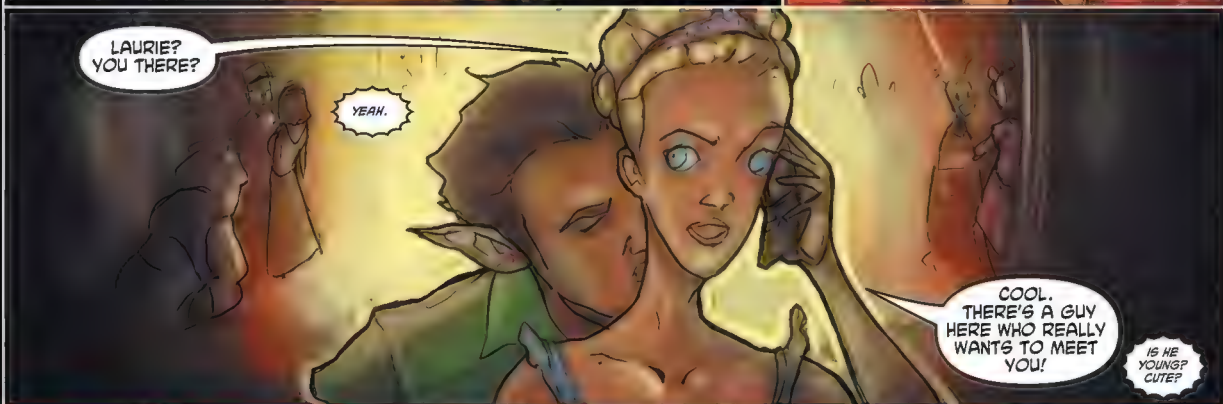
Heeheehee!

DEE-DE-DEE



HELLO?

WHO'S YOUR
FAVORITE BIG
SISTER?



LAURIE?
YOU THERE?

YEAH.

COOL.
THERE'S A GUY
HERE WHO REALLY
WANTS TO MEET
YOU!

IS HE
YOUNG?
CUTE?

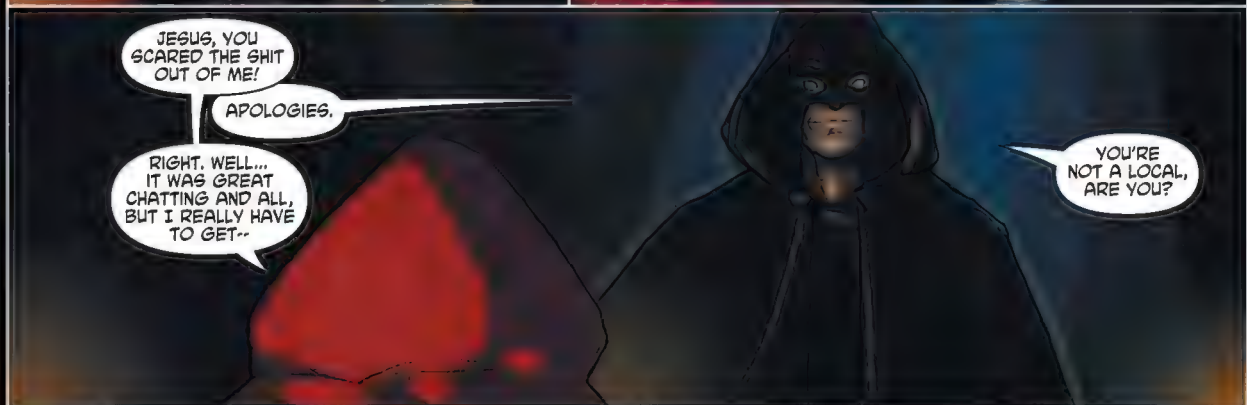
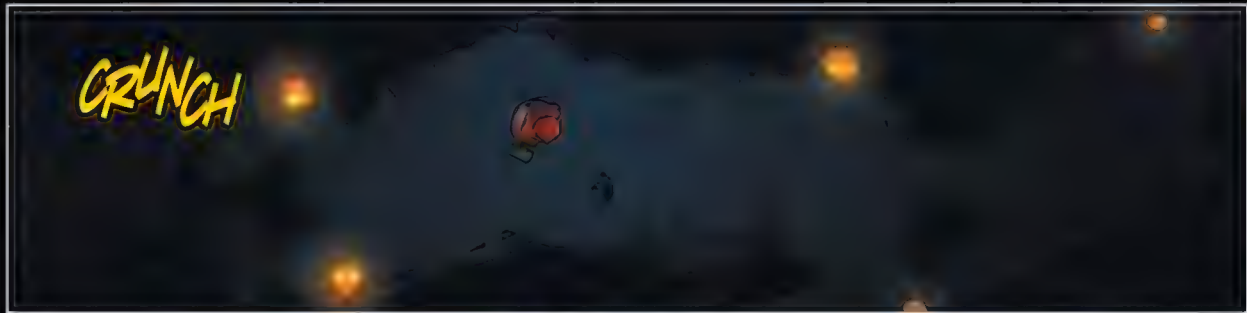


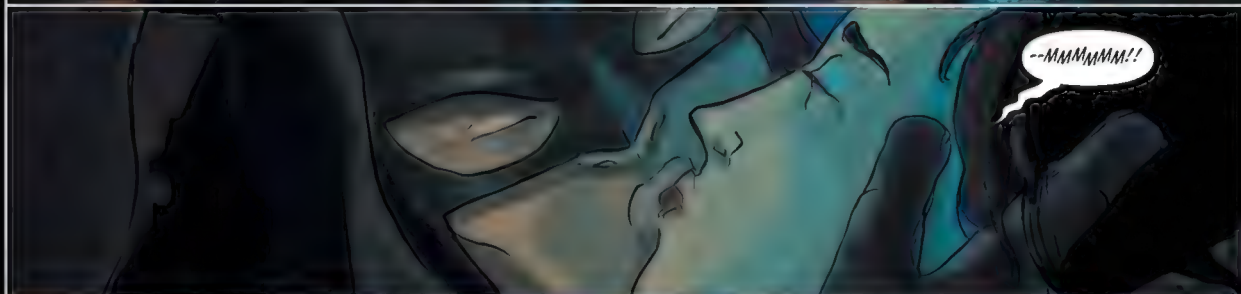
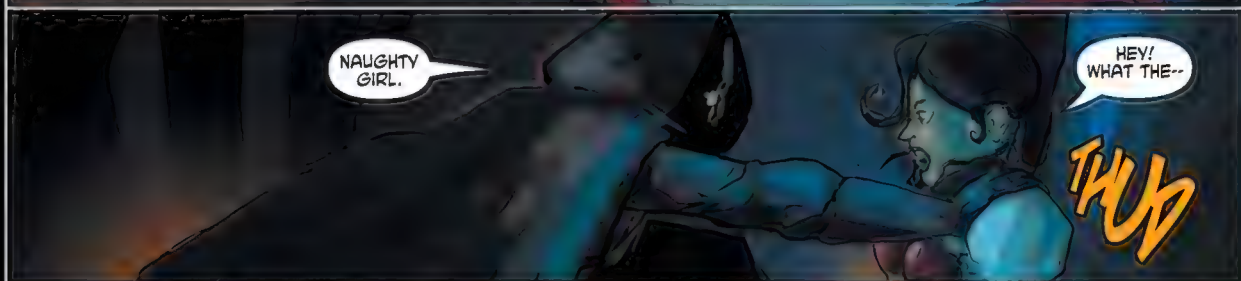
YOU COULD
SAY THAT, BUT
HE'S REALLY
NICE.

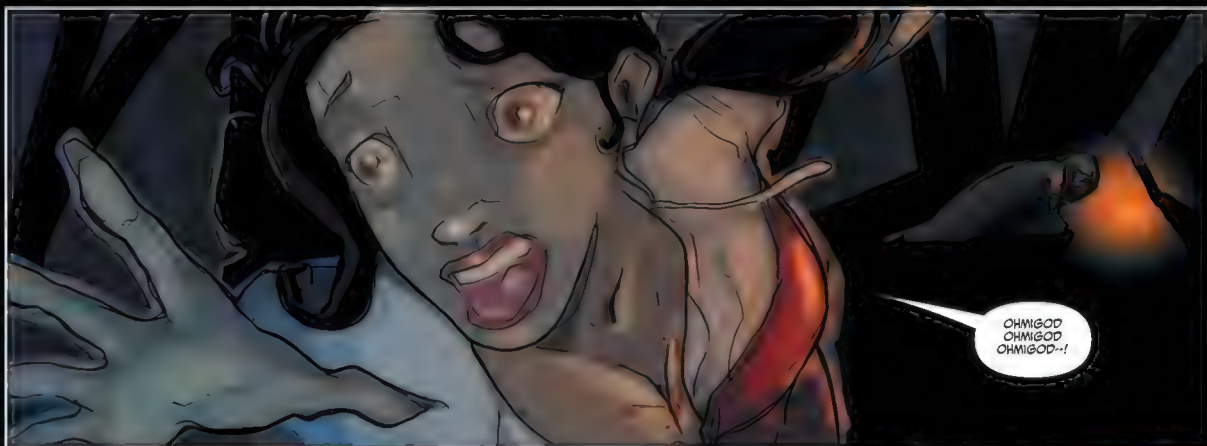
SO, HE'S
HIDEOUS AND--
huh?



JUST GET YOUR
ASS OVER HERE.
BEGGARS CAN'T BE
CHOOSERS!



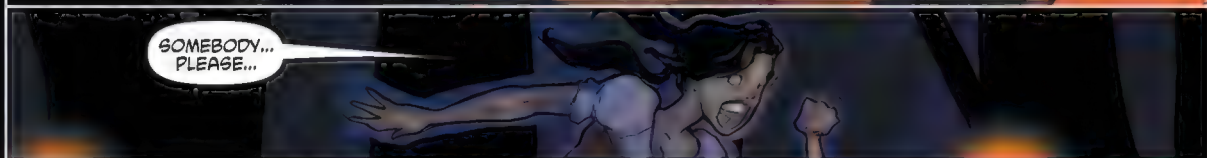




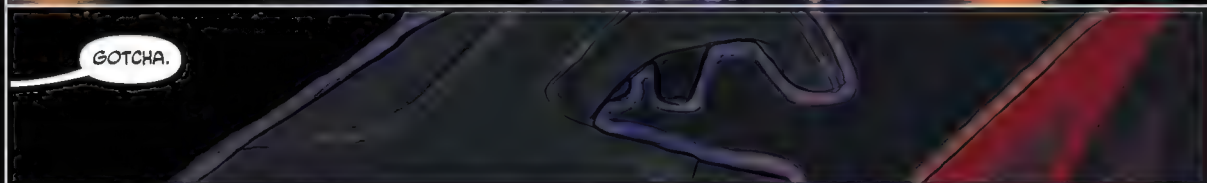
OHMIGOD
OHMIGOD
OHMIGOD--!



Heh.



SOMEBODY...
PLEASE...



GOTCHA.



AAH!



THWACK!

Uunff!

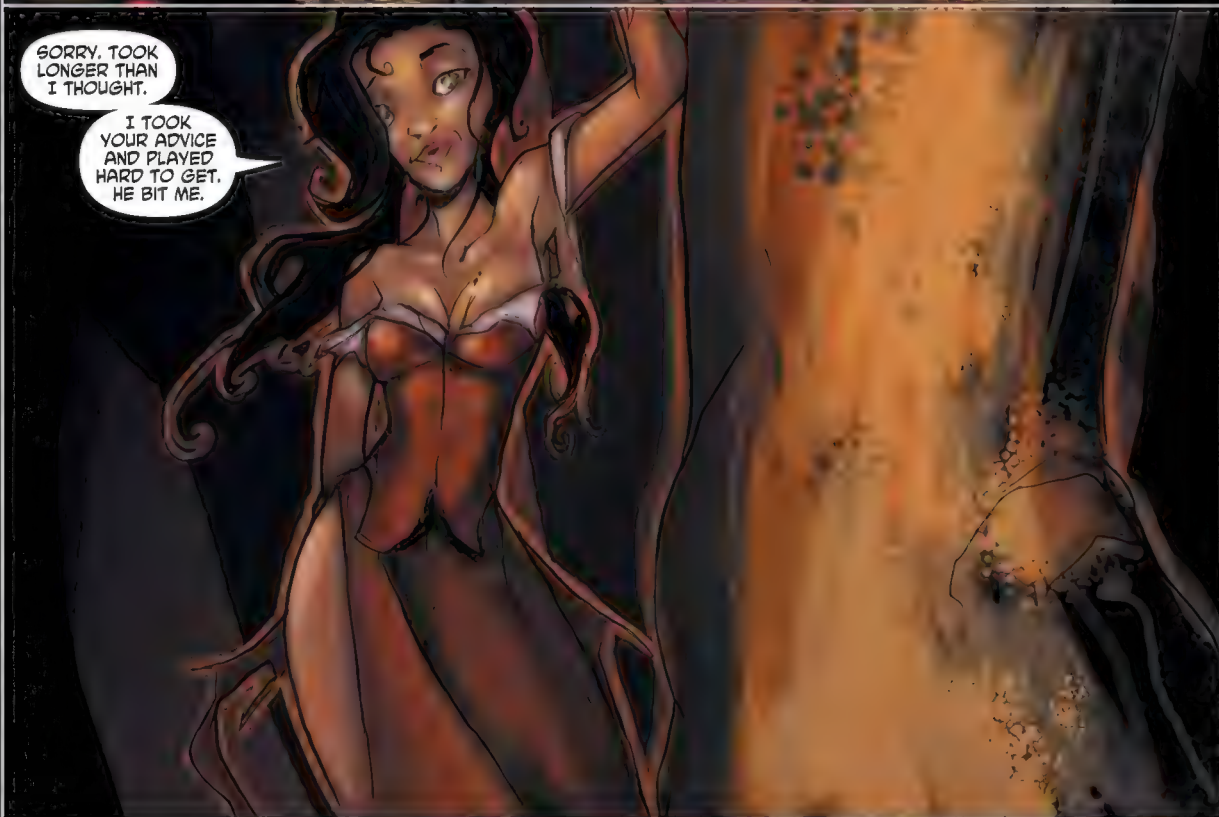


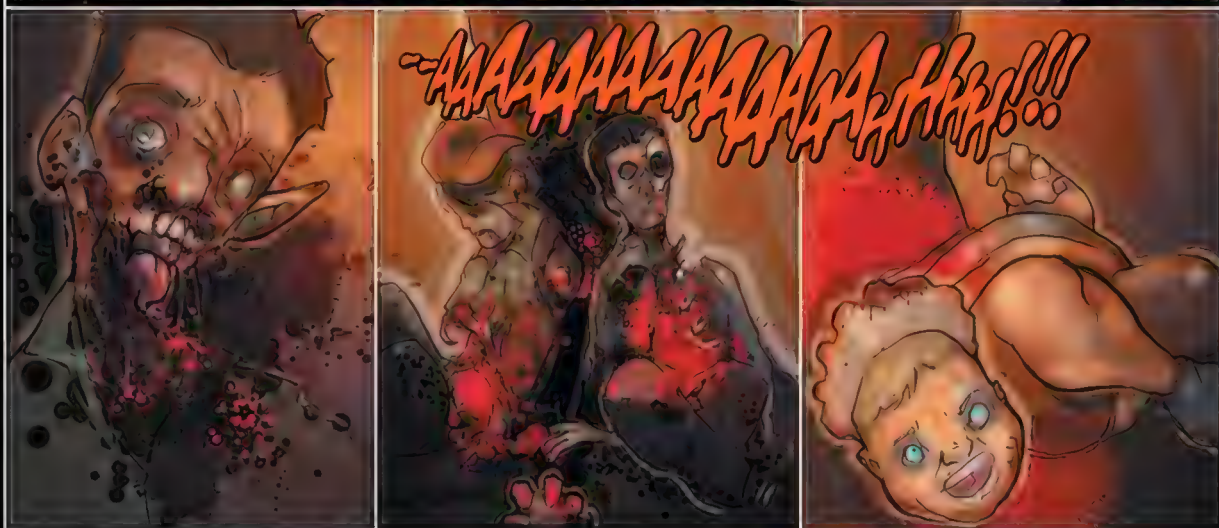
...PLEASE...

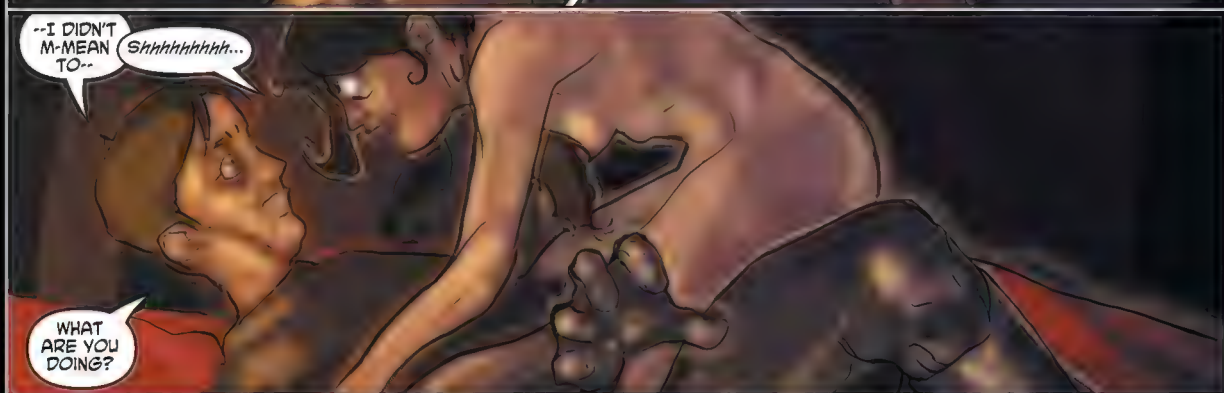


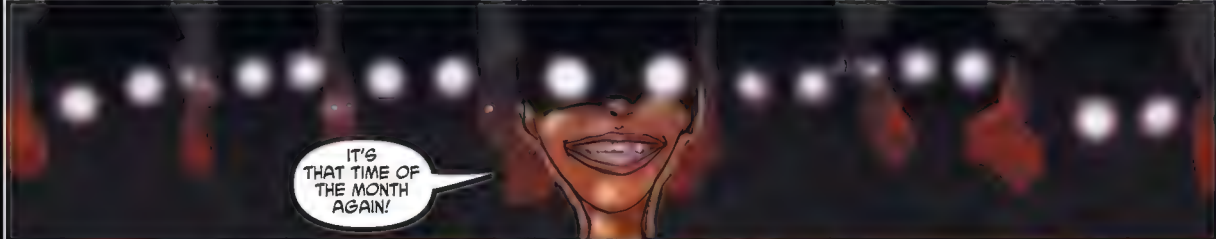
MY,
WHAT BIG
EYES YOU
HAVE...



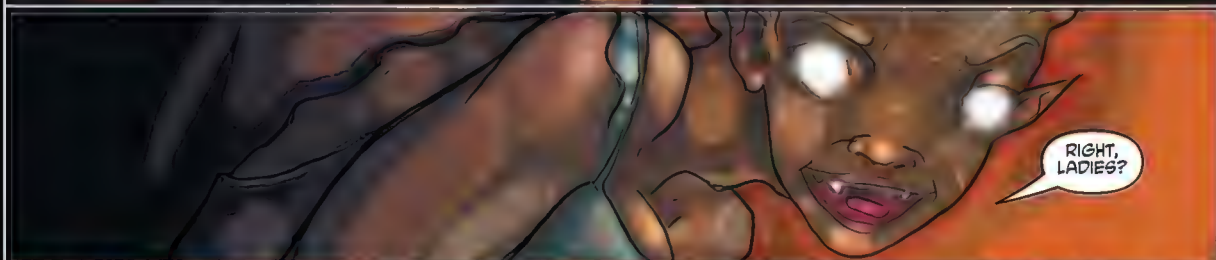








IT'S
THAT TIME OF
THE MONTH
AGAIN!



RIGHT,
LADIES?



AAAAAAHHH!

AAAAAAHHH!



YESSSSSS!



AAAAARRROOOO!



CHAPTER FOUR



dougherty



WELL?

I DUNNO
ABOUT
THIS.

COME ON,
YOU GUYS...

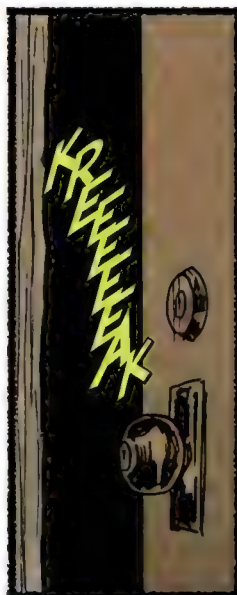
...IT'S NOT
LIKE HE'S GONNA
KILL US OR
ANYTHING.

KLANG

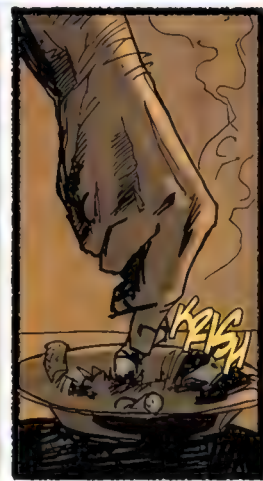
AH!

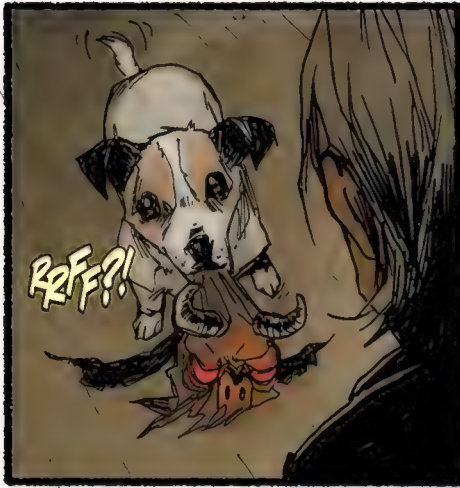
I'LL WAIT
HERE.

TOOL.











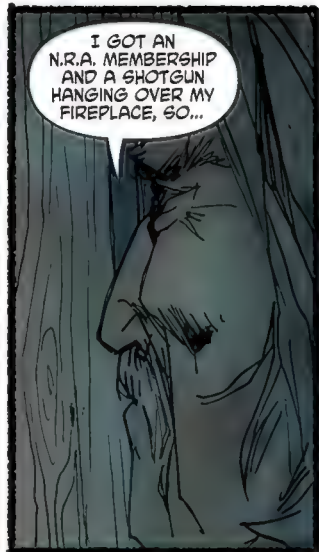
SPITE!
GIT YOUR ASS
IN HERE!

GNAW
GNAW
GNAW



AAAAHH!

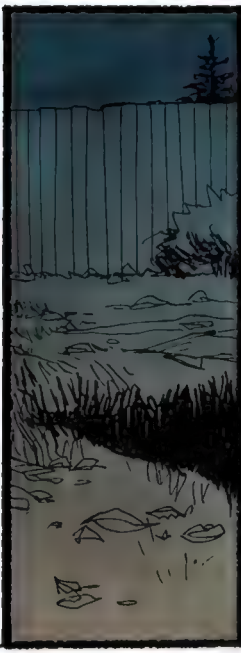
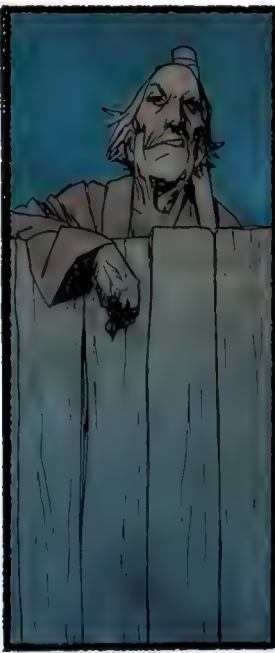
WHO
THE HELL IS
THAT?



I GOT AN
N.R.A. MEMBERSHIP
AND A SHOTGUN
HANGING OVER MY
FIREPLACE, SO...



...GET OUT
HERE BEFORE
I--



IT'S JUST ME,
MR. KREEG!

WILKING?! WHAT
IN GOD'S NAME
ARE YOU DOIN'
DOWN THERE?
HIDIN' BODIES?



OH, uh,
HAHAHAH! JUST
MY SEPTIC TANK
ACTING UP!

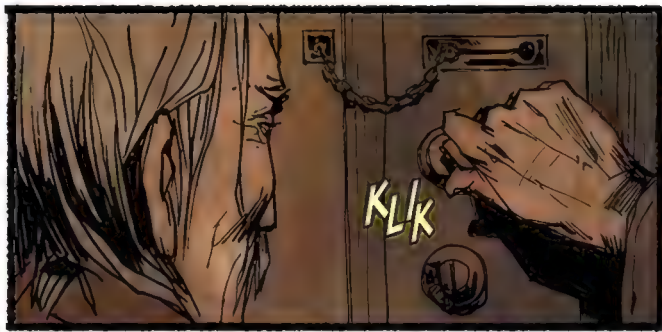
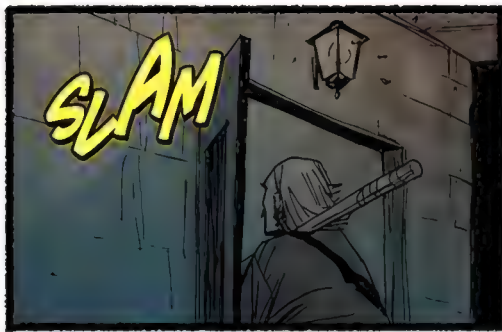
IS THAT
WHAT THAT
SMELL IS?

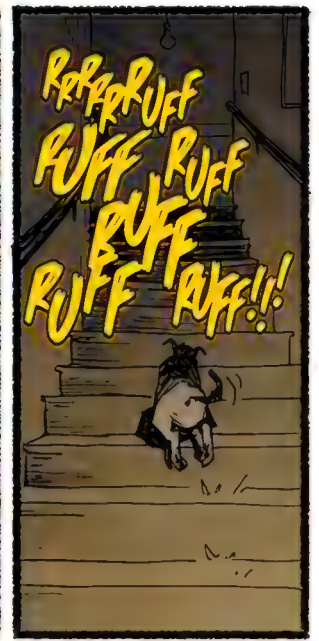
'FRAID
GO!

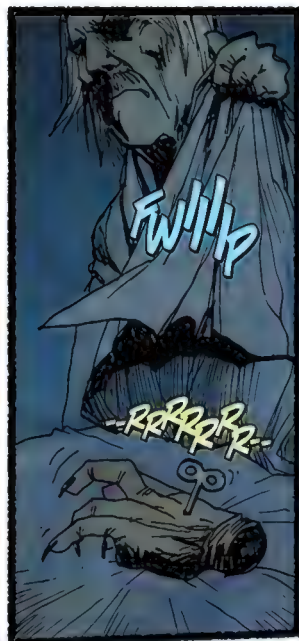
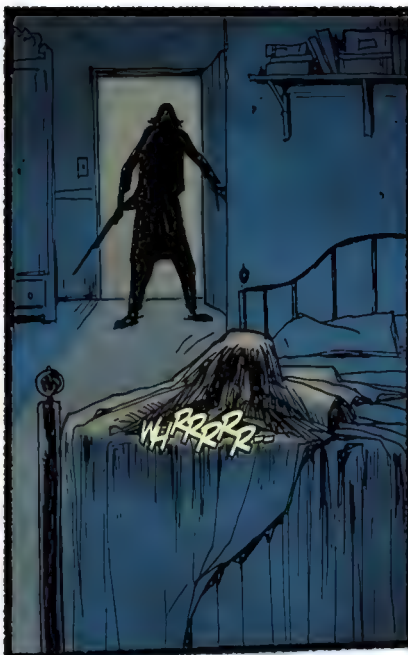


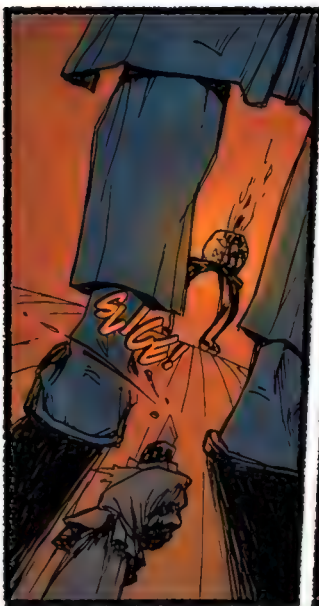
WELL, HURRY UP
AND FIX THAT TANK.
IT SMELLS LIKE A
DEAD WHORE OUT
HERE.

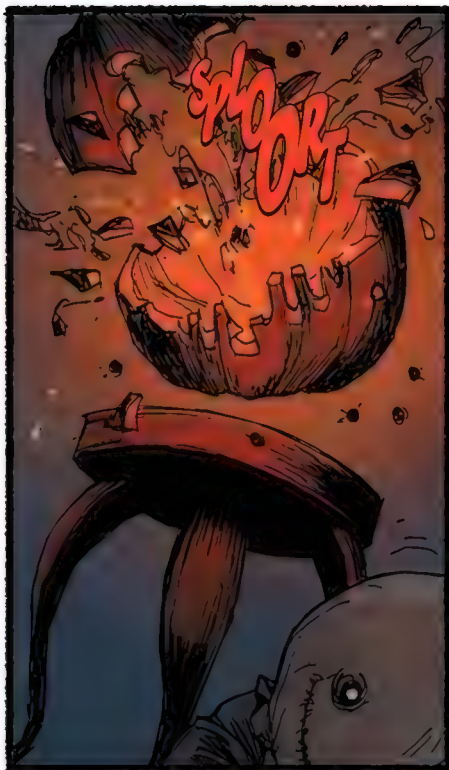
AND KEEP
YOUR KID OUTTA
MY YARD!

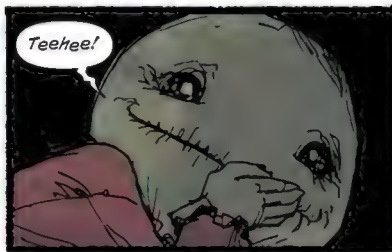
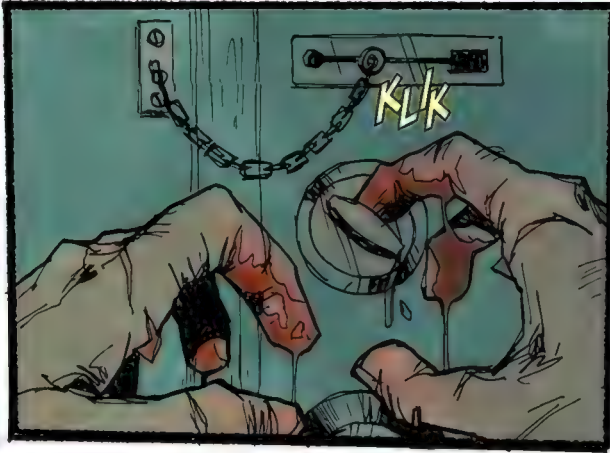
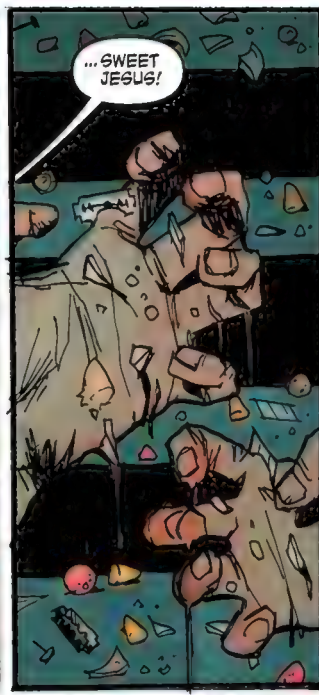
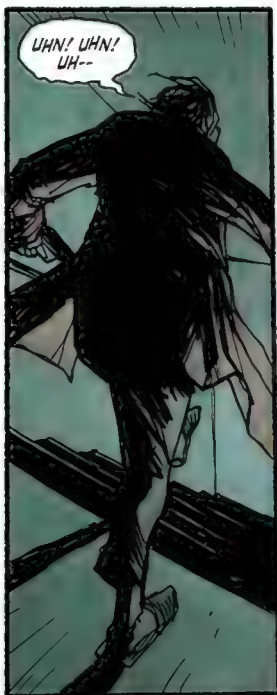


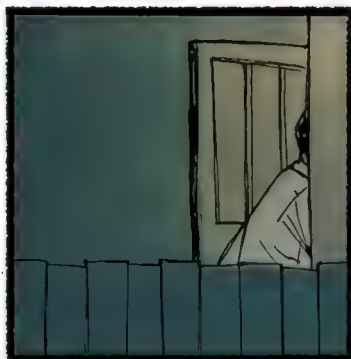
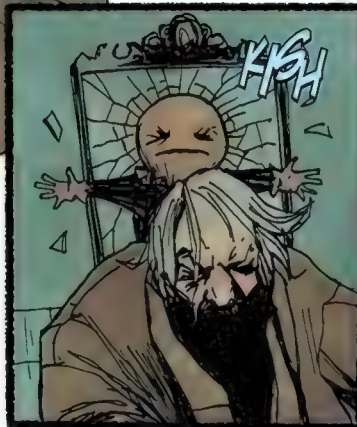


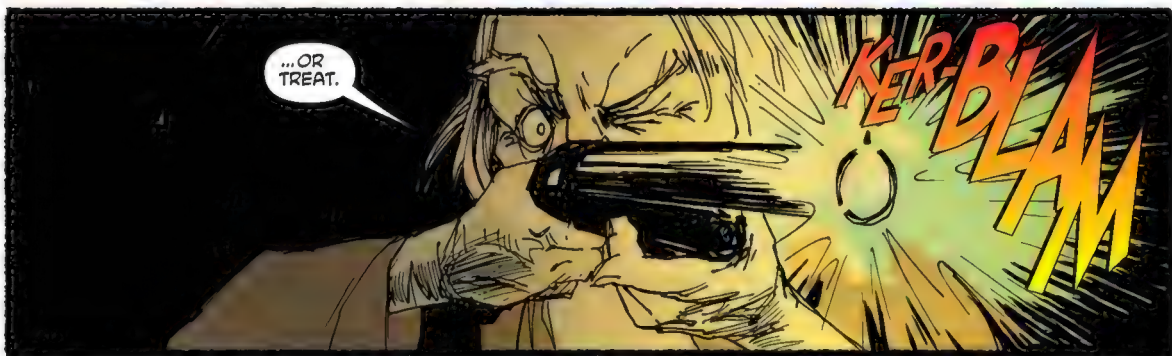


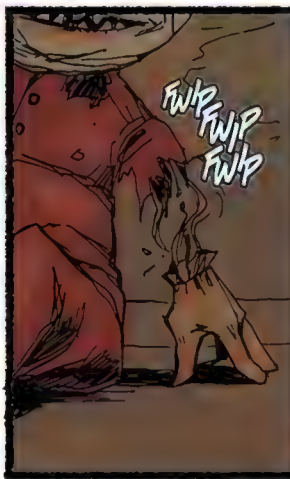
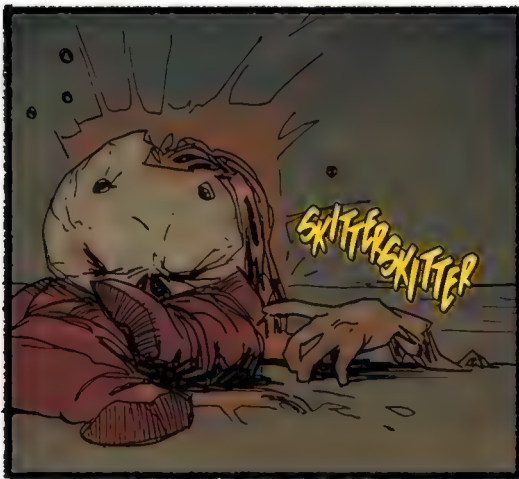
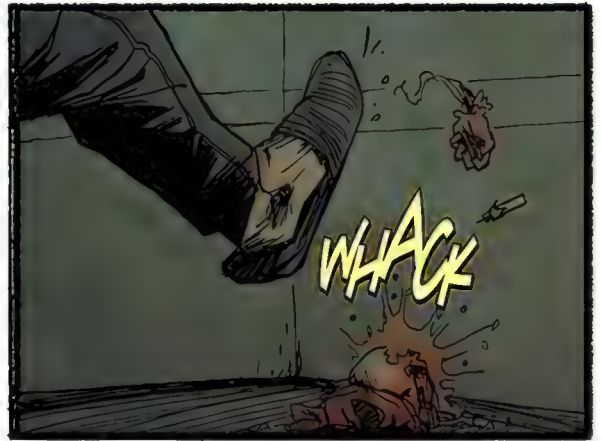
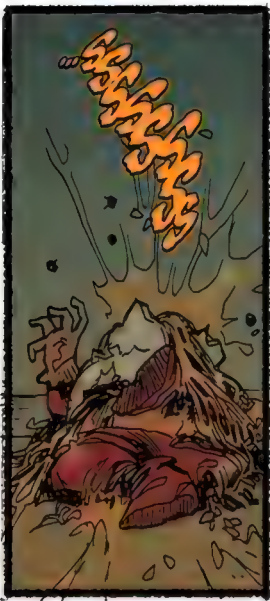


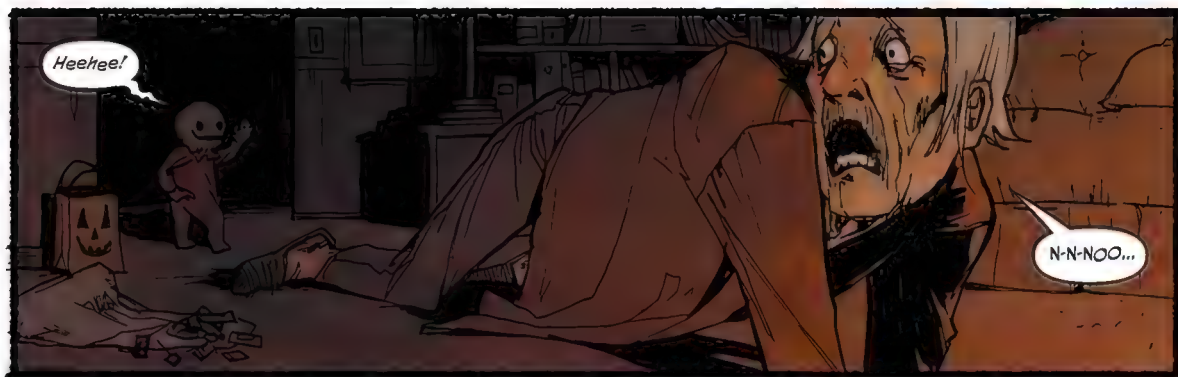


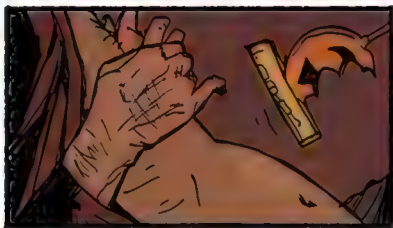












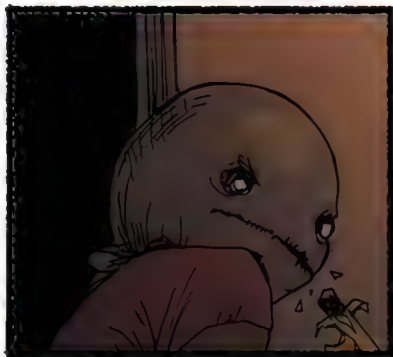
SNIFF!
SNIFF!

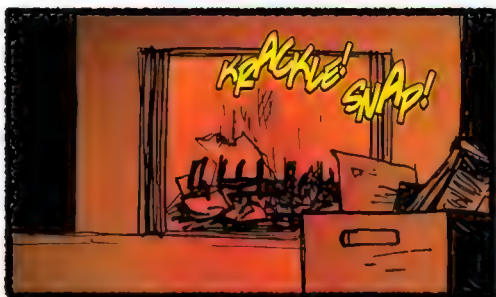


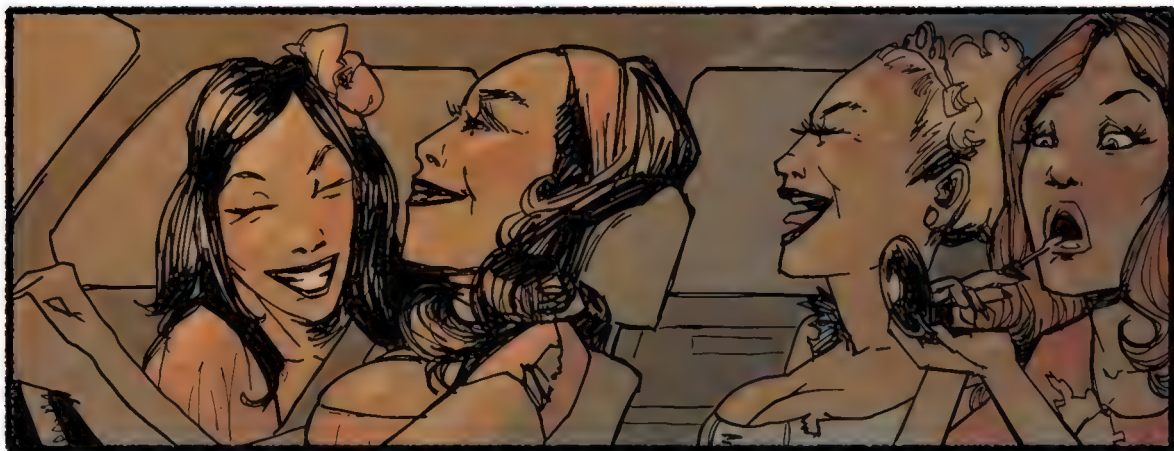
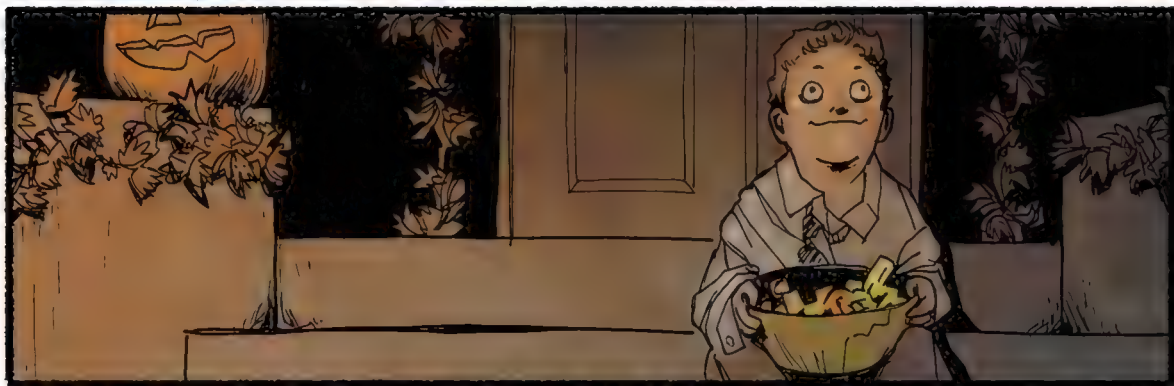
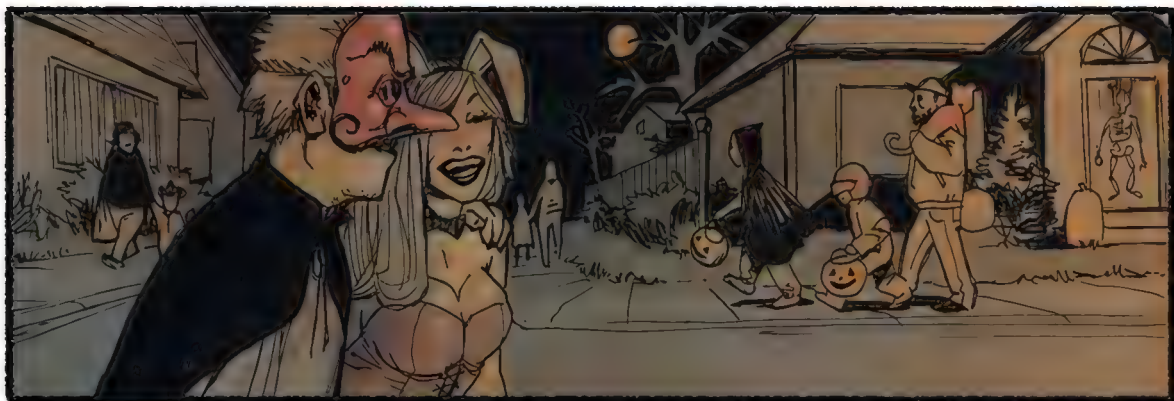
CRUNCH!

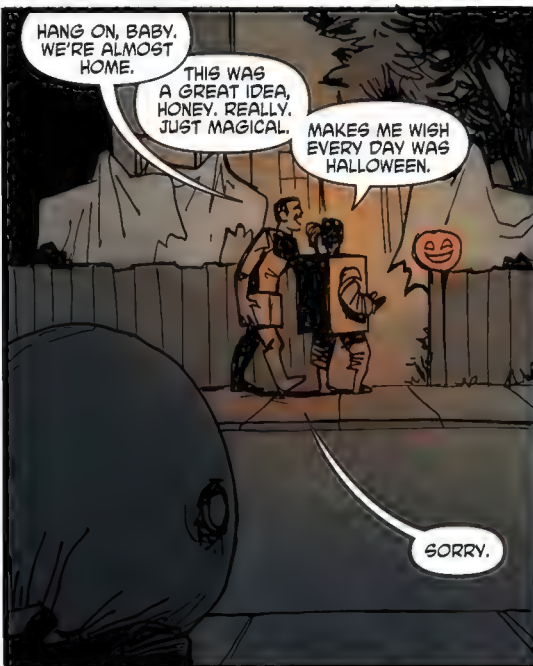
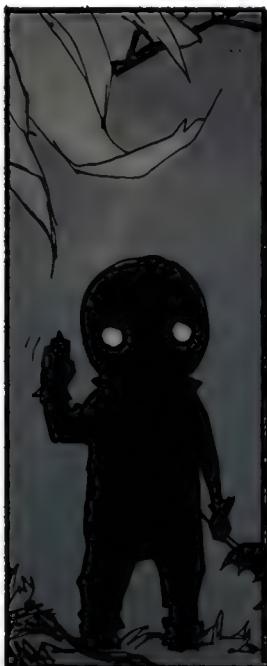


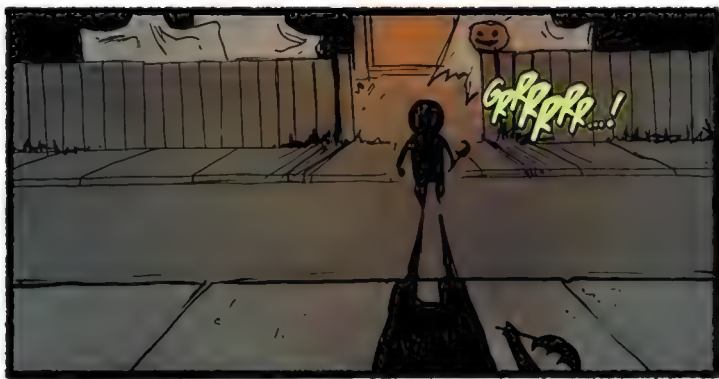
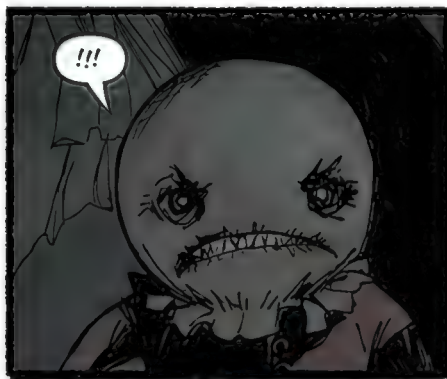
YUM!













TRICK OR
TREAT!

HAPPY
HALLOWEEN!

Trick 'r Treat

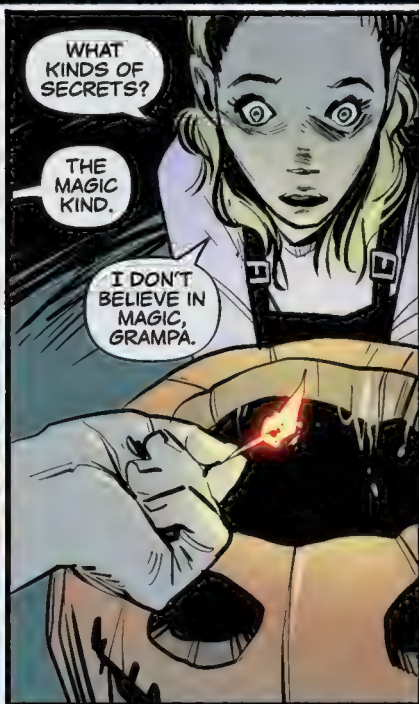
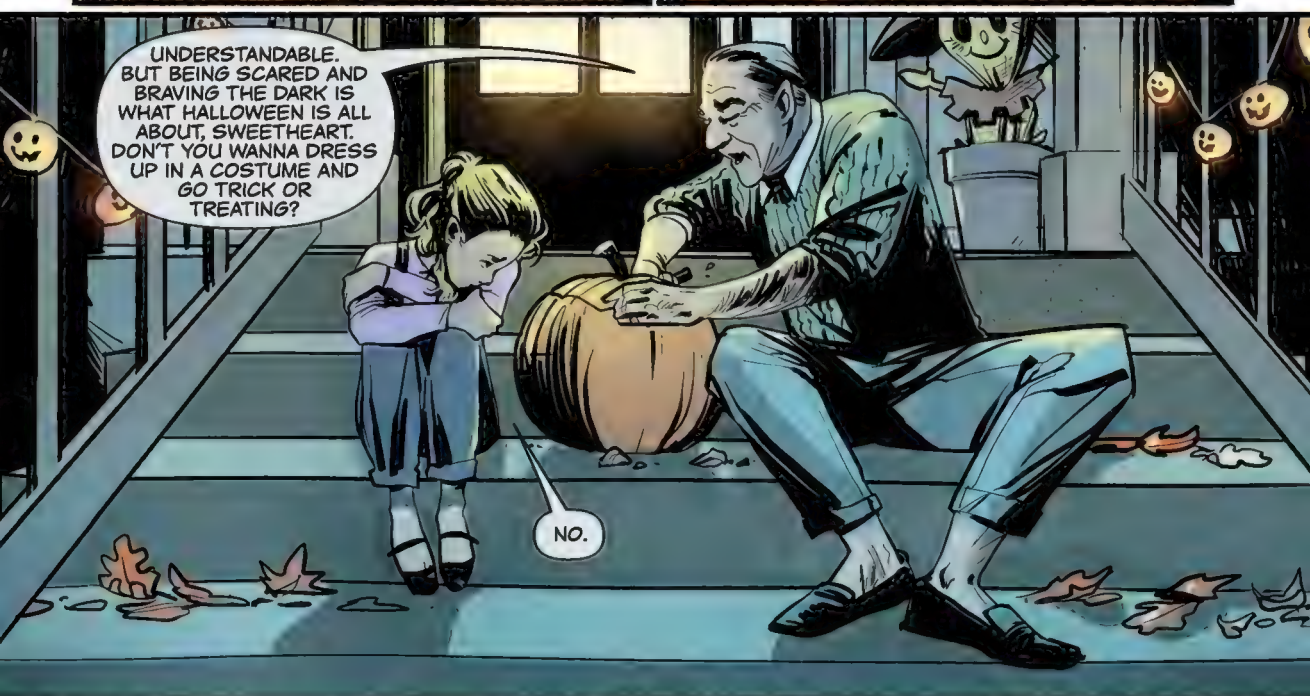
DAYS OF THE DEAD



LEGENDARY

SEED





IRELAND. OCTOBER 24,
1640.



ETERNAL
REST, GRANT
UNTO THEM,
O LORD, AND LET
PERPETUAL LIGHT
SHINE UPON
THEM...



MAY THE SOULS OF THE
FAITHFUL DEPARTED
THROUGH THE MERCY
OF GOD REST IN
PEACE.

SURELY
YOUR PRAYER IS
FOR THE CHILDREN
THEY'VE
SLAUGHTERED?

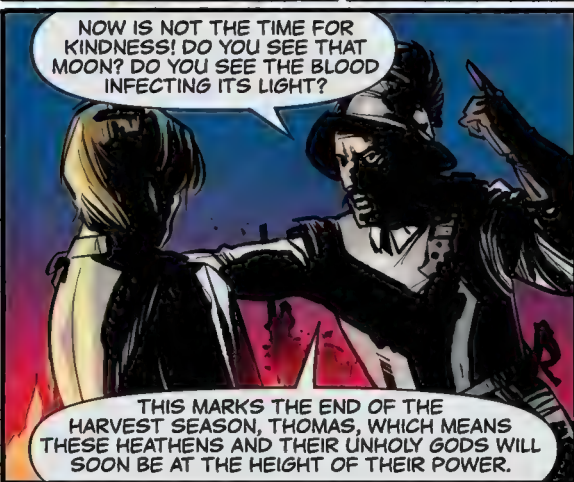


BECAUSE ONLY A FOOL
WOULD BELIEVE GOD WOULD
GRANT MERCY ON SUCH
CREATURES.

THESE SOULLESS HEATHENS
BROUGHT THE PLAGUE UPON US,
THOMAS. AND LIKE ALL PLAGUES, THEY
MUST BE CLEANSED. DO NOT WASTE
YOUR SYMPATHIES ON THEM.



PERHAPS
IT IS THOSE
WITHOUT SOULS
WHO NEED
OUR PRAYERS
THE MOST,
COMMANDER
WOLFRIC.



NOW IS NOT THE TIME FOR
KINDNESS! DO YOU SEE THAT
MOON? DO YOU SEE THE BLOOD
INFECTING ITS LIGHT?

THIS MARKS THE END OF THE
HARVEST SEASON, THOMAS, WHICH MEANS
THESE HEATHENS AND THEIR UNHOLY GODS WILL
SOON BE AT THE HEIGHT OF THEIR POWER.

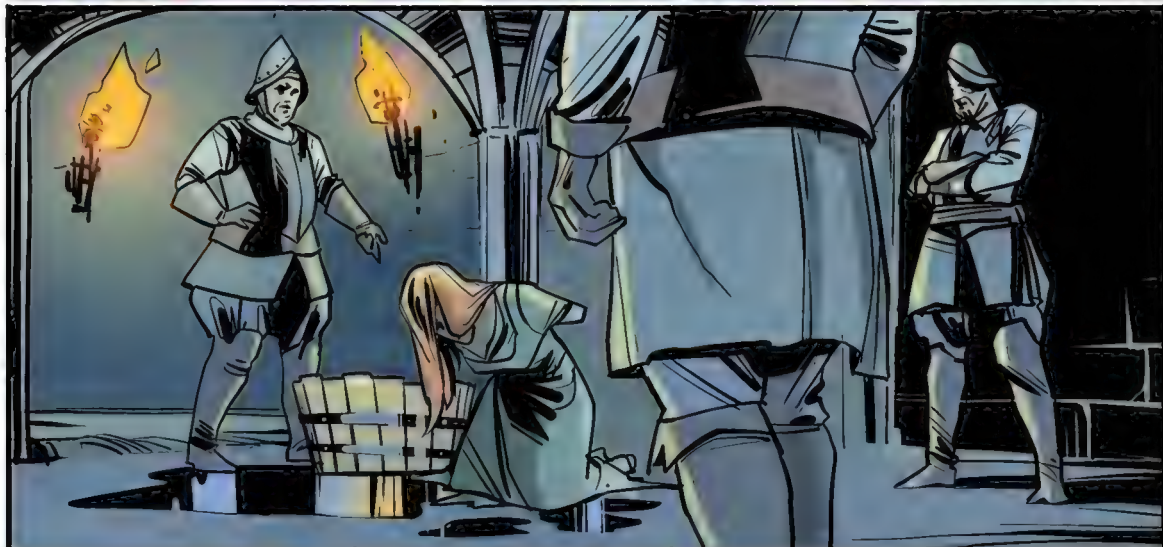
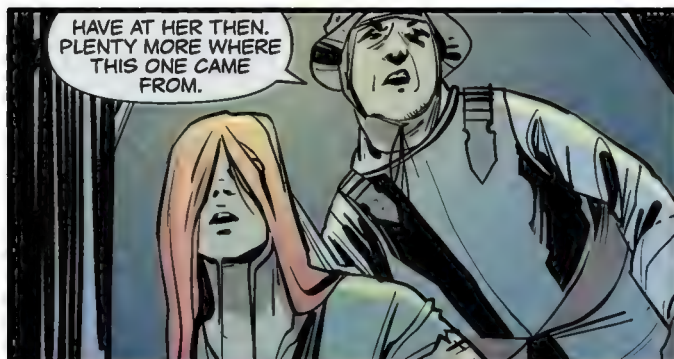


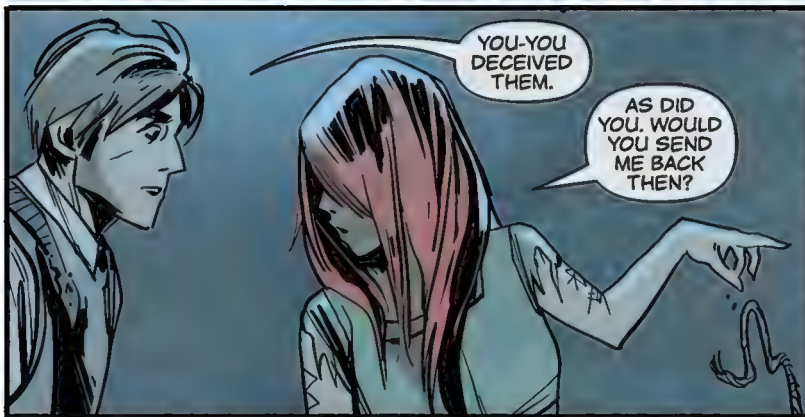
GOD NEEDS SOLDIERS TO WIN HIS WAR,
NOT PRAYERS. BUT IF YOU CAN'T STOMACH
THE EXECUTIONS, THEN PERHAPS SOME
TIME IN THE INTERROGATION TENTS
WILL TOUGHEN YOU UP.

YES,
COMMANDER.

BUT
REMEMBER...









I KNOW THAT YOUR PEOPLE ARE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF IT. NAME'S BRIGID BY THE WAY.



THOMAS, WAS IT?

YOU... CRY? I DO NOT BELIEVE IT...



DO NOT BELIEVE WHAT? THAT I WOULD MOURN THE LOSS OF MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS?

BUT YOUR "BROTHERS AND SISTERS" SACRIFICE CHILDREN IN SERVICE OF THE DEVIL! I KNOW THE TRUTH. HOW YOU DRESS AS DEMONS AND FORNICATE AROUND BONFIRES AS PART OF YOUR DARK AUTUMN FEAST. IT IS YOUR FAULT THE LORD HAS PUNISHED US WITH DEATH AND PLAGUES.



HAHAHAHA!

WHAT-- WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

YOU IDIOTS. OUR "DARK AUTUMN FEAST" IS MEANT TO HONOR THE SPIRITS OF THOSE WHO'VE PASSED BEFORE US.



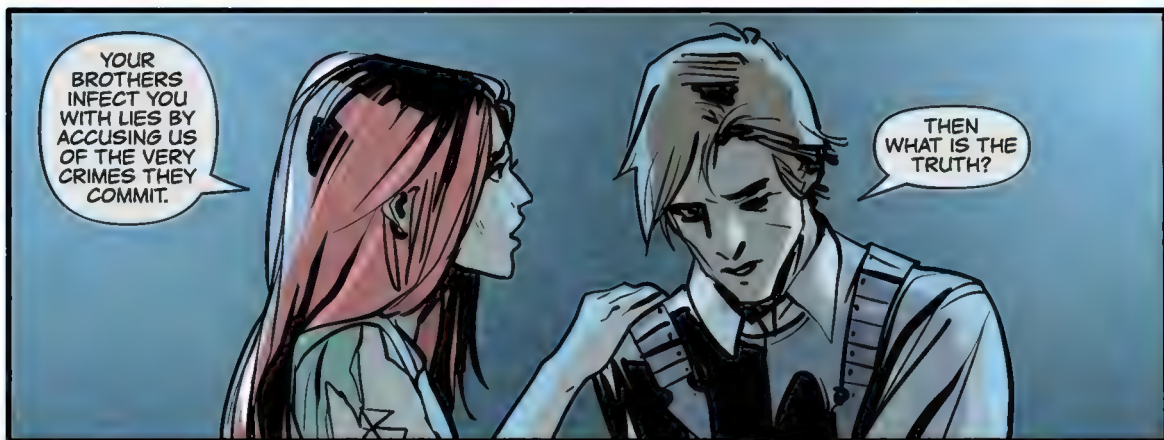
WE BELIEVE IT'S THE ONE NIGHT WHEN THEY'RE PERMITTED TO RETURN, SO WE LIGHT CANDLES AND BONFIRES TO GUIDE THEM.

WE OFFER CROPS AS GIFTS AND DRESS IN GUISES TO PROTECT THEM, AND US, FROM THE TRULY DARK FORCES THAT PROWL THE NIGHT.



AND SACRIFICING CHILDREN?! OUR FIRST RULE IS "DO WHAT THOU WILT BUT DO NO HARM--" WHICH WE SWEAR BY.

CAN YOUR PEOPLE SAY THE SAME?



YOUR BROTHERS INFECT YOU WITH LIES BY ACCUSING US OF THE VERY CRIMES THEY COMMIT.

THEN WHAT IS THE TRUTH?



WE BELIEVE THAT ALL LIFE IS SACRED.

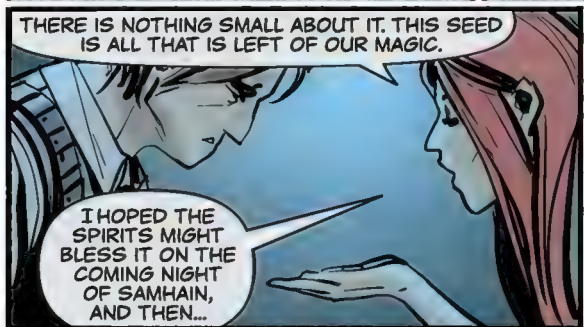


THAT DIVINITY, THE GODS, CAN BE FOUND IN EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD. BE IT IN OURSELVES, IN OTHERS...



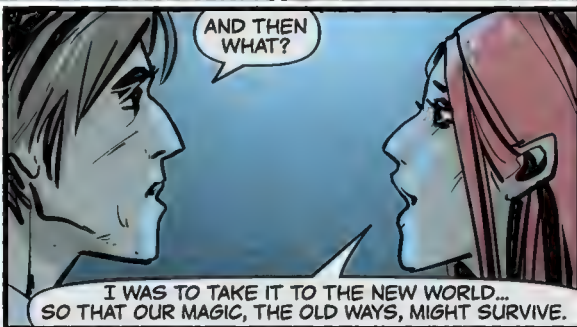
...OR EVEN WITHIN A TINY SEED.

THAT'S A RATHER SMALL PLACE FOR A GOD TO LIVE.



THERE IS NOTHING SMALL ABOUT IT. THIS SEED IS ALL THAT IS LEFT OF OUR MAGIC.

I HOPED THE SPIRITS MIGHT BLESS IT ON THE COMING NIGHT OF SAMHAIN, AND THEN...



AND THEN WHAT?

I WAS TO TAKE IT TO THE NEW WORLD... SO THAT OUR MAGIC, THE OLD WAYS, MIGHT SURVIVE.



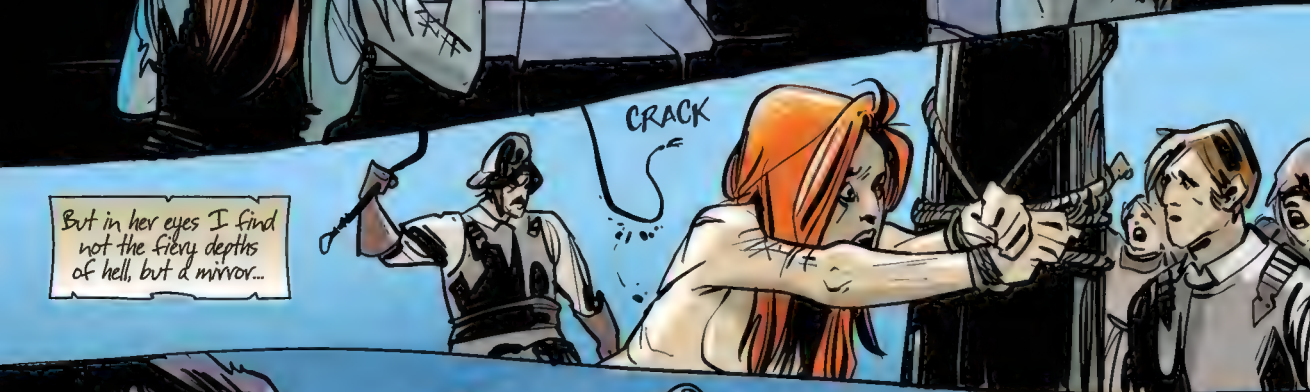
I AM MOVED BY YOUR PASSION, BUT MAGIC SEEDS ARE THE STUFF OF FAIRY TALES.

ONE MAN'S FAIRYTALE IS ANOTHER MAN'S RELIGION.



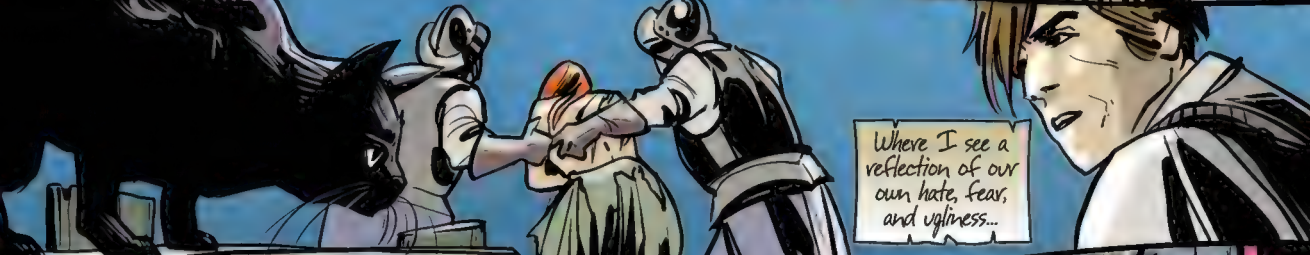


The nights grow longer. The air colder. And as the harvest moon approaches and our crusade continues to spill more pagan blood, I continue to search for the devil Wolfvric spoke of...



But in her eyes I find not the fiery depths of hell, but a mirror...

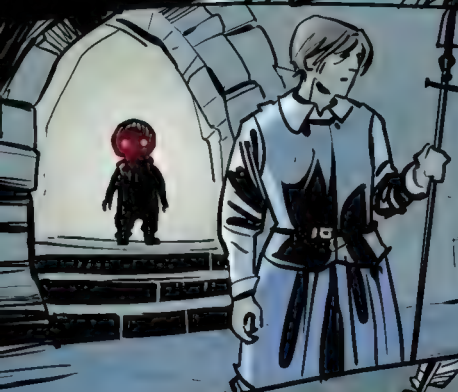
CRACK



Where I see a reflection of our own hate, fear, and ugliness...



But when I am with her I find myself closer to... something strange and intangible and yet still so familiar. I dare not call it 'God' for I feel it may be something even older...

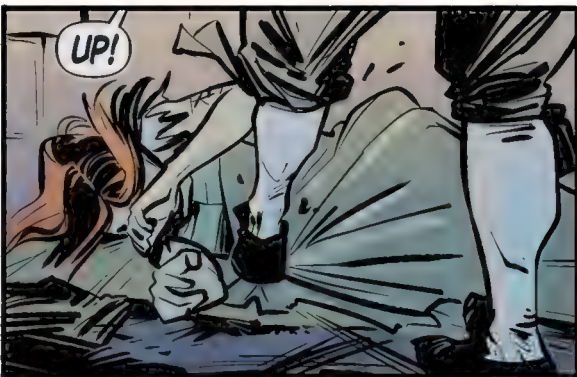
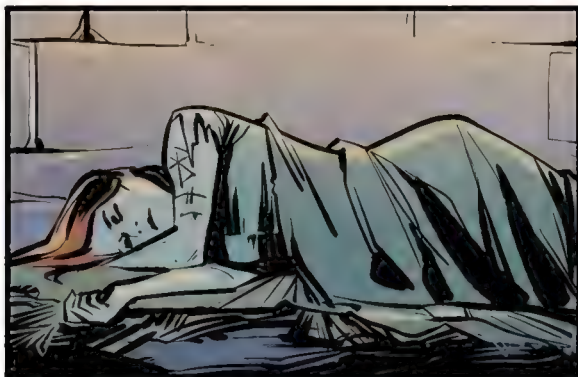


But what if I have gotten too close? What if I really am under her dark spell? This little seed of doubt grows with the strange plague in my body...



...and I fear it is slowly killing me.

KOFF
KOFF



Born from womb of
rock and earth...

The hearts that beat
beyond the hearth...

POW

The shadows past and
the spirits gone, that
speak to us through
Samhain's song.

The whistled wind
and moonlit cries.

The echoes
spoke from
changing
tides.

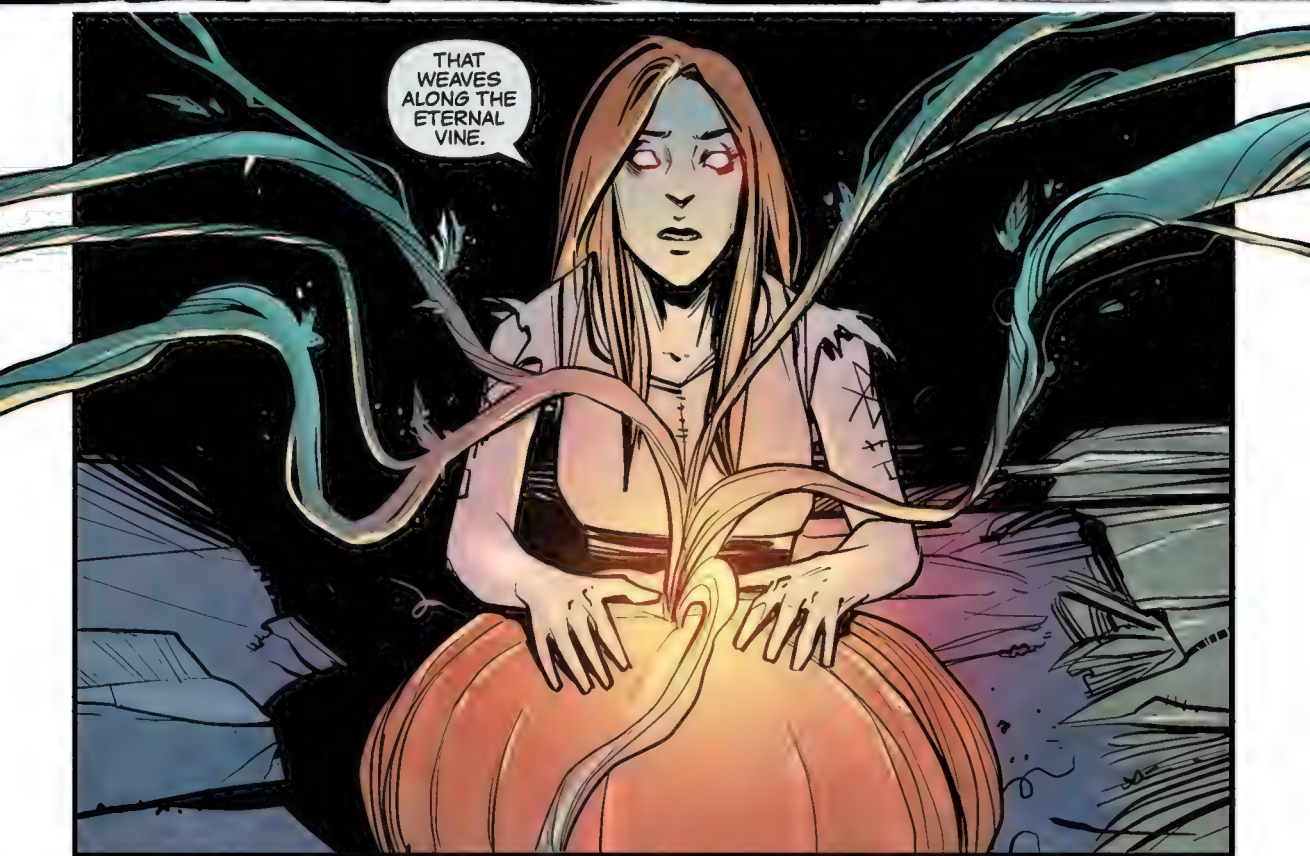
SHHHH

SLNNNK

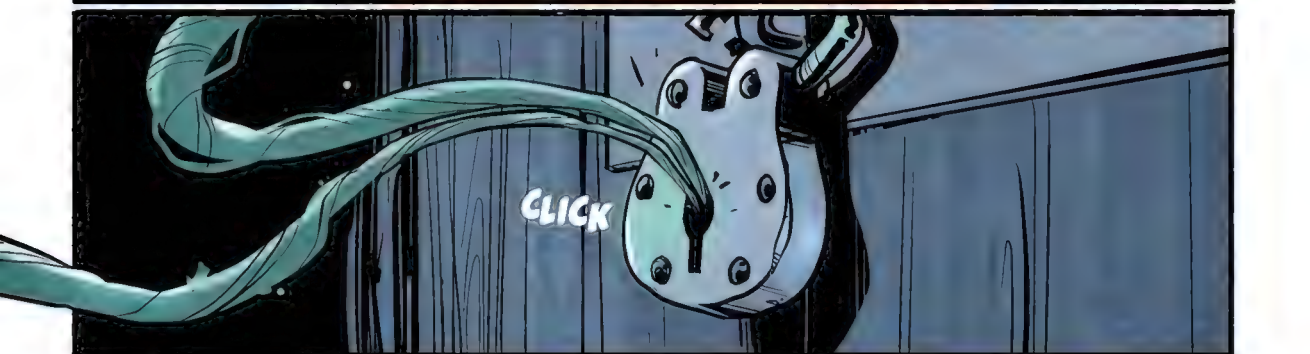


WE PRAY
TO YOU,
GIVE US A
SIGN.

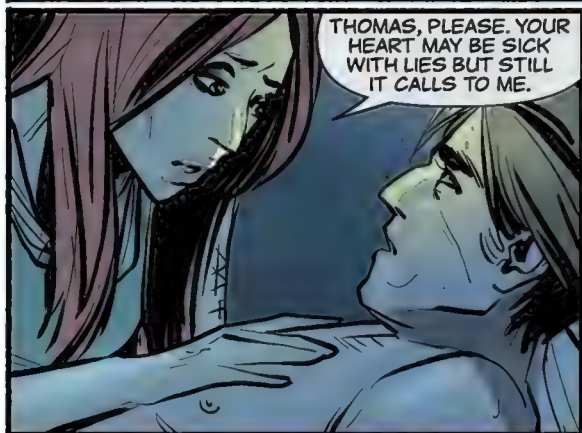
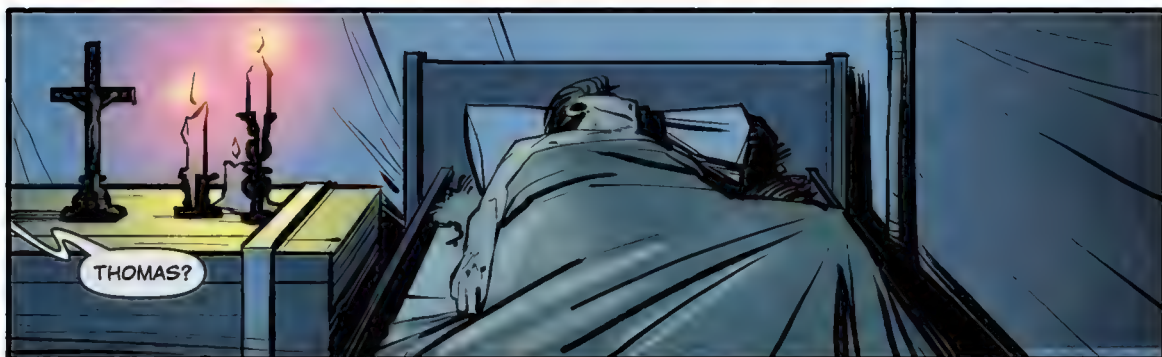
THUMP

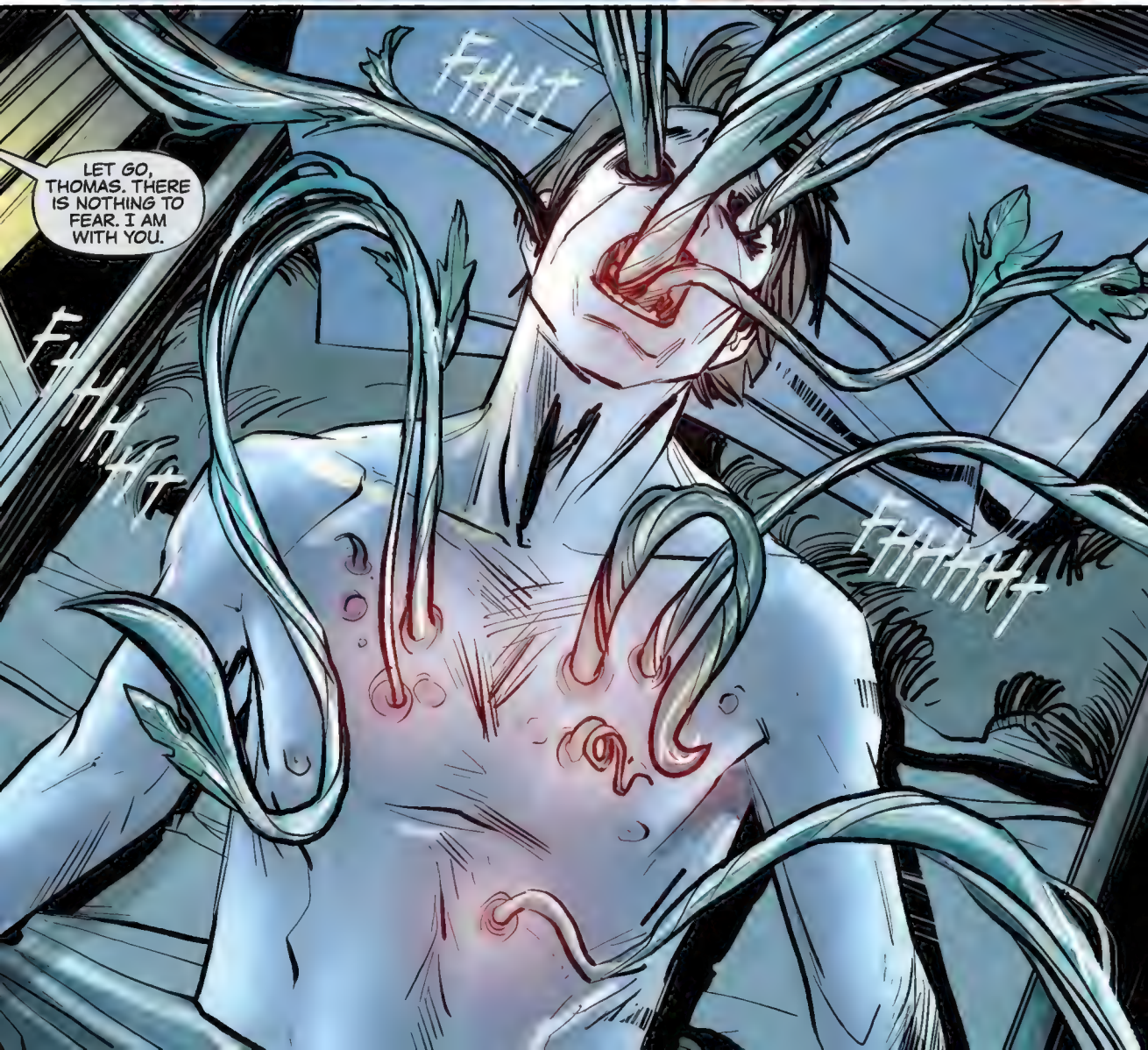
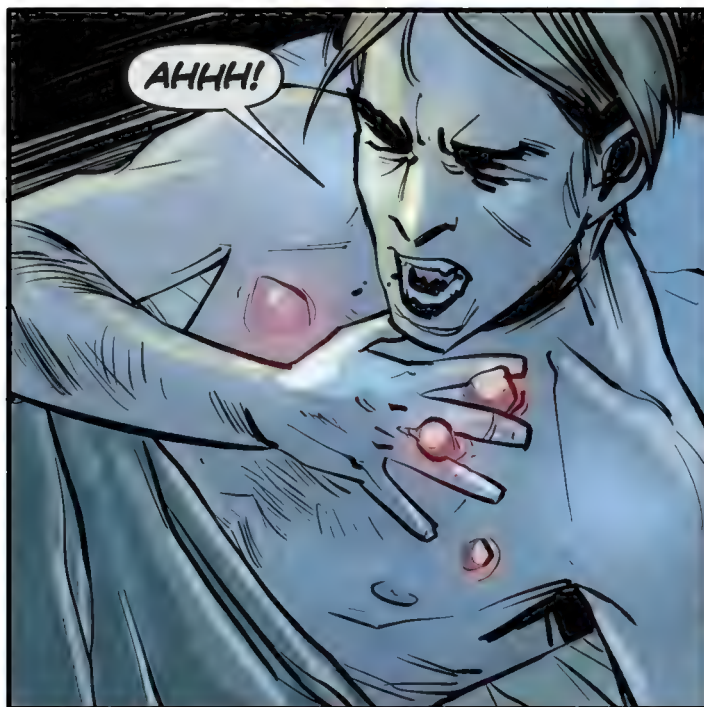


THAT
WEAVES
ALONG THE
ETERNAL
VINE.



CLICK







SSSSSTTTT

TTTTT

SSSSSTTTT

THMP
THMP
THMP
THMP
THMP

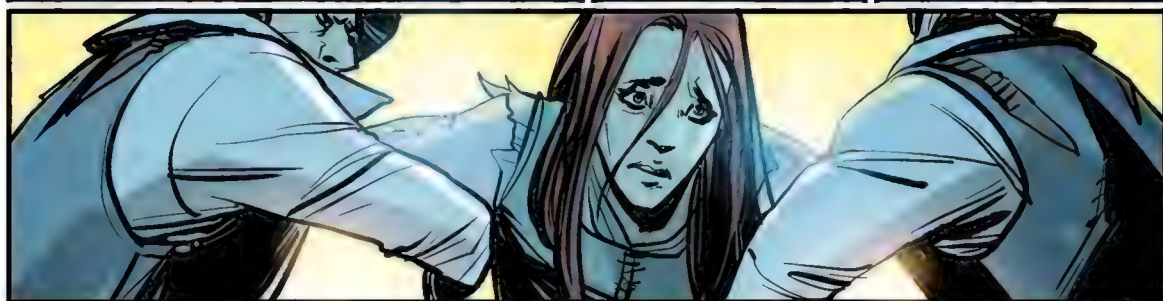
AAHHH!

RARRH RARRH

RARRH

RARRH

FWAAPP

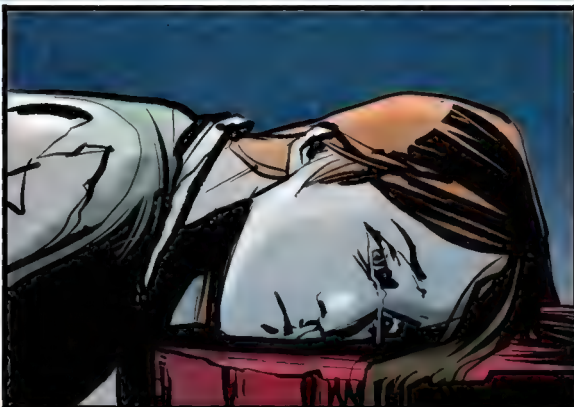


OCTOBER 31ST.

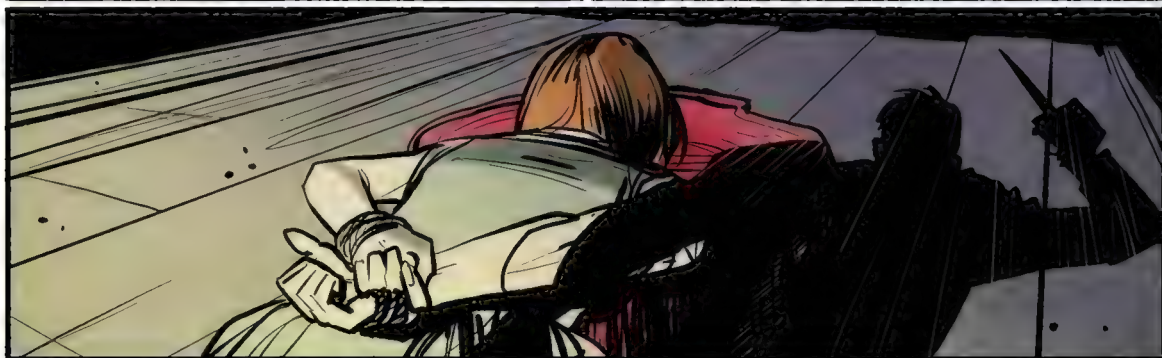
THE LORD
DECREED, THOU
SHALT NOT KILL
THY FELLOW
MAN.

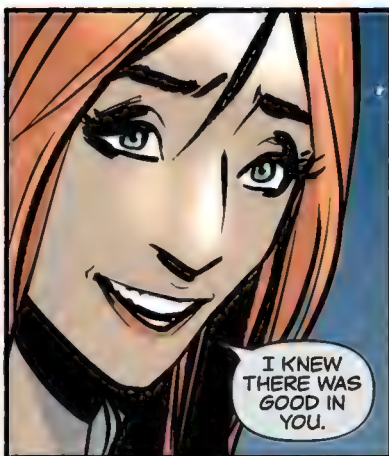
AND WE SHALL NOT,
FOR THIS IS NOT
A WOMAN BUT A
DEMON WITH NO
SOUL TO SAVE.

AND ON
THEIR UNHOLIES OF
NIGHTS, THEIR BARBARIC
FEAST OF SAMHAIN, LET
US CUT THROUGH THE
DARKNESS TO LET IN
THE LIGHT!



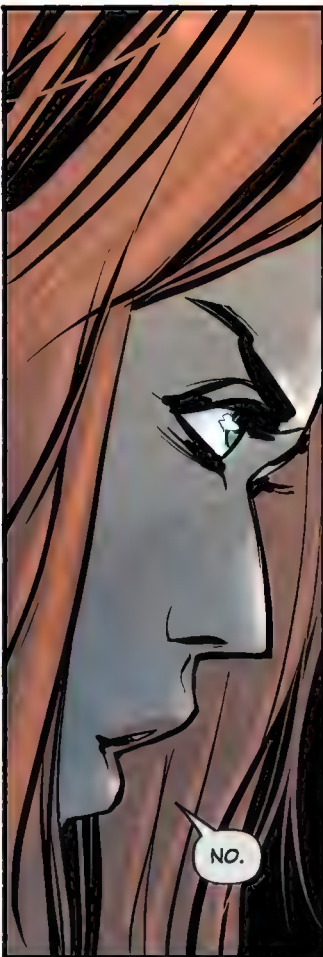
THE WITCHES--
THEY'RE
ESCAPING!

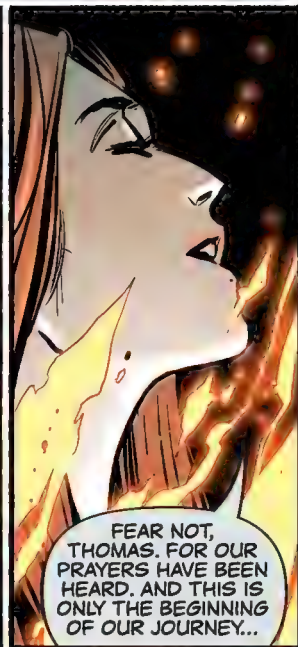
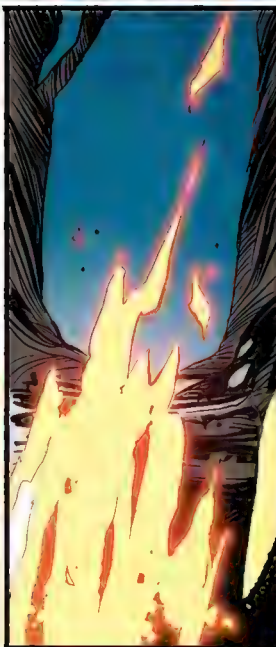
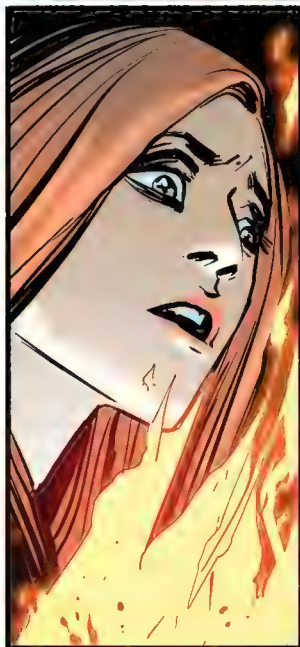






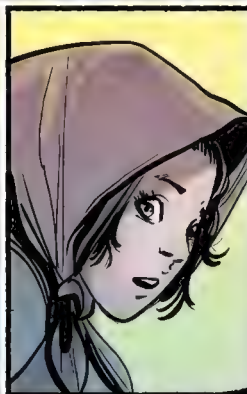
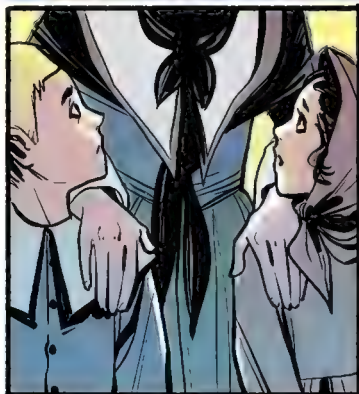
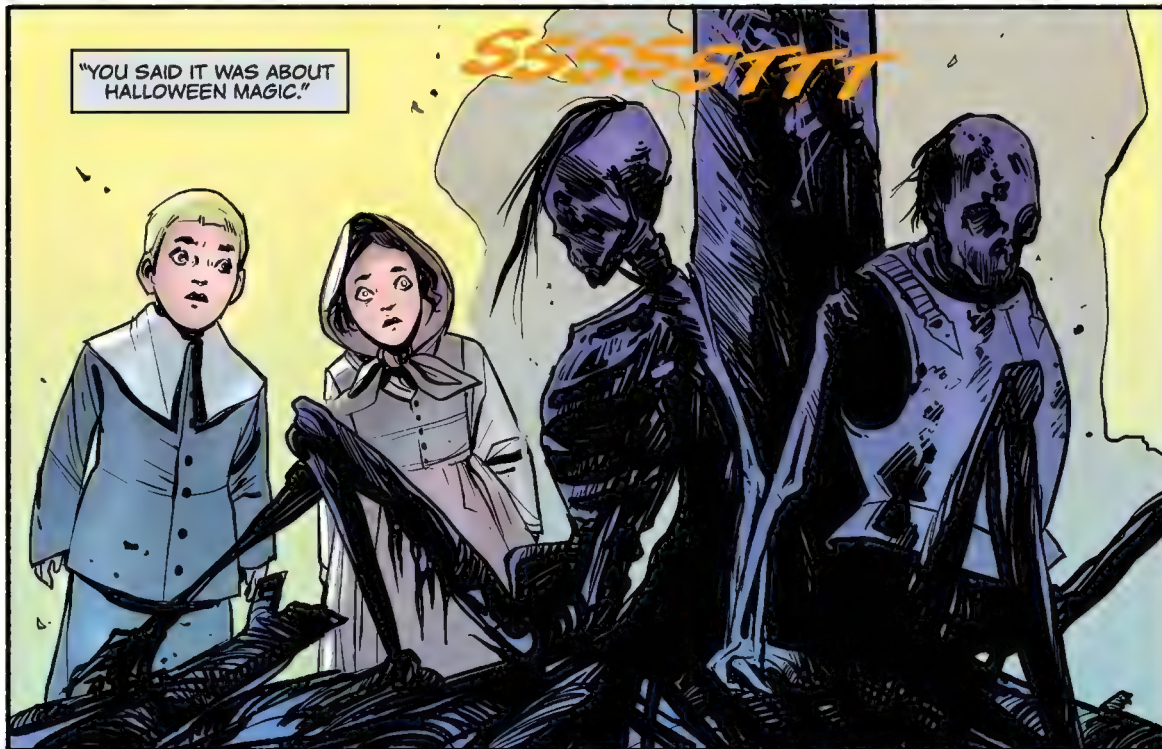


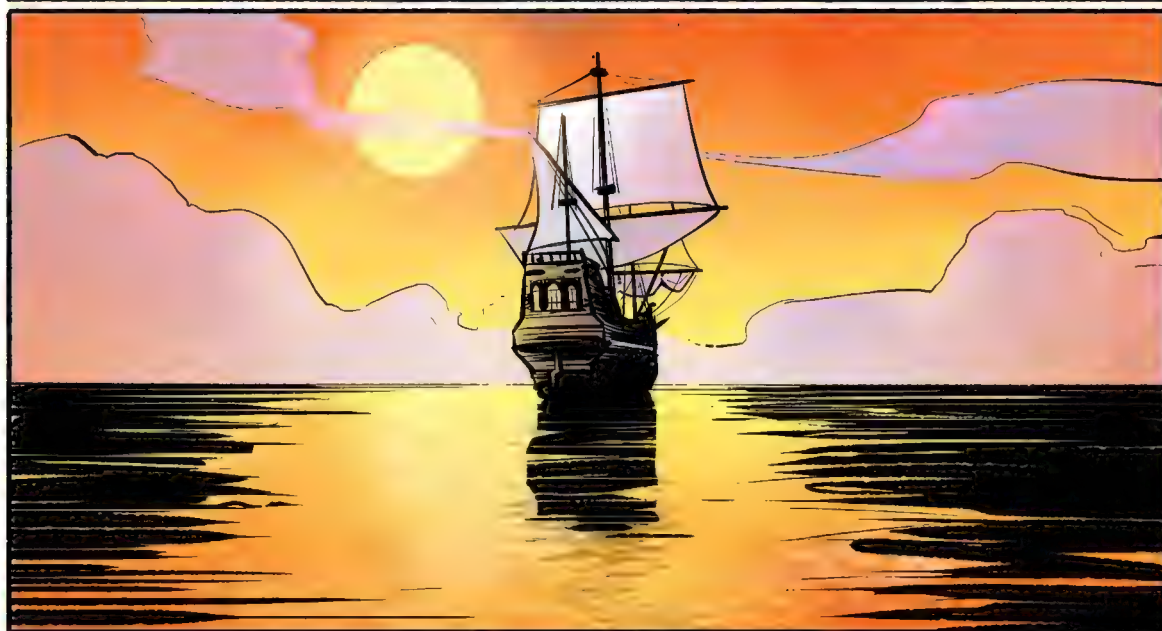
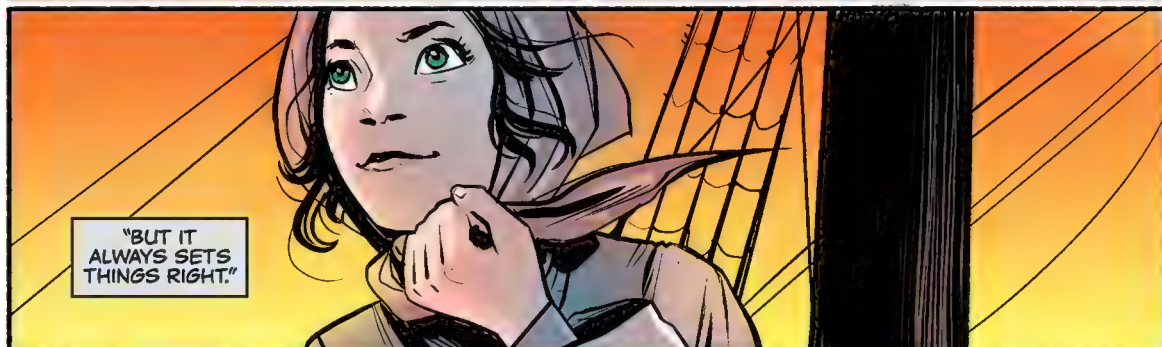
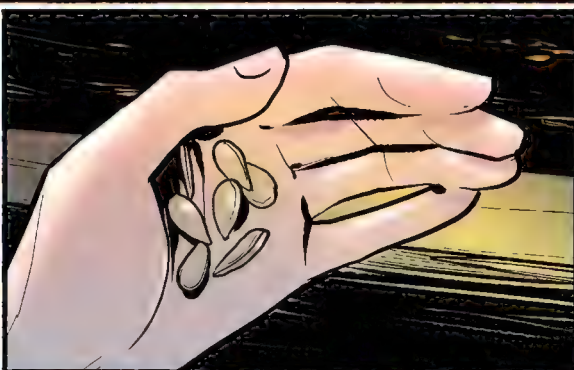
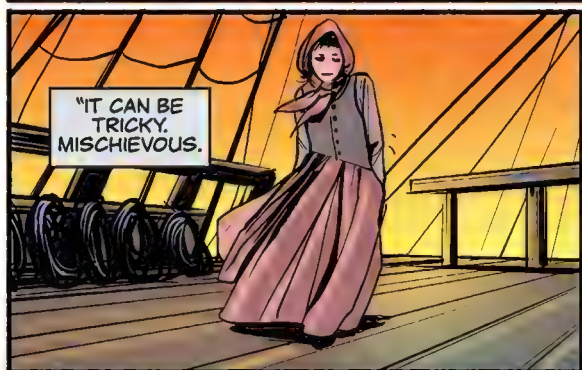






TOGETHER.



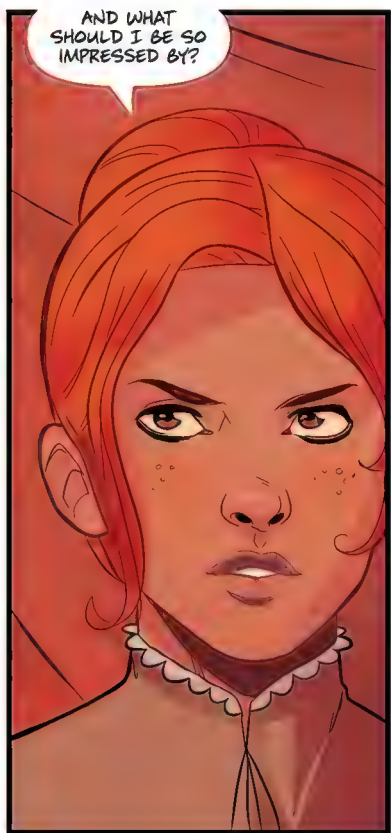


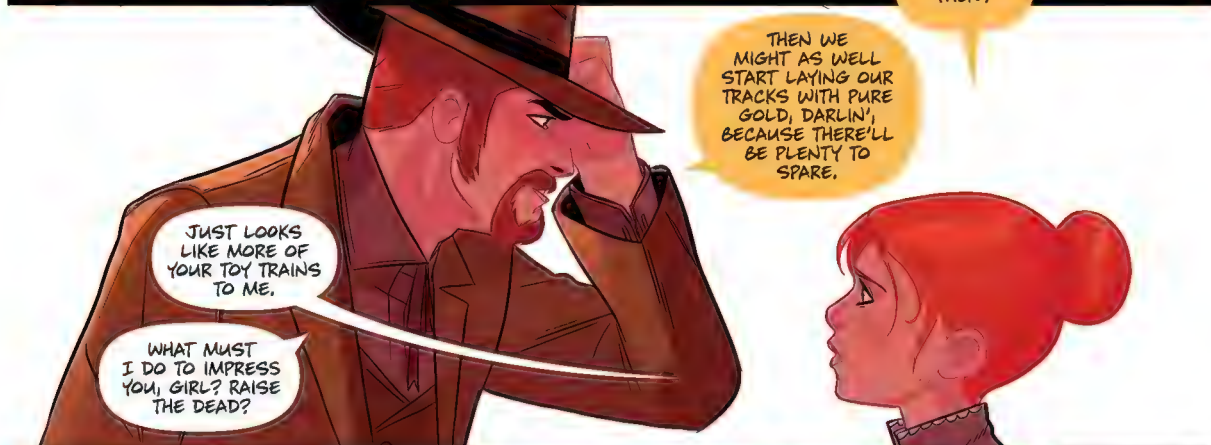
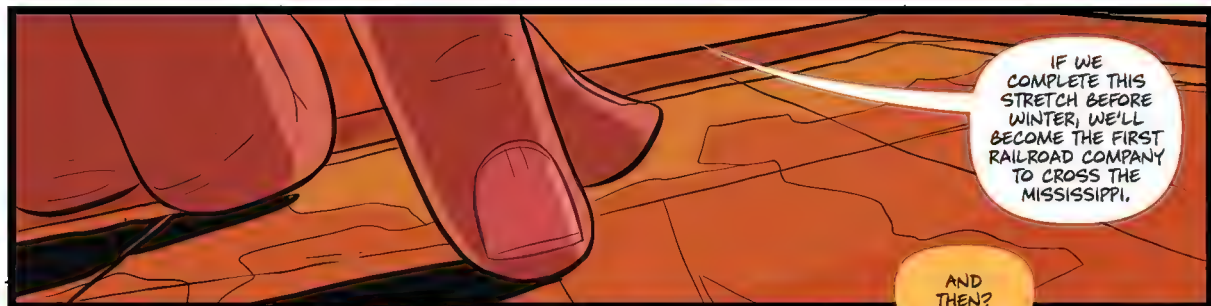
"AND IN
THE END, IT
SURVIVES."



CORN MAIDEN





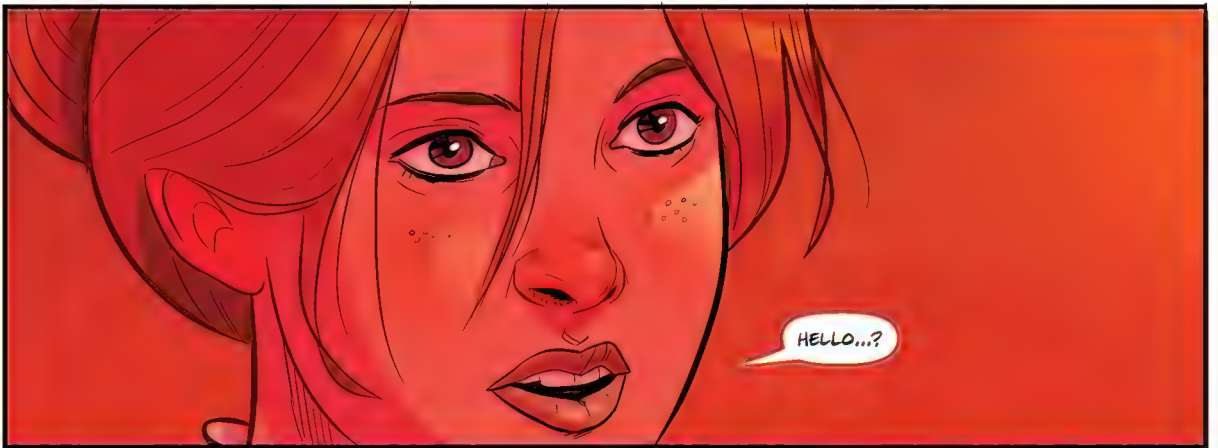


A comic book illustration with a warm, orange-red color palette. In the foreground, a group of people on horseback are silhouetted against a bright sunset. The central figure is a man with a beard and a dark coat, looking down at a woman in a light-colored dress. Other riders are visible behind them. They are positioned on a rocky outcrop. In the background, a Native American village is spread across a valley, featuring numerous teepees and many small figures of people. The sky is filled with soft, wispy clouds, and the sun is a large, glowing orb on the horizon. The overall mood is somber and contemplative.

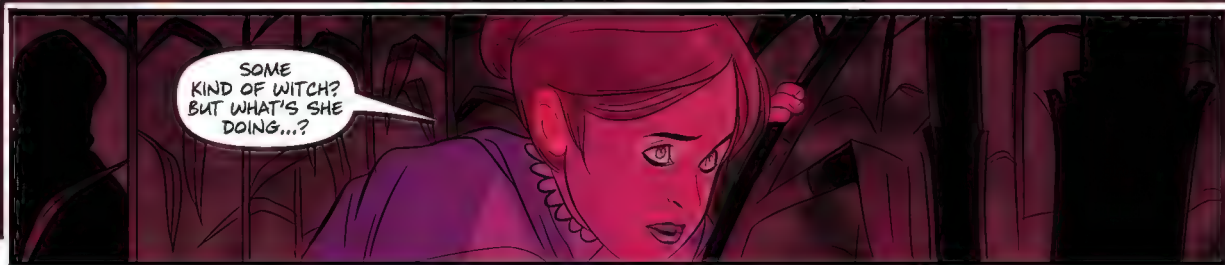
WELL
DAMNATION.

RIGHT
SMACK DAB IN THE
MIDDLE OF WHERE
WE DON'T NEED
THEM.

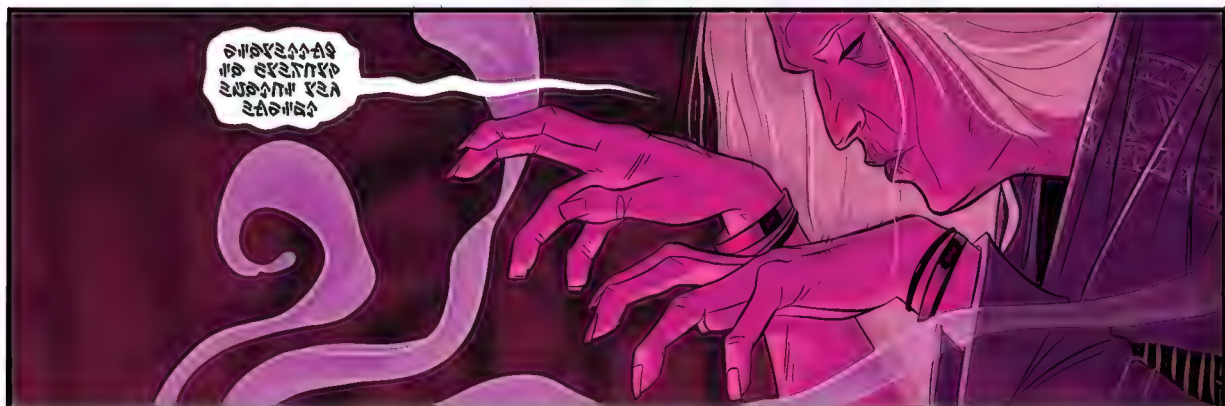








SOME
KIND OF WITCH?
BUT WHAT'S SHE
DOING...?



OH MY GOSH
IT'S EXACTLY
WHAT I NEEDED
FOR MY
MAGIC

SHE IS OUR
SHAMAN, NOT A
WITCH.

AND SHE IS
PRAYING TO THE
CORN MAIDEN,
GIVING THANKS
FOR OUR
BOUNTIFUL
HARVEST.

OH.

I DID NOT MEAN
TO SCARE YOU.
I AM PI'WANI,
DAUGHTER OF
WOLF JAW.

SARAH.
DAUGHTER OF...
BLED SOE?

IT IS NICE
TO MEET YOU SARAH
BLED SOE, BUT WE SHOULD
NOT BE HERE. THIS IS A
SACRED PLACE, MEANT ONLY
FOR THE SHAMAN... AND THE
MANY SPIRITS THAT
SURROUND HER.

COME. IF THE
SHAMAN CATCHES
US, SHE WILL
TURN US INTO
SCORPIONS.

REALLY?
OUR WITCHES
TURN PEOPLE
INTO FROGS.

YOU ARE
FUNNY,
SARAH
BLED SOE.



SO WHO
IS THE CORN
MAIDEN?

SHE IS OUR GUARDIAN
AND PROTECTOR. A SPIRIT WHO
BLESSES US WITH FERTILE
LANDS, WORKING HER MAGIC
THROUGH THE SHAMAN.

I'VE BEEN
READING LOTS OF
GHOST STORIES
LATELY, BUT MOST
SEEM MEAN AND
VENGEFUL.

THERE ARE
EVIL SPIRITS TO BE SURE,
BUT WE BELIEVE THERE ARE
JUST AS MANY WHO PROTECT
AND LOVE US, LIKE OUR
ANCESTORS, AND THIS IS THE
TIME OF YEAR WHEN THEY
APPEAR THE MOST.



MY MAMA PASSED NOT
TOO LONG AGO, THAT'S
WHO I THOUGHT I SAW
IN THE FIELD BUT I...
NEVERMIND.

MAYBE YOU DID
SEE HER. MAYBE
SHE IS WATCHING
OVER YOU.

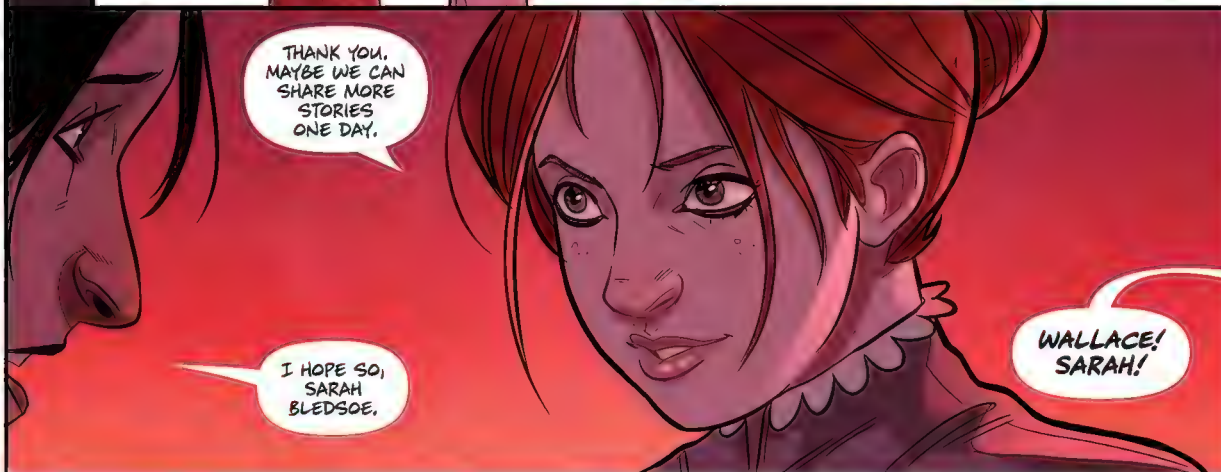
MAYBE.



HERE,
TAKE THIS. HE
WILL PROTECT
YOU FROM EVIL
SPIRITS.

SO HE'S
A GOOD
SPIRIT?

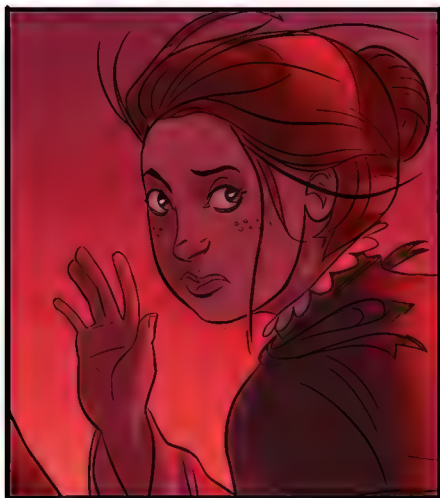
I WOULD NOT SAY
THAT, BUT THE SHAMAN
TOLD ME HE IS VERY OLD,
AND VERY POWERFUL.



THANK YOU,
MAYBE WE CAN
SHARE MORE
STORIES
ONE DAY.

I HOPE SO,
SARAH
BLEDSEE.

WALLACE!
SARAH!





THEY ARE NOT SAVAGES! AND P'WANI IS THE FIRST FRIEND I'VE HAD SINCE MOTHER--

I KNOW THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN EASY FOR YOU, BUT THOSE PEOPLE ARE NOT OUR FRIENDS. WHY I OFFERED TO BATHE THEIR ENTIRE TRIBE IN GOLD IF THEY'D JUST MOVE THEIR VILLAGE A FEW MILES SOUTH. KNOW WHAT THAT WOLF JAW FELLA SAID?

UHHH... HE SAID NO WAY, BOSS?

SHUT UP, WALLACE.

AND YOU'RE NOT ONE TO TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER, ARE YOU, FATHER?

DAMN RIGHT.

I'M DOING ALL THIS FOR YOU, SARAH. CAN'T YOU SEE THAT? TO PROVIDE FOR YOU, TO GIVE YOU A BETTER LIFE.

A BETTER LIFE?! I'M STUCK IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE FOR MONTHS WITH NO ONE TO TALK TO, NO ONE EVEN CLOSE TO MY AGE, AND WHEN I FINALLY MEET SOMEONE--

--YOU FORBID IT? HOW IS THAT GIVING ME A BETTER LIFE?

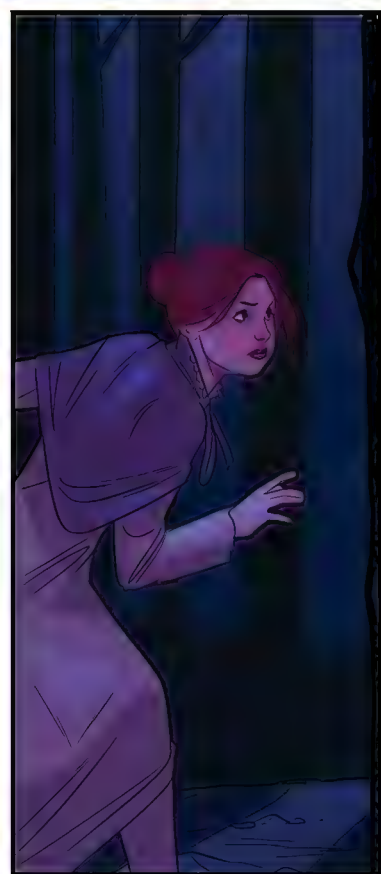
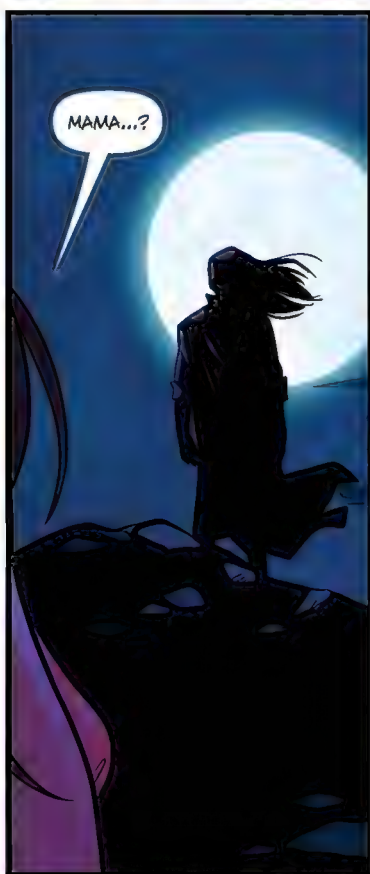
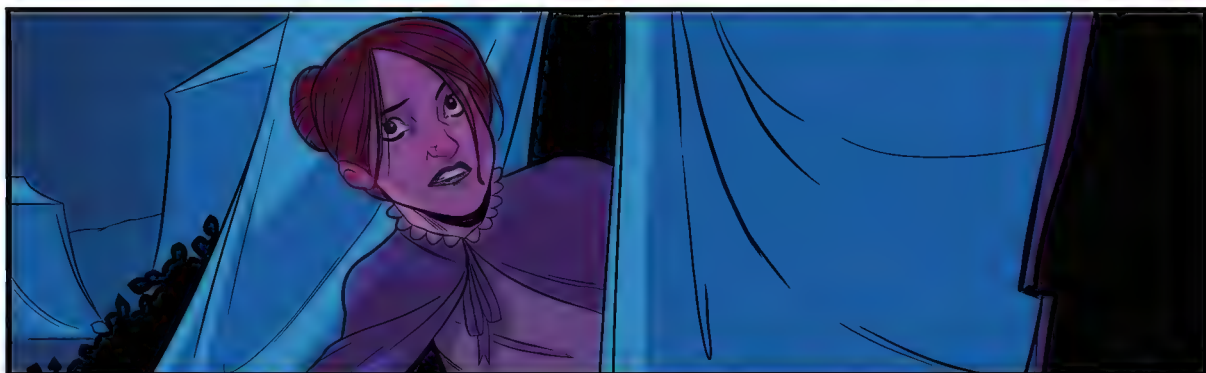
SARAH?! SARAH!

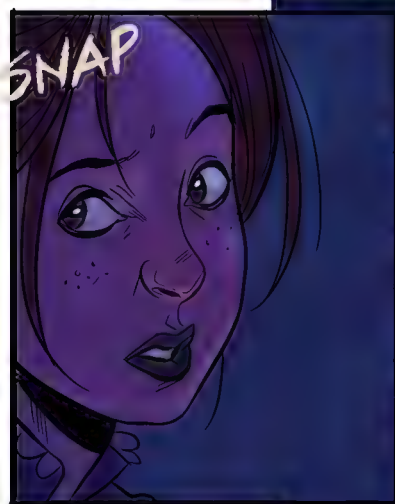
SO, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT THESE DAMNABLE INDIANS, WALLACE?

THE BOYS ARE IN THE MAIN TENT BRAINSTORMIN', SIR.

THAT DOES NOT FILL ME WITH HOPE.

BUT THIS DOES...







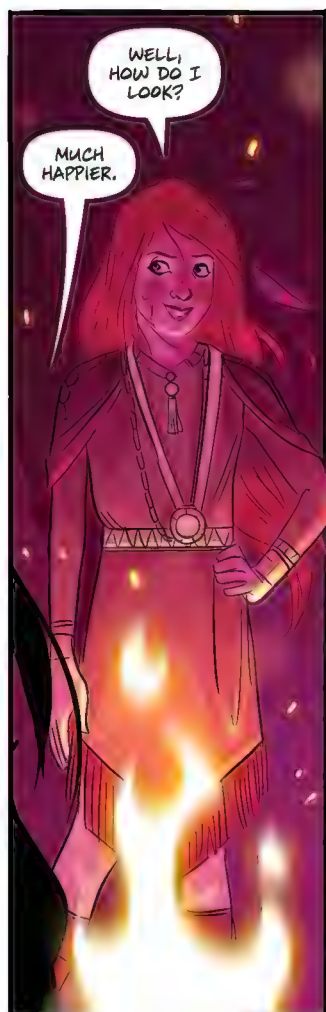
I APPRECIATE THE HOSPITALITY BUT I'M NOT SURE MY FATHER WOULD APPROVE.



DO YOU ONLY DO WHAT YOUR FATHER APPROVES OF?

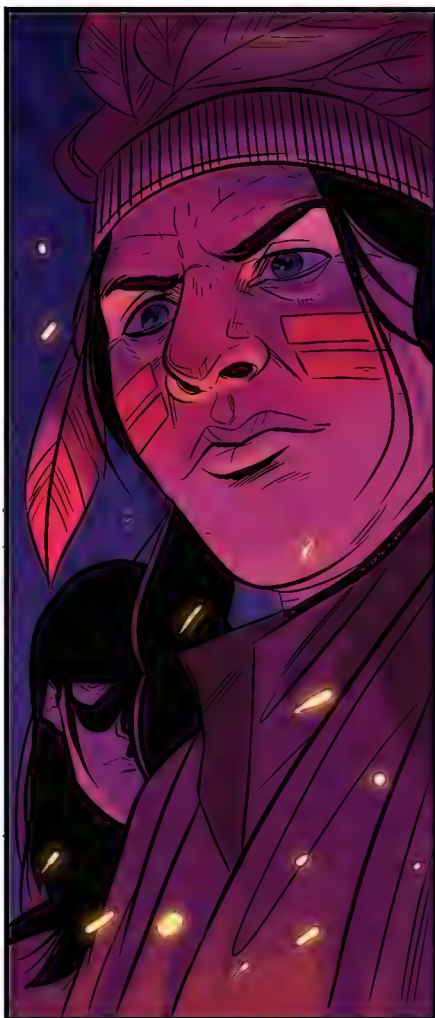
NO.

I DID NOT THINK SO. WE ARE GLAD YOU CAME BACK, SARAH.



WELL, HOW DO I LOOK?

MUCH HAPPIER.



SARAH BLEDSOE?

UM, YES, CHIEF -- SIR, I MEAN --

MY DAUGHTER TELLS ME YOU SAW A SPIRIT IN OUR FIELDS TODAY.

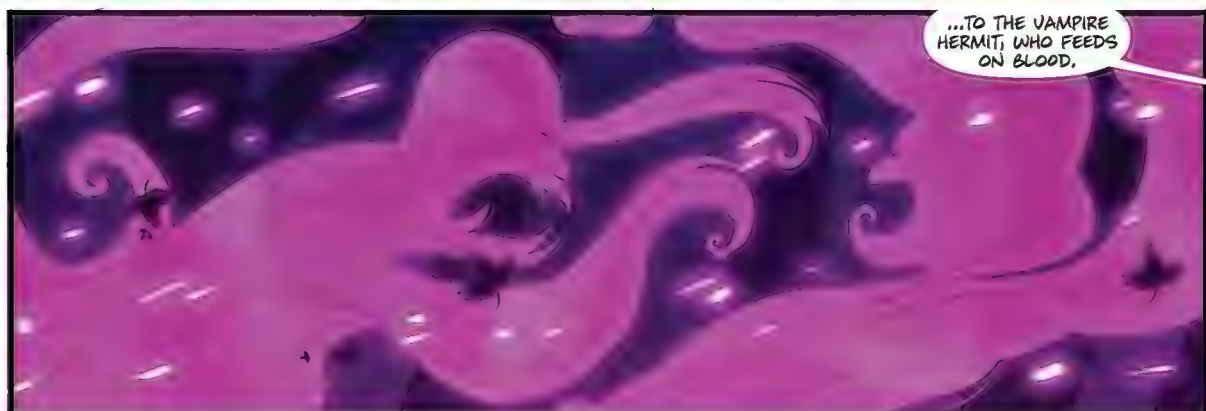




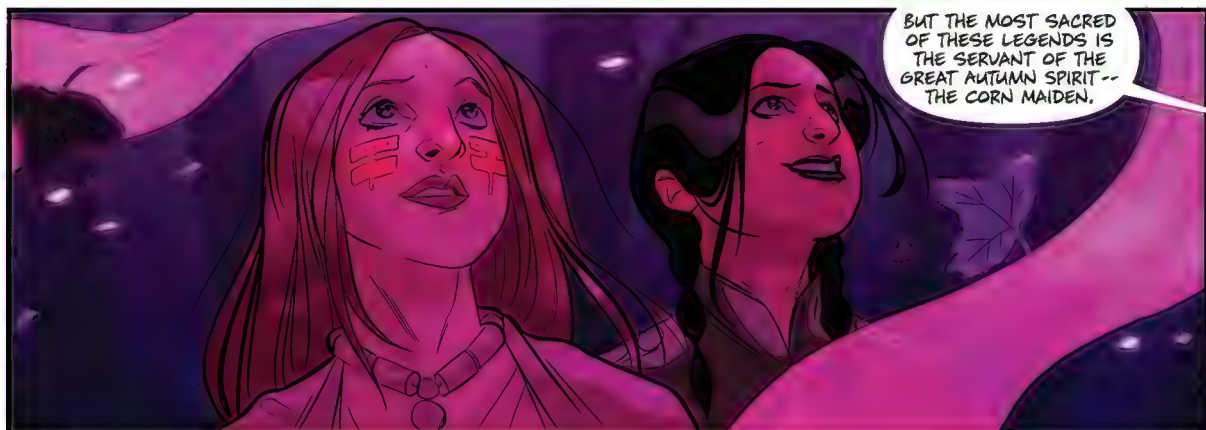
OUR PEOPLE HAVE
MANY GODS AND
LEGENDS...



SUCH AS THE
TRICKSTER SPIRITS,
COYOTE, SPIDER,
AND RAVEN, WHO
LOVE MAKING
MISCHIEF...



...TO THE VAMPIRE
HERMIT, WHO FEEDS
ON BLOOD.



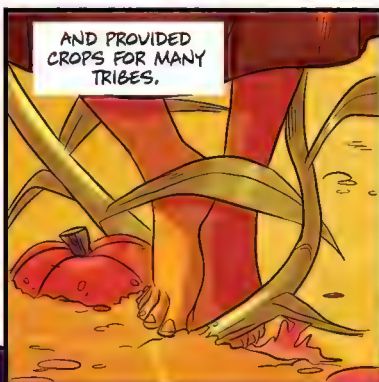
BUT THE MOST SACRED
OF THESE LEGENDS IS
THE SERVANT OF THE
GREAT AUTUMN SPIRIT--
THE CORN MAIDEN.



THE MAIDEN WAS
BLESSED BY THE
GODS WITH GREAT
POWERS...



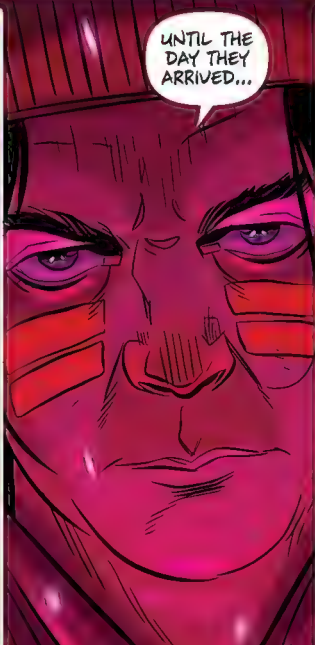
HER TOUCH
BROUGHT LIFE.



AND PROVIDED
CROPS FOR MANY
TRIBES.



THE PEOPLE LOVED HER,
AND SHE, IN TURN, LOVED
THEM AS IF THEY WERE
HER OWN CHILDREN.



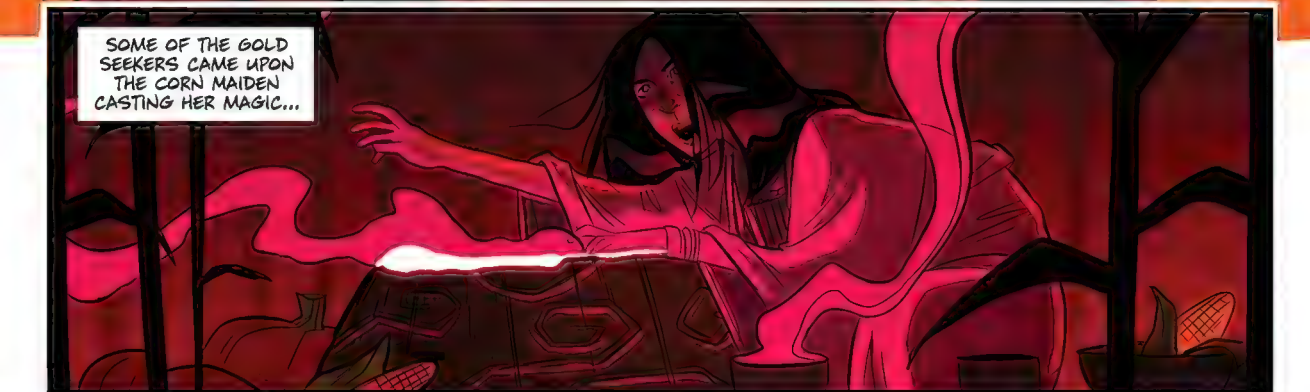
UNTIL THE
DAY THEY
ARRIVED...



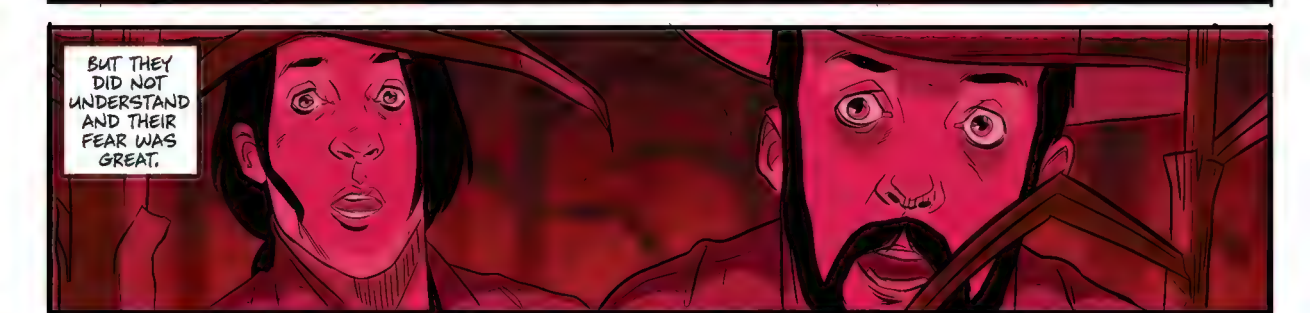
THE GOLD
SEEKERS.

A person wearing a red robe is holding a woven basket filled with food, including a cornucopia of corn cobs and apples. They are standing in front of a warm, orange-hued background, possibly a sunset or a fire. Other people in similar robes are partially visible in the background.

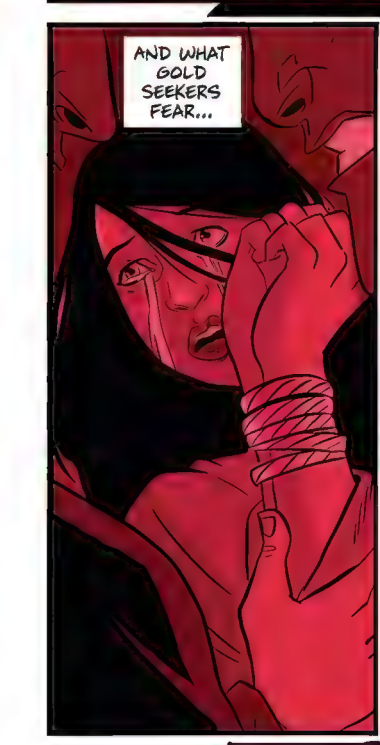
THE TRIBE WELCOMED
THE STRANGERS,
SHARING THEIR
BLESSINGS AND FOOD.

A woman with long dark hair is shown in a dynamic pose, casting a bright, glowing red magical energy. She is surrounded by dark, swirling smoke or mist. The background is dark with some faint outlines of structures.

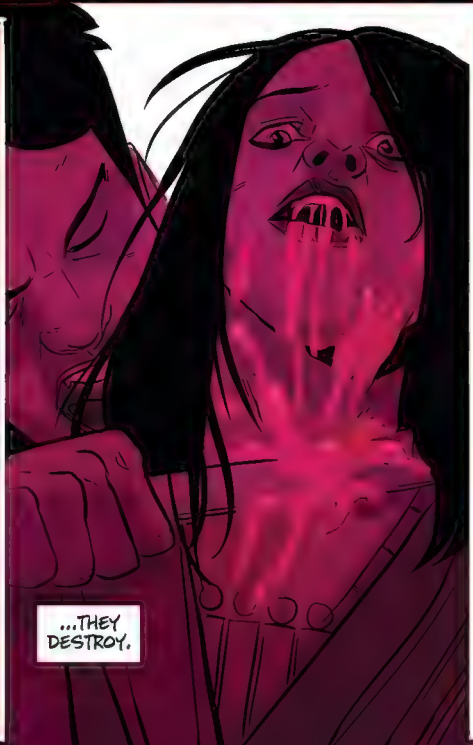
SOME OF THE GOLD
SEEKERS CAME UPON
THE CORN MAIDEN
CASTING HER MAGIC...

Two men are shown in a close-up, looking on with expressions of concern and fear. The man on the left has a wide-eyed, open-mouthed expression. The man on the right has a mustache and a similar look of alarm. They are both wearing hats and robes.

BUT THEY
DID NOT
UNDERSTAND
AND THEIR
FEAR WAS
GREAT.

A woman with long dark hair is shown in a close-up, crying with her hand to her face. She has a distressed expression. The background is dark and indistinct.

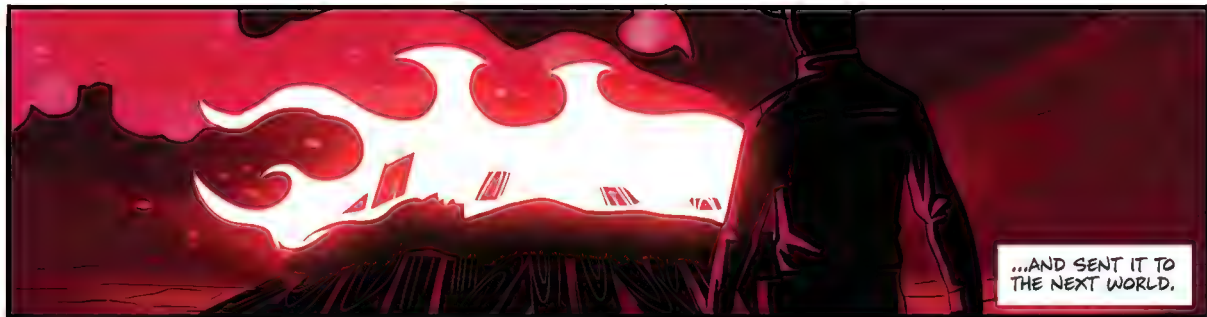
AND WHAT
GOLD
SEEKERS
FEAR...

A woman with long dark hair is shown in a close-up, looking upwards with a pained or desperate expression. Her mouth is open as if she is shouting or crying out. She is wearing a dark, patterned garment.

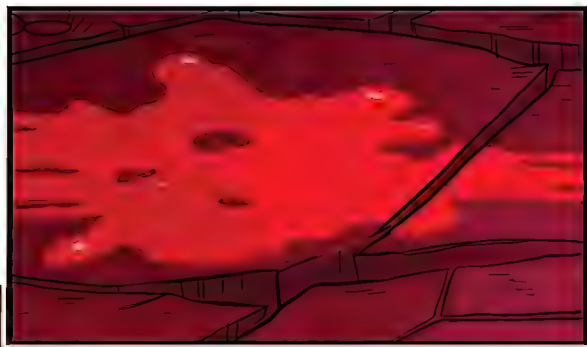
...THEY
DESTROY.

A man in a dark robe and hat is shown in a wide shot, dragging a lifeless body across a dark, desolate landscape. The body is lying on the ground, and the man is walking away from it. The background is dark with some faint outlines of structures.

THEY TOOK THE
MAIDEN'S LIFELESS
BODY...



...AND SENT IT TO
THE NEXT WORLD.



BUT EVEN IN DEATH,
THE CORN MAIDEN
BLESSED HER PEOPLE.

AND WHERE
HER BLOOD
FELL, FERTILE
CROPS AROSE.



THAT IS WHY WE
CELEBRATE THE AUTUMN HARVEST:
TO HONOR THE CORN MAIDEN FOR
SUSTAINING US. TO MAKE OFFERINGS
TO HER SPIRIT AND THE SPIRITS OF
OUR ANCESTORS.

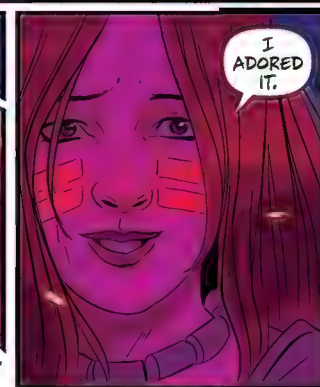
AND TO
WARN OUR CHILDREN
OF THE DANGERS
THAT LURK IN THE
DARK HEARTS OF
MEN.



DID YOU
ENJOY THE
TALE?

I
ADORED
IT.

IT WAS TRAGIC.
FRIGHTENING.



YOU KNOW,
WE HAVE A HOLIDAY
LIKE YOUR AUTUMN
HARVEST. WE CALL IT
HALLOWEEN.

REALLY, THEN YOU
MUST TELL US OF
YOUR HALL-O-WEEN,
SARAH BLEDSOE.





IT'S A MAGICAL NIGHT
AT THE END OF OCTOBER WHEN
WE DRESS UP IN COSTUMES, EAT
CANDY, AND TELL STORIES LIKE
YOURS. MY MOTHER USED TO CURL
UP BY THE FIRE WITH ME AND
TELL ME ABOUT ALL SORTS OF
WICKED THINGS...

LIKE VAMPIRES,
WEREWOLVES,
GHOSTS... AND
WITCHES.



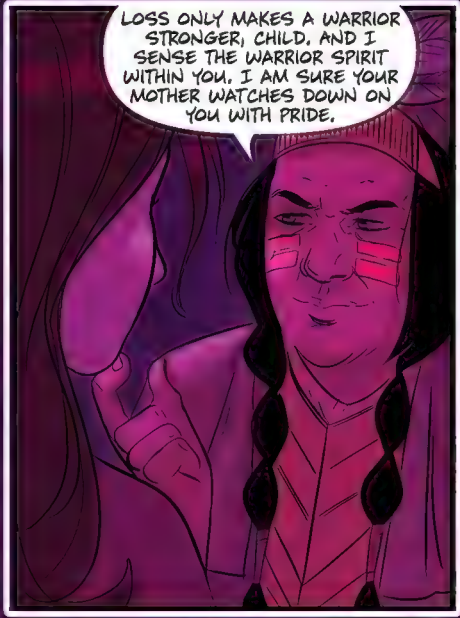
WE'D CARVE JACK
O' LANTERNS TO
HONOR THE DEAD.



AND LEAVE OUT
TREATS TO KEEP
MISCHIEVOUS
SPIRITS AWAY.



THIS WAS
HER FAVORITE
TIME OF
YEAR...

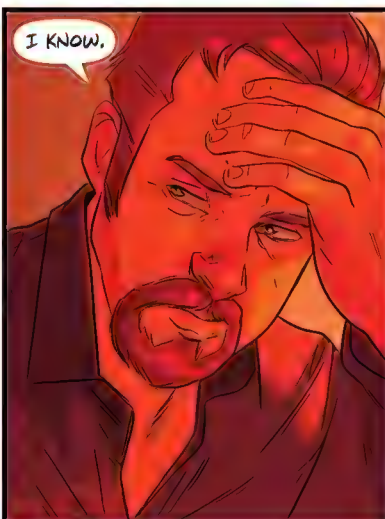


LOSS ONLY MAKES A WARRIOR
STRONGER, CHILD. AND I
SENSE THE WARRIOR SPIRIT
WITHIN YOU. I AM SURE YOUR
MOTHER WATCHES DOWN ON
YOU WITH PRIDE.



HER SPIRIT
SHINES THROUGH
YOU.

THANK
YOU.





MAYBE IT'S THE AUTUMN AIR, OR THE SIGHT OF SO MANY OF THESE DAMN JACK O'LANTERNS, BUT I GOT TO THINKING, AND REMEMBERING...

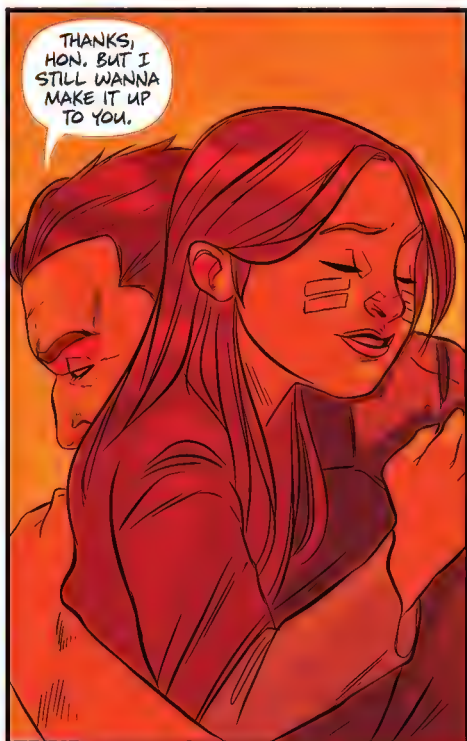


MA?

THAT'S RIGHT. I KNOW THIS WAS A SPECIAL TIME FOR BOTH OF YOU, SARAH. AND I'M SORRY SHE'S NOT HERE TO CELEBRATE IT WITH YOU ANYMORE, HECK, I'M SORRY FOR A LOT OF THINGS I GUESS.



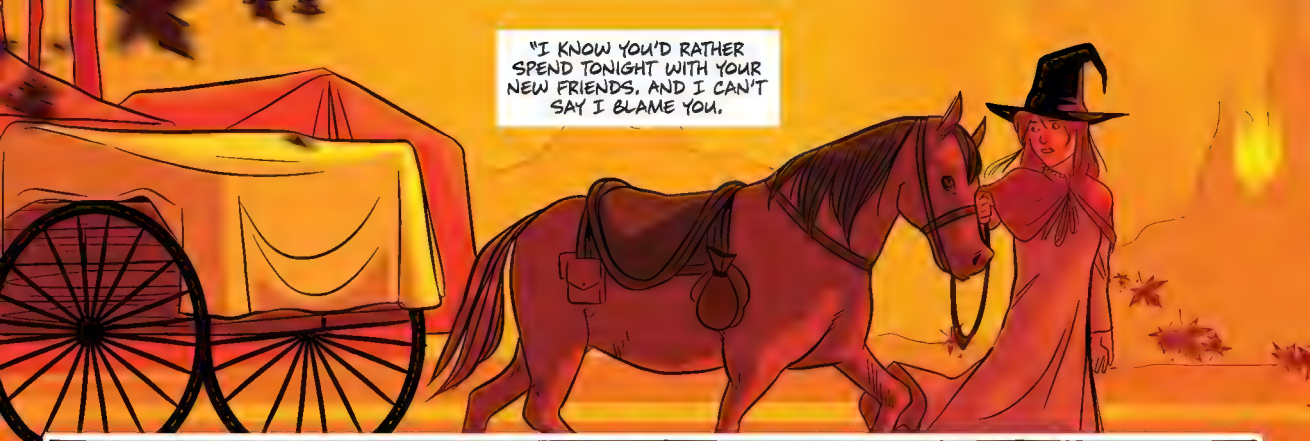
IT'S OKAY, PA.



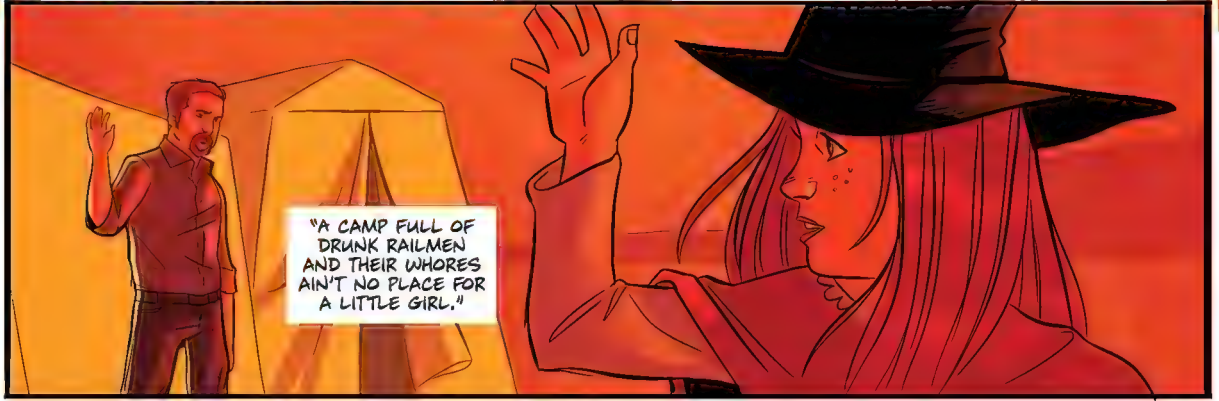
THANKS, HON. BUT I STILL WANNA MAKE IT UP TO YOU.



HOW?



"I KNOW YOU'D RATHER SPEND TONIGHT WITH YOUR NEW FRIENDS. AND I CAN'T SAY I BLAME YOU."



"A CAMP FULL OF DRUNK RAILMEN AND THEIR WHORES AIN'T NO PLACE FOR A LITTLE GIRL."

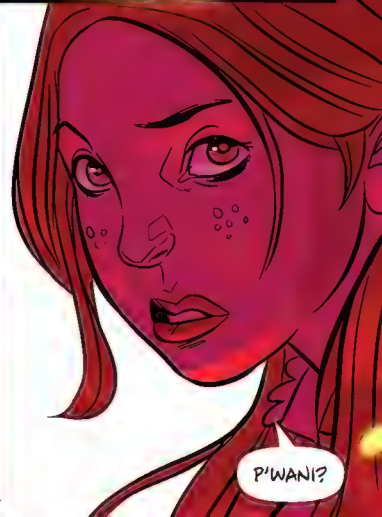
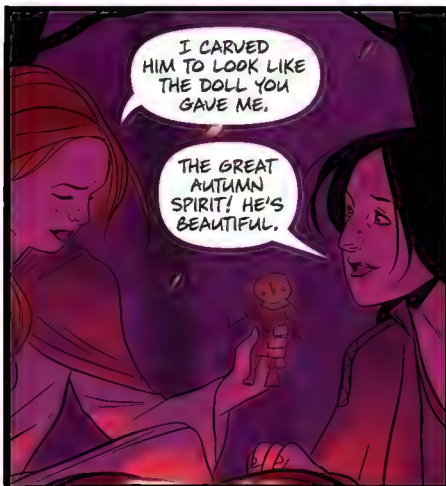
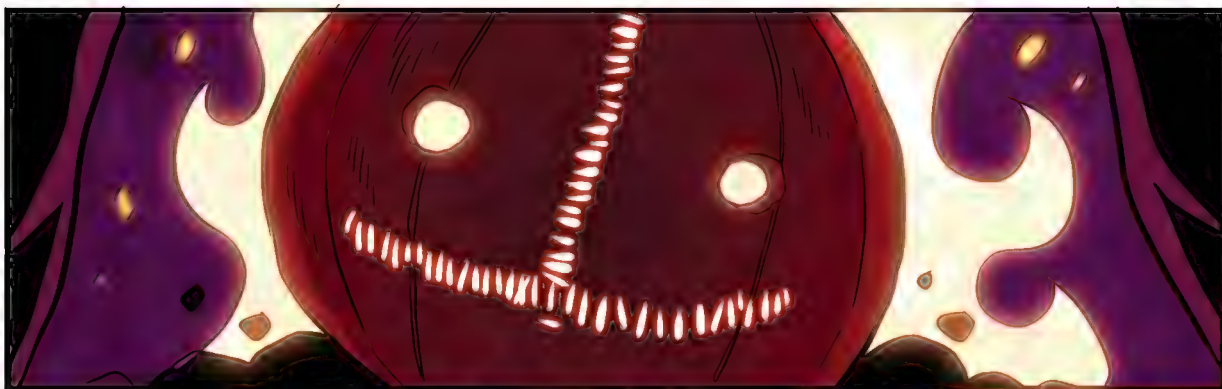


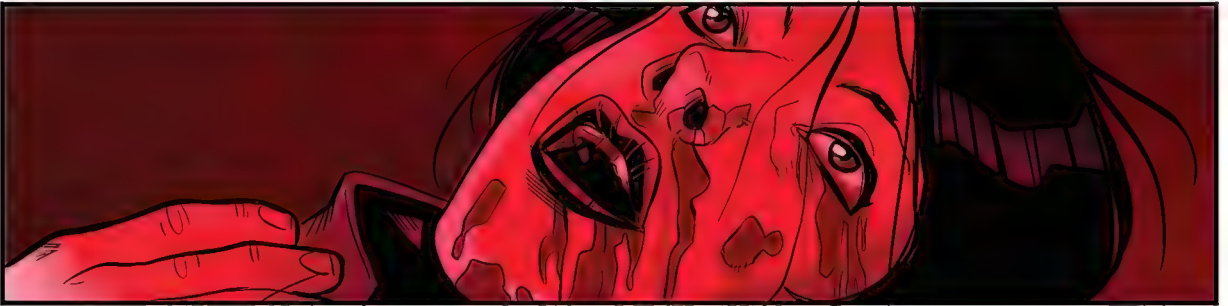
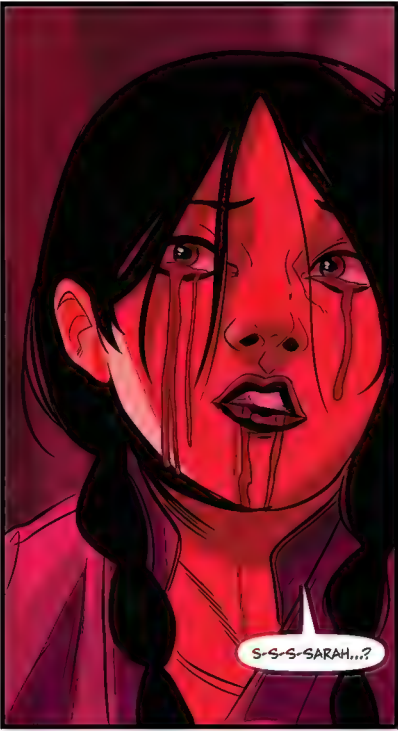
"YOU CAME!"

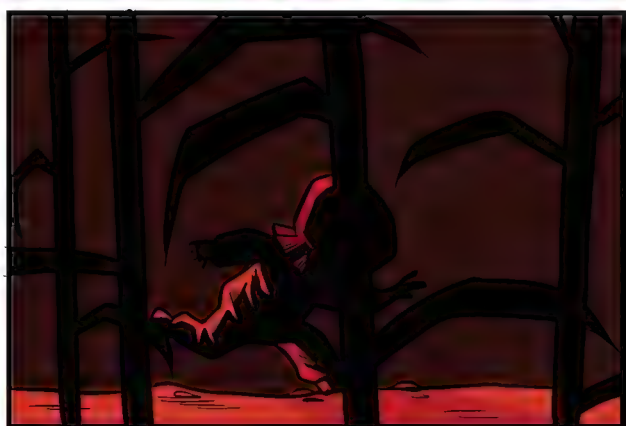
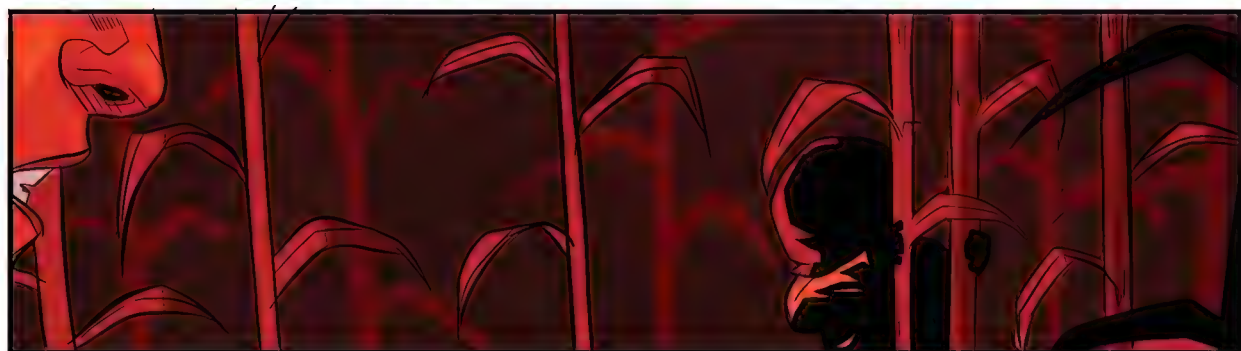
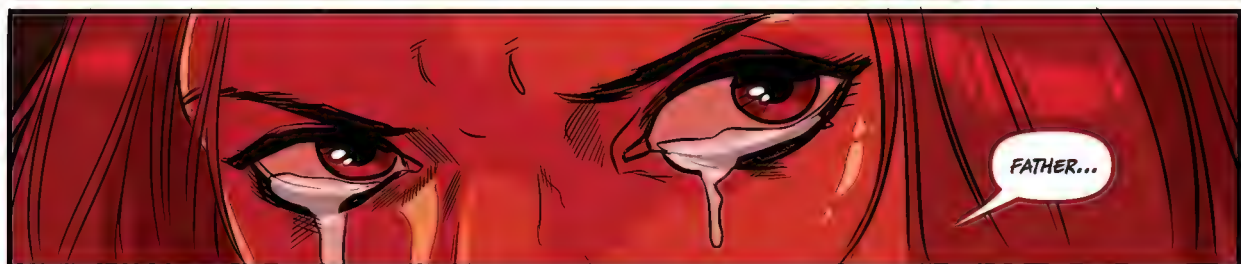
"YUP!"



"AND I BROUGHT HALLOWEEN WITH ME!"









HOW'D
IT GO?

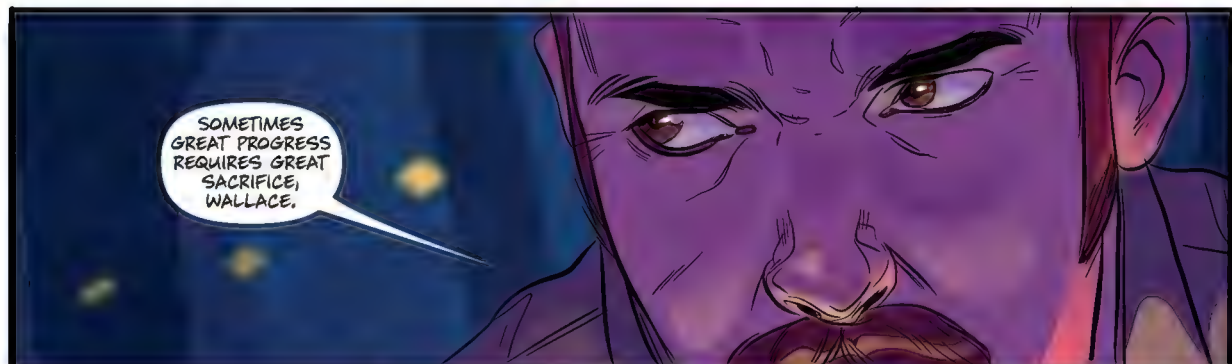
FLAWLESSLY,
WALLACE. WHO
WOULDA THOUGHT MY
SMART-MOUTHED LITTLE
GIRL WOULD BE SUCH
A VALUABLE TOOL
IN OUR LITTLE
VENTURE?



YEAH, BUT
I DON'T GET
IT, BOSS...

GET
WHAT?

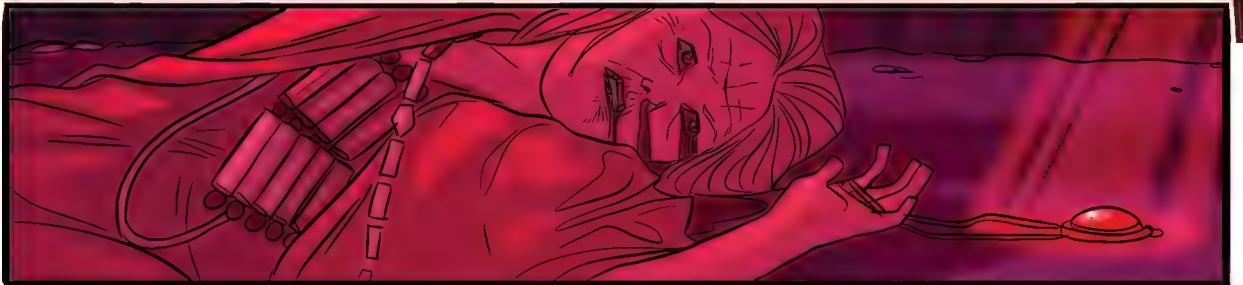
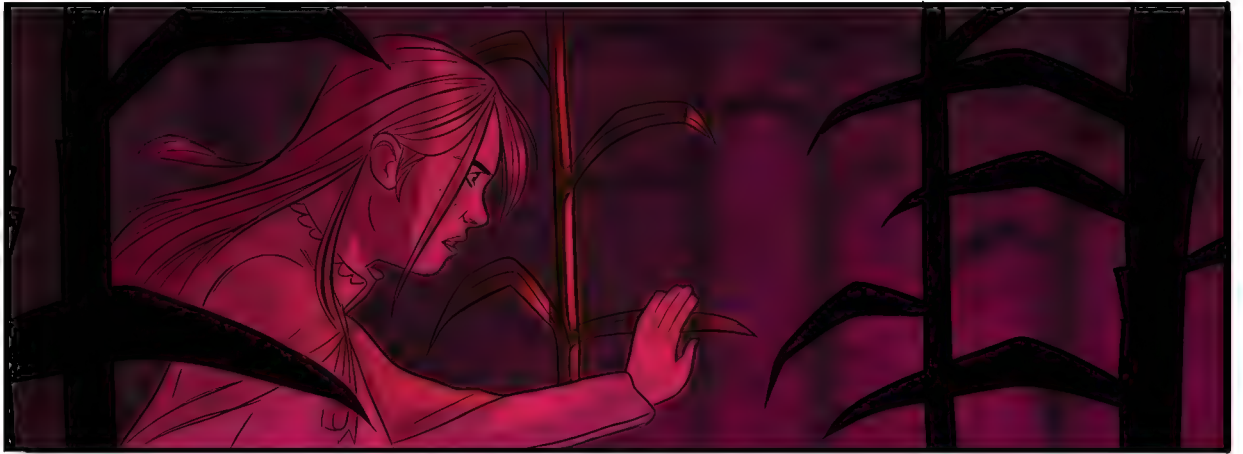
HOW DO YOU
KNOW SARAH'S
NOT GONNA EAT
SOME OF THAT
SPECIAL CANDY
HERSELF?

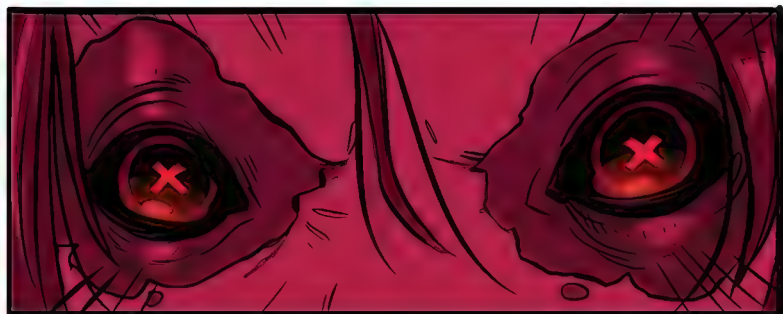
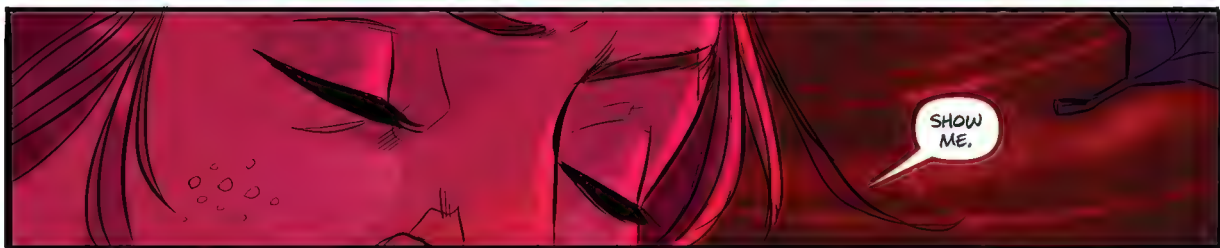
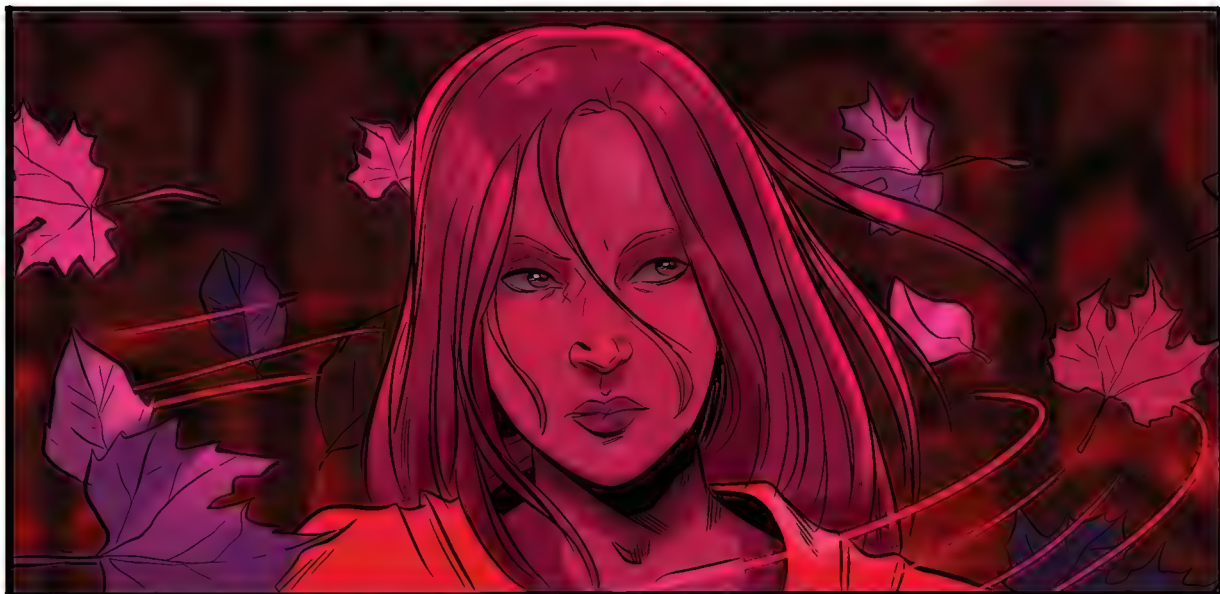


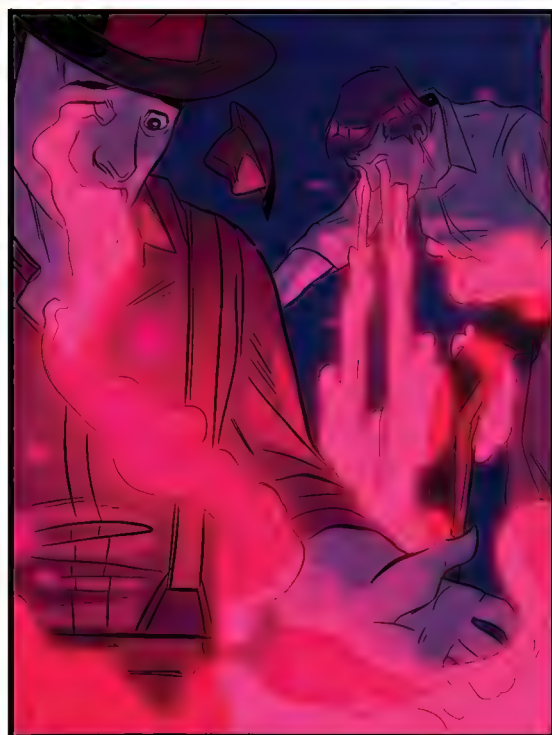
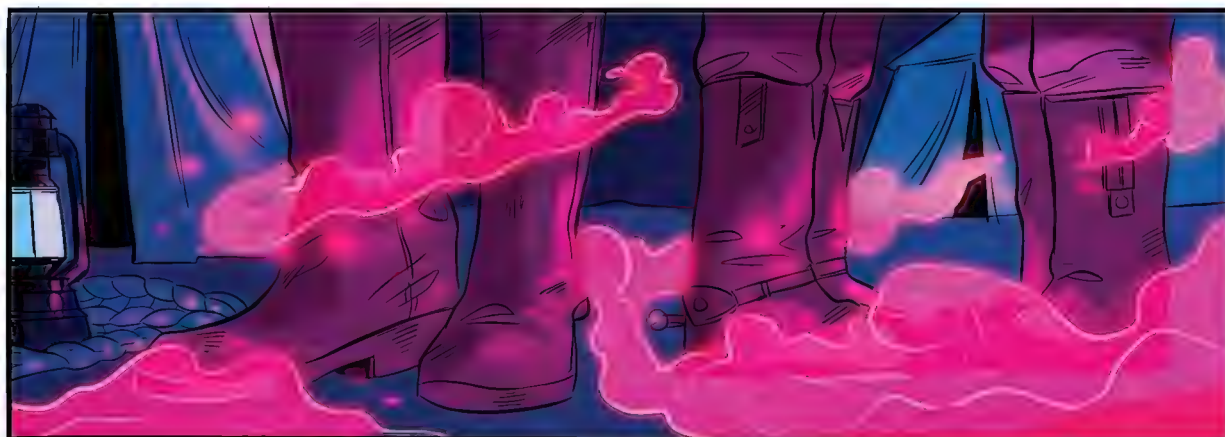
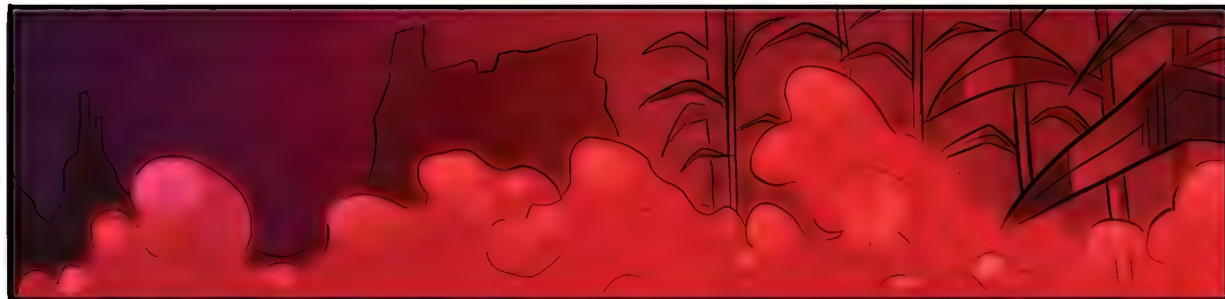
SOMETIMES
GREAT PROGRESS
REQUIRES GREAT
SACRIFICE,
WALLACE.

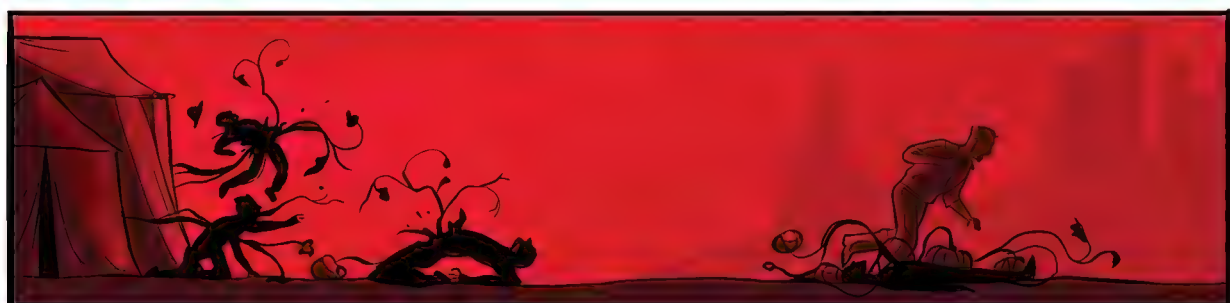
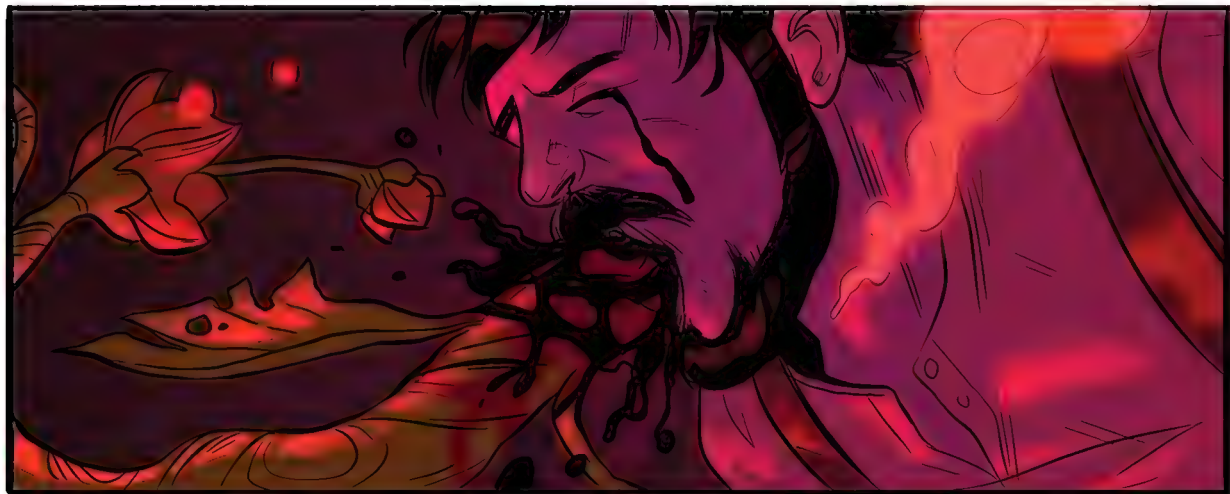


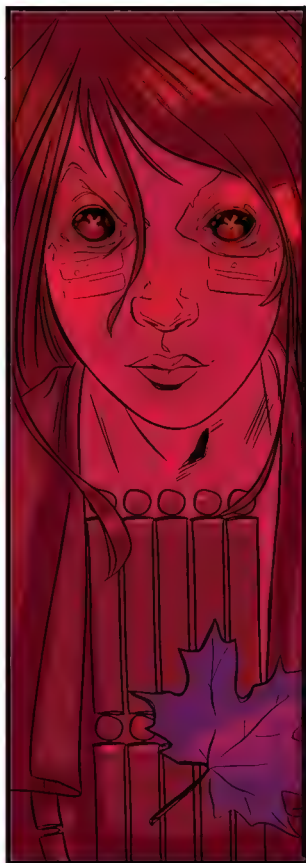
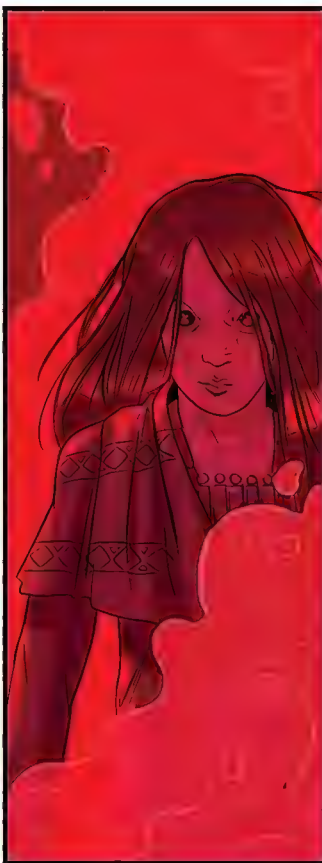
NO ONE CAN
STAND IN THE WAY
OF DESTINY.

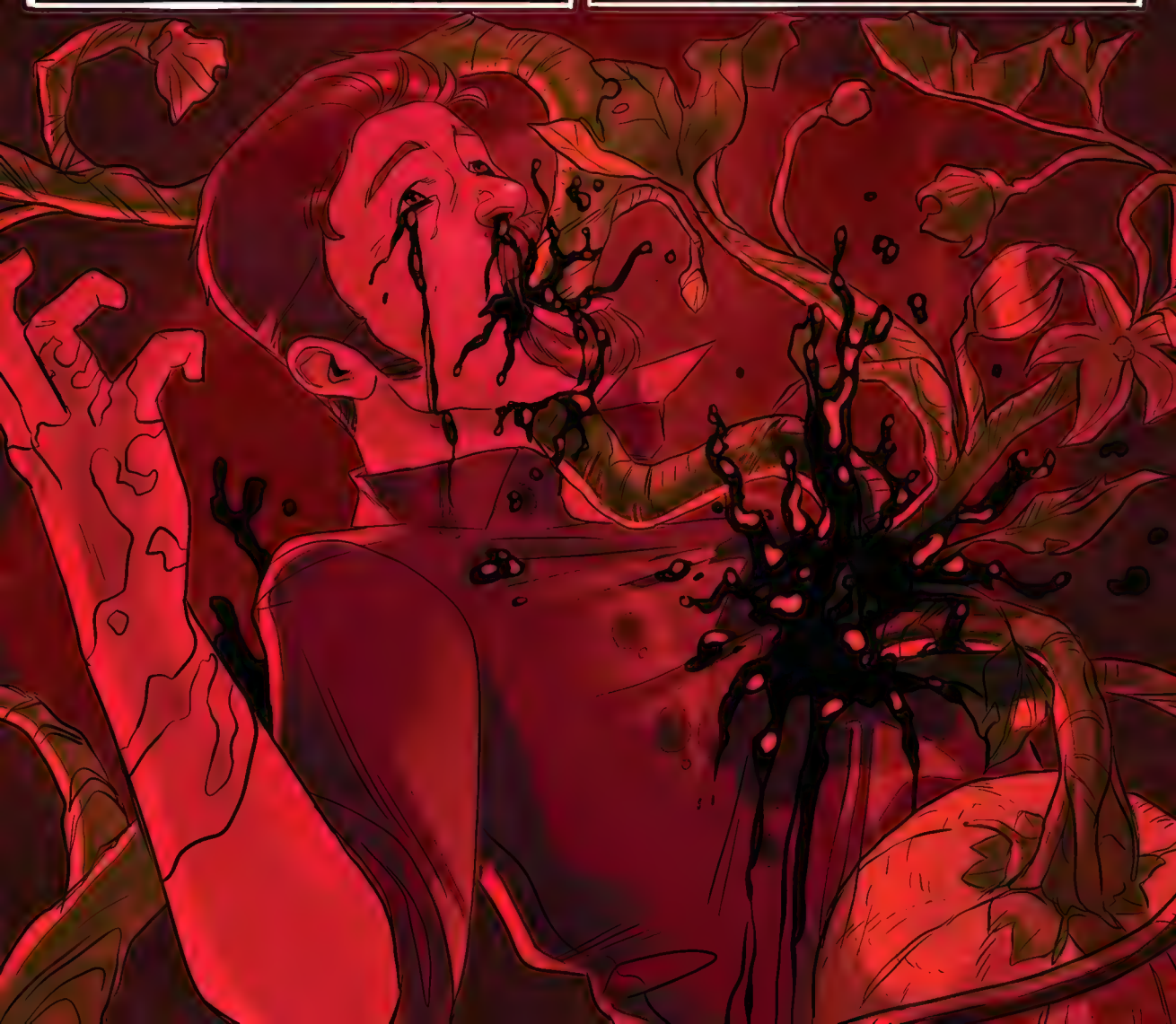


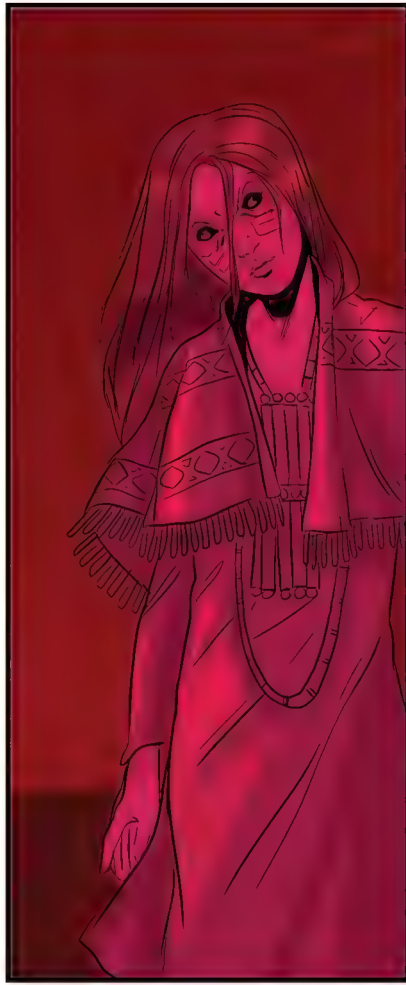
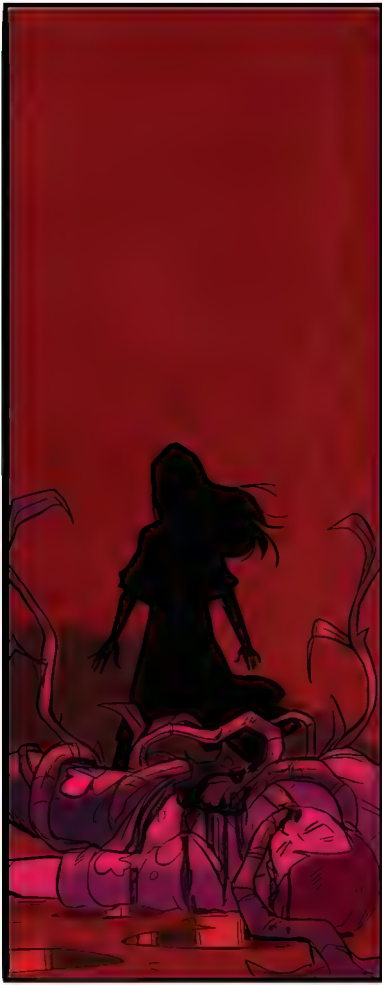




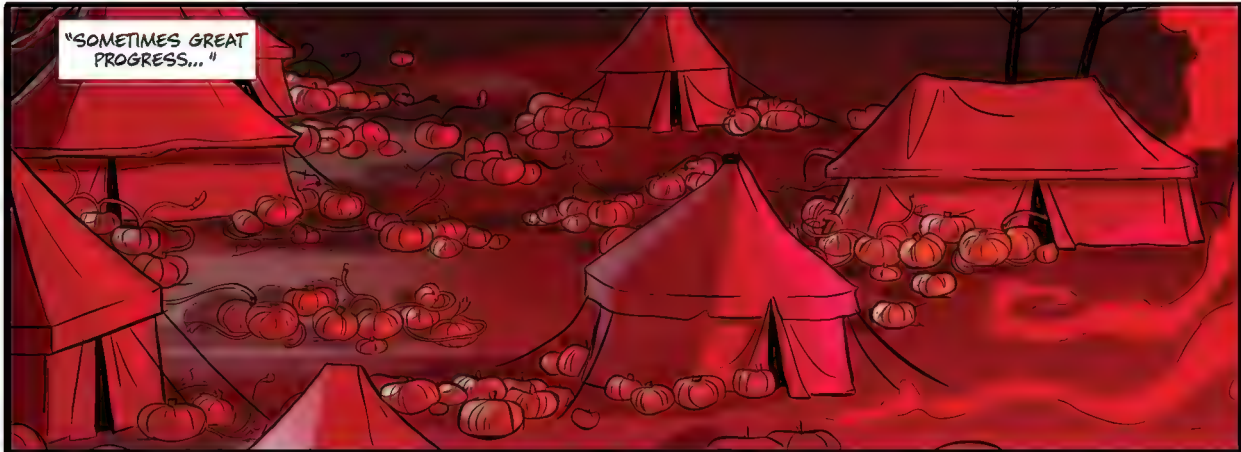








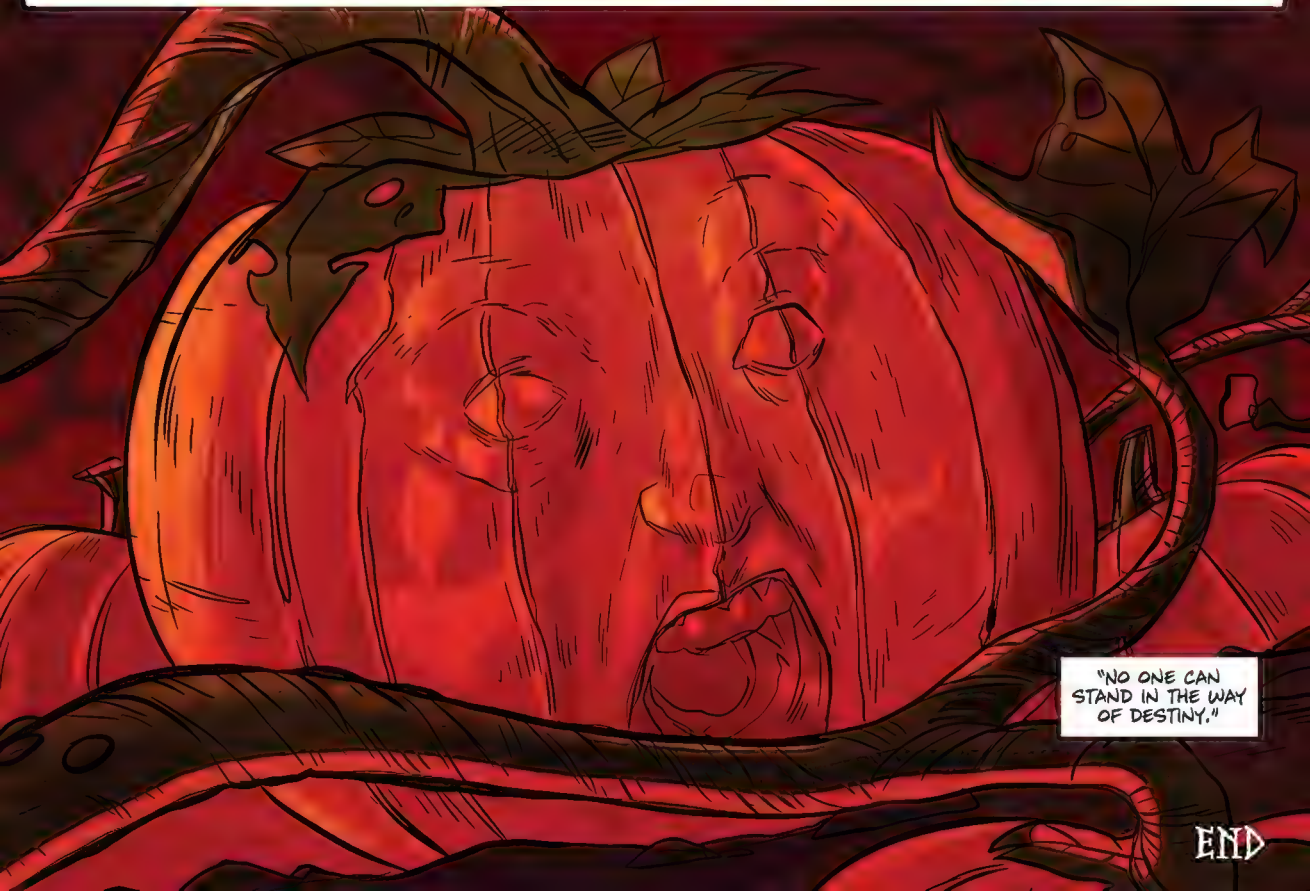
"SOMETIMES GREAT
PROGRESS..."



"...REQUIRES GREAT
SACRIFICE, WALLACE..."



"NO ONE CAN
STAND IN THE WAY
OF DESTINY."

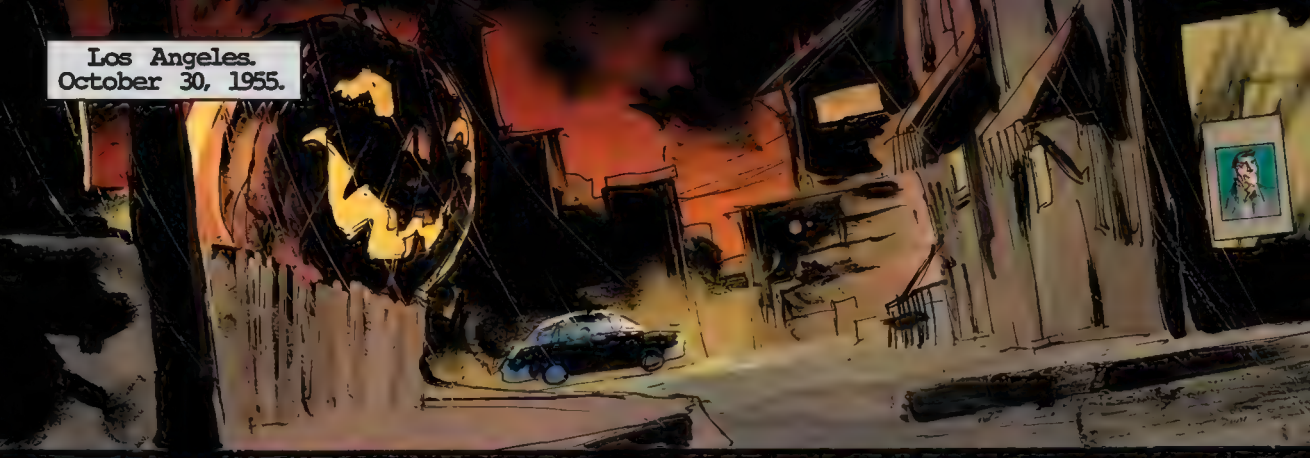


END

ECHOES



Los Angeles.
October 30, 1955.



BROWN UPS PLAYING DRESS UP, KIDS
TELLING GHOST STORIES. I JUST
DON'T GET IT. DEAD IS DEAD. GONE
IS GONE. IF YOU CAN'T STARE IT IN
THE FACE, IT AIN'T REAL--



THANKS
FOR THE HELP,
PAL. YOU OWE
ME TWO BUCKS
BY THE...



HAPPY
HALLOWEEN.

LIKE I WAS SAYING, I DON'T GET IT. PEOPLE HAVE ENOUGH THINGS TO BE SCARED OF. REAL THINGS...



THIS EVIL MUST BE STOPPED AT ITS SOURCE! THIS "ECHO PARK DEVIL" IS MORE THAN A THREAT TO OUR LIVES, HE IS A THREAT TO OUR WAY OF LIFE.



EVEN MORE SO THAN FROM THE REDS, OUR GOOD AMERICAN VALUES ARE UNDER ATTACK FROM THIS WITCHCRAFT, THIS DEVIL WORSHIP, THIS UNNATURAL DARKNESS THAT PLAGUES OUR CITY!



MISSING

THESE ARE OUR DAUGHTERS, OUR SISTERS, THE FACES OF INNOCENCE. IF RE-ELECTED, I VOW TO DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO RETURN SAFETY TO OUR HOMES AND OUR STREETS. WE MUST PROVE THAT WE ARE A CITY OF ANGELS, NOT DEVILS!

MAYOR'S RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING, THIS CITY'S GOT SOME DIRT UNDER ITS NAILS THAT WON'T WASH OUT. AND I CAN FEEL IT REACHING OUT FOR ME.

AND DO NOT FORGET, THE DEVIL COULD BE ANYONE. A NEIGHBOR, A FAMILY MEMBER, A PASSER BY ON THE STREET, WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO STRIKE--



HA HA HA HA!

MR. PERKINS?





WHO'S ASKIN'?

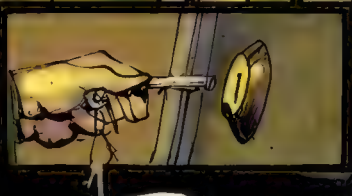
ARE YOU JAKE PERKINS?

WHY? HE OWE YOU MONEY?

NOT THAT I KNOW OF.



THEN WHAT CAN I HELP YOU WITH?



TAKE A SEAT.



I'LL STAND, THANK YOU.



YOUR FAMILY?

WHERE ARE THEY?



CEMETERY. ADJOINING PLOTS. DRUNK DRIVER A FEW YEARS BACK. HERE ONE MINUTE, THE NEXT...



I'M SORRY.

WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED AGAIN, MISS...?

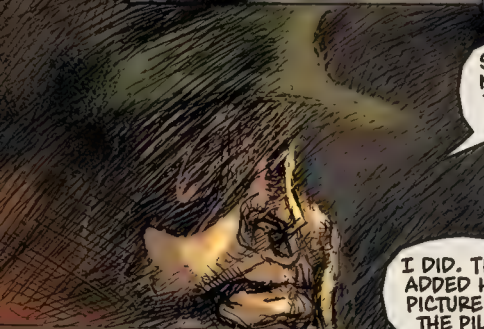


LILLIAN KYLE. BUT MY FRIENDS CALL ME LILY.

AND I NEED YOU TO FIND SOMEONE.



MY SISTER, BETH. SHE'S BEEN MISSING FOR OVER A WEEK.



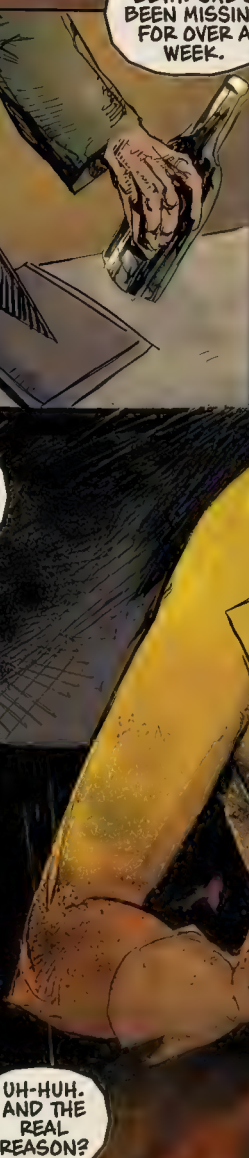
SO WHY NOT GO TO THE COPS?

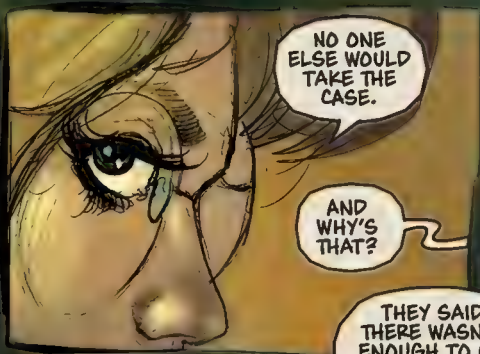
I DID. THEY ADDED HER PICTURE TO THE PILE.



PLUS, I HEARD YOU WERE A GOOD P.I. THE BEST.

UH-HUH. AND THE REAL REASON?





NO ONE ELSE WOULD TAKE THE CASE.

AND WHY'S THAT?

THEY SAID THERE WASN'T ENOUGH TO GO ON, BUT I THINK THEY WERE SCARED.

OF WHAT?

BETH WAS ALWAYS A LITTLE DIFFERENT, BUT LATELY SHE WAS GETTING MIXED UP WITH SOME PRETTY STRANGE STUFF. EVEN FOR HER.

...AND I THINK SHE MIGHT'VE FALLEN IN WITH THE WRONG CROWD. MAYBE GOT IN A LITTLE OVER HER HEAD.



REDS?

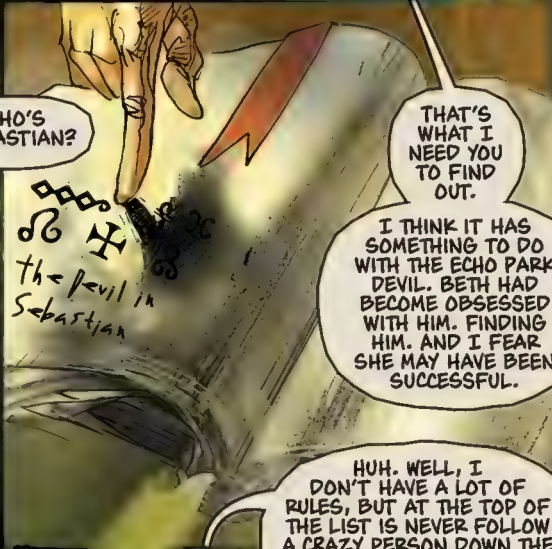
NO. WITCHES, MR. PERKINS.

RIGHT. WITCHES.



WHO'S SEBASTIAN?

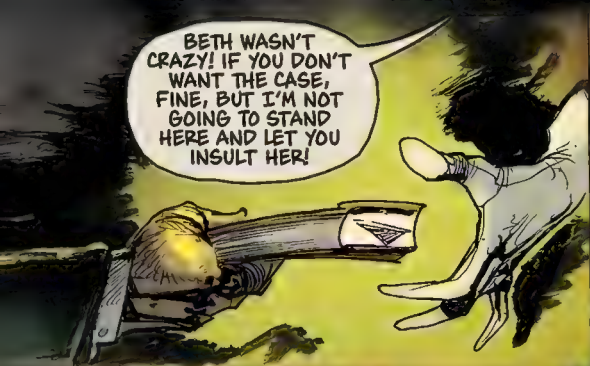
the devil in Sebastian



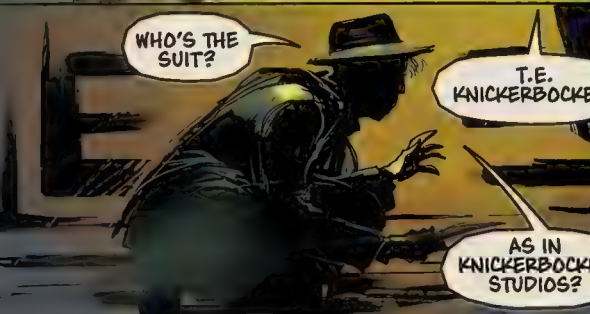
THAT'S WHAT I NEED YOU TO FIND OUT.

I THINK IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE ECHO PARK DEVIL. BETH HAD BECOME OBSESSED WITH HIM. FINDING HIM. AND I FEAR SHE MAY HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFUL.

HUH. WELL, I DON'T HAVE A LOT OF RULES, BUT AT THE TOP OF THE LIST IS NEVER FOLLOW A CRAZY PERSON DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE UNLESS YOU WANNA JOIN HIM. PRETTY SURE THAT INCLUDES WITCHES.



BETH WASN'T CRAZY! IF YOU DON'T WANT THE CASE, FINE, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO STAND HERE AND LET YOU INSULT HER!



WHO'S THE SUIT?

T.E. KNICKERBOCKER.

AS IN KNICKERBOCKER STUDIOS?



ONE AND THE SAME. HE AND HIS FRIENDS TOOK A LIKING TO BETH. I'VE TRIED CALLING, BUT HE DOESN'T SEEM INTERESTED IN TALKING.

YEAH, SHOULD BE A BREEZE. IT'S NOT LIKE THERE'S ANYONE ELSE IN THIS TOWN TRYING TO GET IN TOUCH WITH A HONCHO LIKE THAT.



CAN YOU FIND MY SISTER OR NOT?

LADY, FOR THAT MUCH DOUGH I'LL FIND A FAT KID IN THE CONGO.

GOOD. FIND MY SISTER AND IT'S YOURS. UNTIL THEN...



WHOA, WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?

IT WAS BETH'S. SHE USED TO SAY THAT OWLS SEE BEYOND THE VEIL OF DARKNESS, SO MAYBE IT WILL HELP.

HAPPY HALLOWEEN, MR. PERKINS.

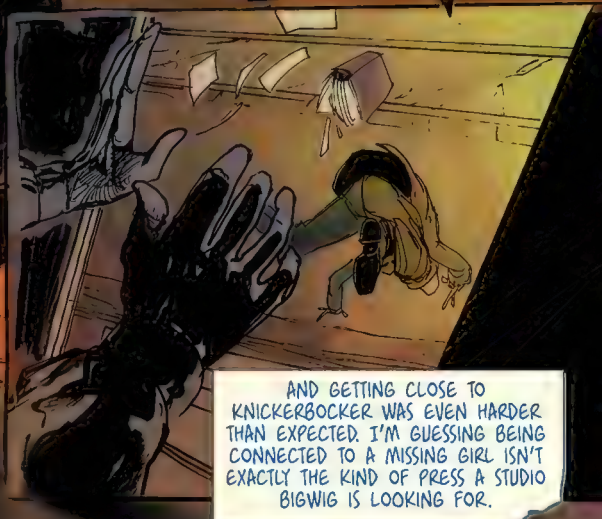
I HIT THE PAVEMENT, BUT
THE PAVEMENT HIT BACK.

THE MAYOR'S SPEECHES HAD THE
WHOLE CITY LOCKED UP TIGHTER
THAN A NUN ON SUNDAY.

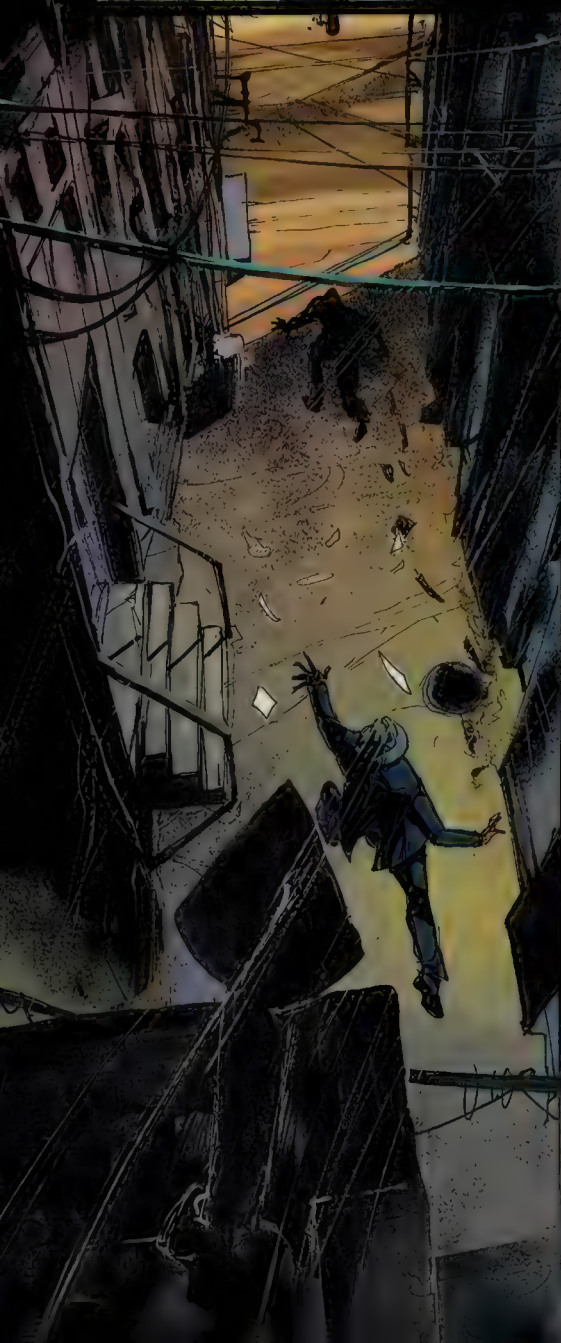


PEOPLE WERE SCARED TO OPEN THEIR
DOORS, LET ALONE TALK TO A
COMPLETE STRANGER.

AND IT DIDN'T HELP THAT MY ONLY
CLUES WERE THE SCRIBBLES OF
A TWO-BIT GLINDA.



AND GETTING CLOSE TO
KNICKERBOCKER WAS EVEN HARDER
THAN EXPECTED. I'M GUESSING BEING
CONNECTED TO A MISSING GIRL ISN'T
EXACTLY THE KIND OF PRESS A STUDIO
BIEWIG IS LOOKING FOR.





THE BUS
BOY?!

YOU'RE LOSIN'
IT, JAKE.

I'M... I'M
SORRY! I WASN'T
TRYING TO STEAL IT.
I JUST PICKED IT UP
BECAUSE I -- I
RECOGNIZED IT.



WHERE?
WHEN'VE YOU
SEEN IT
BEFORE?

IT'S BETH'S. BETH
KYLE? SHE CAME TO THE
CLUB SOME NIGHTS.
USED TO SHOW ME THAT
BOOK AND READ MY
FORTUNE. SHE'S
ALWAYS BEEN REALLY
GOOD TO ME.

WHEN WAS
THE LAST
TIME YOU
SAW HER?

NOT FOR A
COUPLE OF
WEEKS. SHE
OKAY?

YOU EVER HEAR
HER MENTION THE NAME
SEBASTIAN?

NO SIR. NOT
THAT I CAN
REMEMBER.

WHERE'D
YOU GET THIS
BROOCH?

IT WAS A GIFT
FROM BETH. FROM
SOME SANTERIA
SHOP DOWNTOWN.
MARGUERITE'S I
THINK IT WAS.

ALRIGHT, KID.
BUT IF I FIND OUT
YOU'RE LYING I WON'T
BE SO GENTLE NEXT
TIME.

YOU HEAR
ME?

DEFINITELY GOTTA CUT
BACK ON THE CANDY.

HEY
MISTER, YOU
GONE LOONY
OR WHAT?

October 31st.
Halloween.



HOLA,
SEÑORITA. WAS
WONDERING IF
WE COULD
TALK--

YOU DO
NOT BELONG
HERE. YOU
ARE LOST.

ACTUALLY,
THIS IS EXACTLY
THE--

FEAR. LOST IN A CLOUD OF FEAR. YOU
CARRY IT WITH YOU. STINKING UP MY SHOP.
THAT AND YOUR CHEAP COLOGNE.

EXCUSE
ME?

SEE?
EVEN
SIDHE
SMELLS
IT.

I'M SORRY M'AM,
BUT I JUST NEED
TO ASK--

YOU WILL
NOT FIND THEM.
THE GIRL YOU
SEEK, AND THE
DIABLO THAT
HAS TAKEN
HER.

HOW DID
YOU--

TO FIND THEM,
YOU MUST SEE
BEYOND THE VEIL.
AND TO SEE
BEYOND THE VEIL
YOU MUST FIRST
SEE WITHIN
YOURSELF...

INTO THE
FEAR.





WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT? WHAT'D YOU DO TO ME?!

THE FEAST OF SAMHAIN IS A STRANGE NIGHT, MR. PERKINS. MANY SPIRITS ROAMING ABOUT, PLAYING TRICKS ON THE LIVING. ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN--

SENORA MARGUERITE, WE MUST HURRY. WE HAVE A PROB--

HEY, YOU'RE T.E. KNICKERBOCKER AIN'T YA? FUNNY RUNNING INTO YOU HERE.

I, UH... I'M SORRY, SIR, I UH--



I ACTUALLY KINDA LIKE IT WHEN THEY RUN. GIVES ME SOMETHING TO CHASE.

HEY, RELAX! I JUST HAVE A FEW QUESTIONS.

FAME CAN BUY YOU LOTSA
THINGS IN THIS TOWN. PRIVACY
AIN'T ONE OF THEM.

KNICKERBOCKER
ESTATE

HUH.
WEIRD.

ANNE?

DANNY?

WHAT THE
HELL?!





GOD, WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO ME...



WHOOO
WHOOOOOOO



I REALLY HATE
HALLOWEEN.

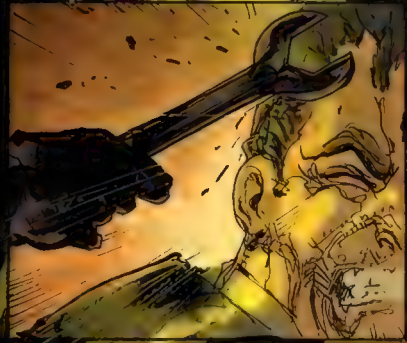
LOOKS LIKE
KNICKERBOCKER IS
HAVING HIMSELF A
LITTLE COSTUME PARTY.

OVER THE HILL
AND THROUGH THE
WOODS...

...INTO THE RABBIT
HOLE WE GO.



WHAT
THE FU--





WAKE UP, MR. PERKINS...



UHHH...
YOU GUYS COULD
AT LEAST TAKE
ME TO DINNER
FIRST.



LAUGH WHILE
YOU CAN, MURDERER.
THERE WILL BE
NONE WHERE WE
SEND YOU.



MURDERER?
I THINK YOUR
ANTLERS ARE
SCREWED ON A
LITTLE TIGHT,
BAMBI. I'M NOT
THE ONE WITH A
SHRINE OF DEAD
GIRLS IN MY
BASEMENT.



SILENCE,
DEVIL!

I'M NOT THE
DEVIL, I SWEAR IT!
I WAS HIRED TO FIND
ONE OF THE MISSING
GIRLS -- BETH, BETH
KYLE!



FOR CHRISSAKE,
CHECK MY WALLET.
I'M A P.I.



THE BOOGIE
BUNGALOW
GENTLEMEN'S
CLUB?

THE
OTHER
ONE.



JAKE PERKINS,
PRIVATE
INVESTIGATOR.

BETH'S SISTER
SHOWED UP AT MY
PLACE THE OTHER
NIGHT BEGGING ME
TO HELP FIND HER.
GAVE ME THIS LITTLE
OWL TCHOTCHKE FOR
GOOD LUCK.

SHE SAID
IT'D HELP ME
SEE "BEYOND
THE VEIL" OR
SOME OTHER
HOCUS POCUS
CRAP.

AW MAN,
YOU DON'T
WANNA DO
THIS!



COULDA
JUST UNTIED
ME.

I RUN A
MOVIE STUDIO.
I HAVE A TASTE
FOR THE
DRAMATIC.

SO IF YOU
GUYS AREN'T DEVIL
WORSHIPPERS, WHAT'S
WITH ALL THE BLACK
ROBES AND BAD
SINGING?



IT'S
A RITUAL
TO HONOR
OUR FALLEN
SISTERS...

...ALL
VICTIMS
OF THE
ECHO PARK
DEVIL.

BETH?

YOU MEAN,
ALL THESE PEOPLE...
WERE WITCHES?



YES, BUT NOT
HOW YOU THINK. OUR
WAYS CELEBRATE NATURE,
THE SPIRITS, AND THE CYCLE
OF LIFE AND DEATH. WE
DON'T SACRIFICE INNOCENTS
TO SOME UNDERWORLD
MONSTER. THOSE ARE LIES
USED BY THOSE WHO
DEMONIZE US.



AND NOW ONE OF YOUR
ENEMIES IS KILLING YOU OFF ONE
BY ONE, BUT MAKING IT LOOK LIKE
YOU'RE THE ONES DOING IT.

SO IT
WOULD
SEEM.

BUT
WHY?



FEAR. A FRIGHTENED POPULATION IS AN EASILY CONTROLLED POPULATION, MR. PERKINS. AND SO FROM IRELAND TO SALEM, WE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN THE SCAPEGOATS WHEN THE POWER HUNGRY NEED A FACELESS SPECTER TO BLAME.



BUT WE'RE DONE LIVING IN FEAR. WE'VE PRAYED TO THE SPIRITS OF OUR SISTERS FOR A CHAMPION TO AVENGE US, AND WE NOW BELIEVE THAT MAN IS YOU.

WHOA, HANG ON, FINDING THIS DAME IS ONE THING, BUT LEADING A BATTLE OF CENTURIES IS...I MEAN, I CAN BARELY COOK A TV DINNER.



I AGREE. HE IS NOT READY. HE IS NOT READY. HE WILL NEVER SURVIVE.

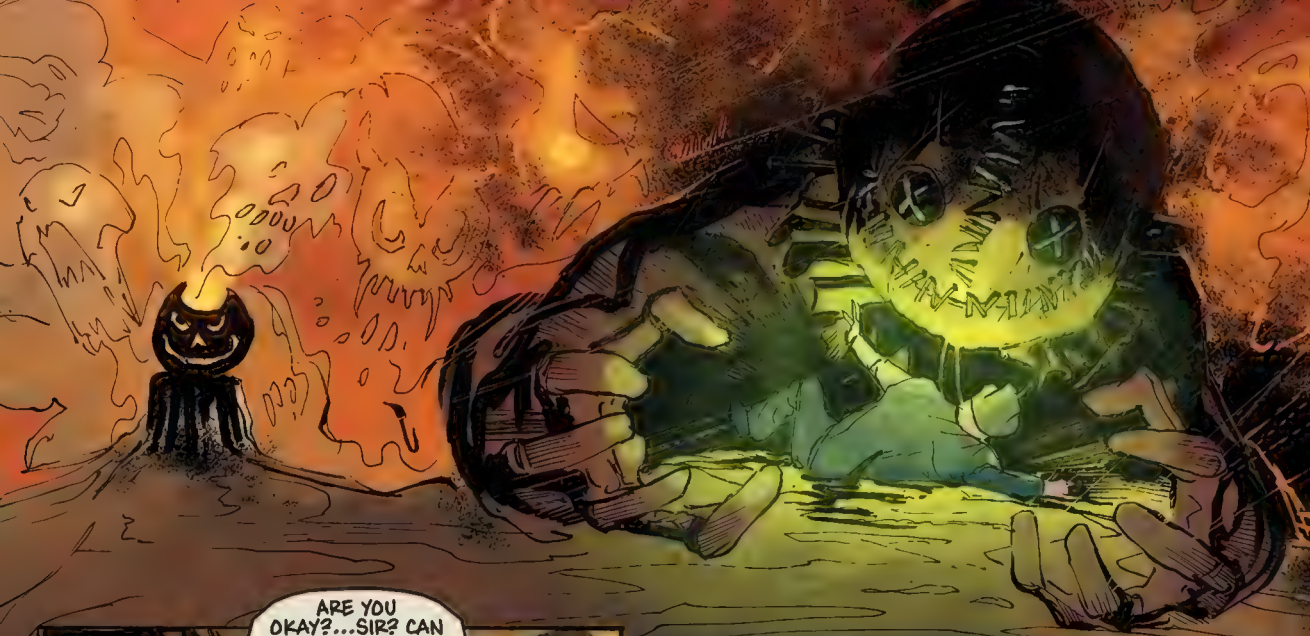
THE CHOICE HAS ALREADY BEEN MADE...



...BY FORCES MUCH OLDER AND WISER THAN EITHER OF US.

WAIT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

LOOK BEYOND THE VEIL, MR. PERKINS. LOOK INTO YOUR FEARS. FIND THE DEVIL, AND AVENGE OUR SISTERS.





BETH?!

STOP
RUNNING, JAKE.
YOU HAVE TO. OR
THE DEVIL WILL
NEVER LET
THEM GO.

I...
I...

GO TO
YOUR
FAMILY.

WAIT!
I DON'T KNOW
HOW!

LET GO,
JAKE AND
YOU'LL FIND
THEM. BUT
YOU HAVE TO
LET GO.



ANNE?! DANNY?!
I'M SORRY
I NEVER CAME TO
SEE YOU GUYS. I'M
SORRY THAT I... I
WASN'T THERE
FOR YOU.

FROM NOW
ON I'M ONLY
RUNNING TO YOU...
WAIT FOR ME...
OKAY?

GONG GONG
GONG



ST. SEBASTIAN...
THE DEVIL IS IN
SEBASTIAN.



THANKS.



HANG ON, BETH.
I'M COMING.





WHO --
WHO ARE
YOU?!



OH
RIGHT.



GAAAAH!

CHOK

THWACK

THE ECHO PARK DEVIL.

I LIKE IT WHEN THEY RUN...



...BUT I HATE HEIGHTS.

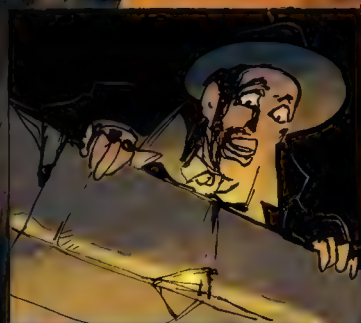
UNNGH!

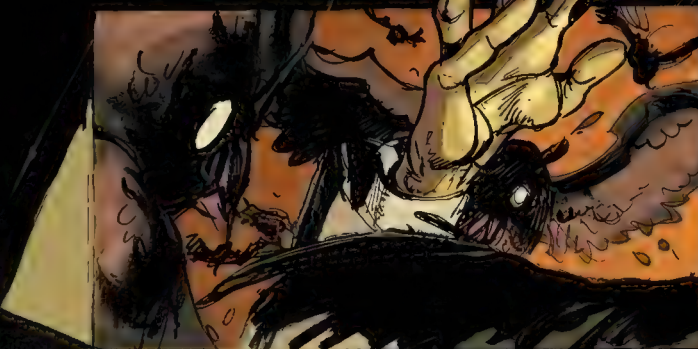
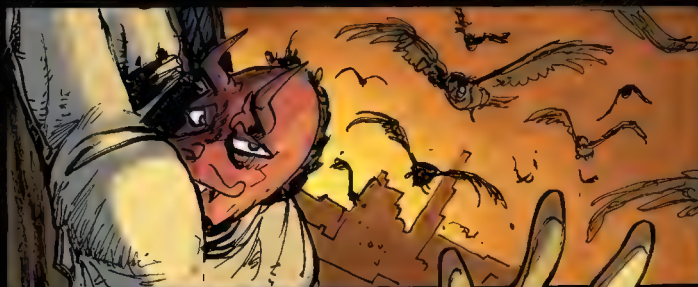


SOME PEOPLE SAY THE GREATEST TRICK
THE DEVIL EVER PULLED WAS CONVINCING
THE WORLD HE DOESN'T EXIST.



THOSE PEOPLE
ARE IDIOTS.









MAYOR SUTTON.

"FROM IRELAND TO SALEM, WE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN THE SCAPEGOATS WHEN THE POWER HUNGRY NEED A FACELESS SPECTER TO BLAME..."

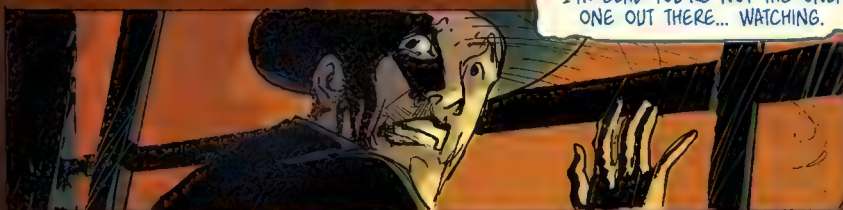




I CAN JUST HEAR YOU
LAUGHING NOW. "DEAD
IS DEAD AND GONE IS
GONE. RIGHT, JAKE?"



WELL, THE JOKE'S ON ME I GUESS,
BUT I'M GLAD TO BE WRONG. AND
I'M GLAD YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY
ONE OUT THERE... WATCHING.



OH.
HEY...
TAKE
CARE OF
MY FAMILY,
WILLYA?



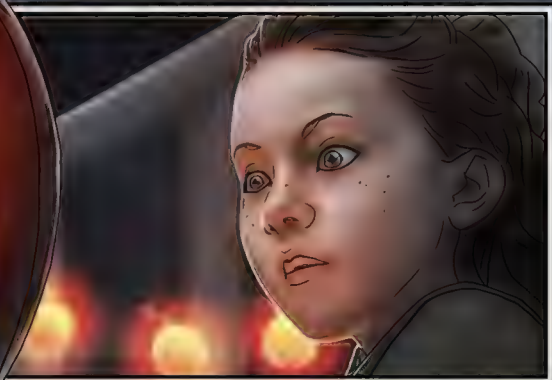
HAPPY HALLOWEEN INDEED.



MONSTER MASH



SO, YOU
STILL TOO SCARED
TO GO TRICK-OR-
TREATING? OR DID MY
STORIES HELP?



I'LL TAKE
THAT AS A YES.
WELL, WHY DON'T
YOU AT LEAST
TRY ON YOUR
COSTUME?



IT ALL STILL SEEMS SO SCARY,
GRANDPA. ALL THOSE PEOPLE
GETTIN' HURT... OR DEAD. ALL
THEM MONSTERS.

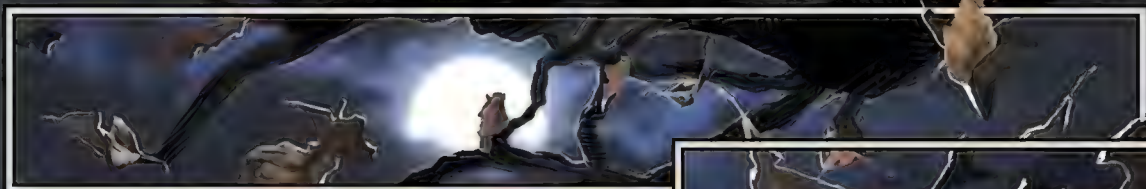
BAH. GHOSTS,
MONSTERS, WITCHES,
EVEN DEATH ITSELF --
THEY'RE NOTHING TO BE
SCARED OF. HECK,
THAT'S WHY WE DRESS
UP LIKE THEM.

YEAH, BUT
WHY?



TO CATCH
SOME OF THAT
MAGIC.

YOU SEE,
HALLOWEEN'S
THE ONE NIGHT WHEN
SOME FOLKS WEAR
COSTUMES SO THEY
CAN FINALLY BE
THEMSELVES...



"HOW ABOUT
ONE LAST
STORY..."

BLASPHEMY.



SACRILEGE.



SICK
VANDALISM.



SO WHAT
DO YOU HAVE
TO SAY FOR
YOURSELVES?



YOU...
MONSTERS.





THIS IS EXACTLY
THE KIND OF DESTRUCTION
OUR **CHURCH LOCK-IN** IS
MEANT TO PREVENT. SHERIFF,
WHAT KIND OF SENTENCE ARE
WE LOOKING AT FOR THIS
DEVIL'S MISCHIEF?

WELL, THEY'RE
JUVENILES,
REVEREND, SO
PROBABLY
PROBATION AT
MOST--



--ER, I MEAN, COULD BE
FIVE TO TEN FOR MULTIPLE
COUNTS OF TRESPASSING,
DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY...



DON'T
FORGET
WHAT THEY
DID TO MY
GNOMES!



WE'RE SORRY!
WE'LL CLEAN IT ALL UP,
WE SWEAR! SO WE JUST
SNUCK OUT TO HAVE
SOME FUN.

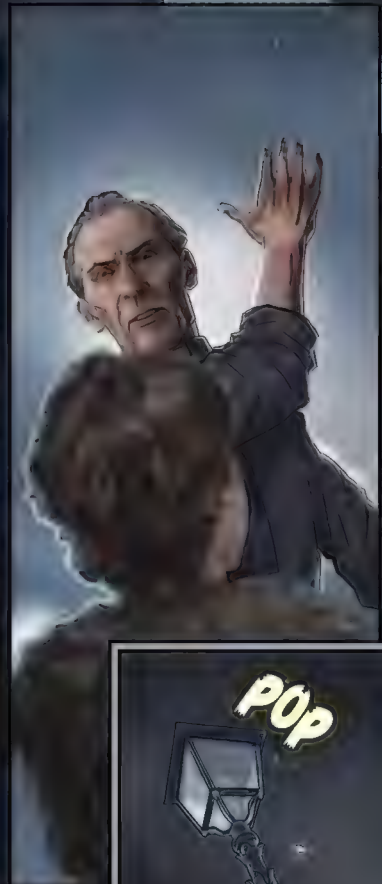
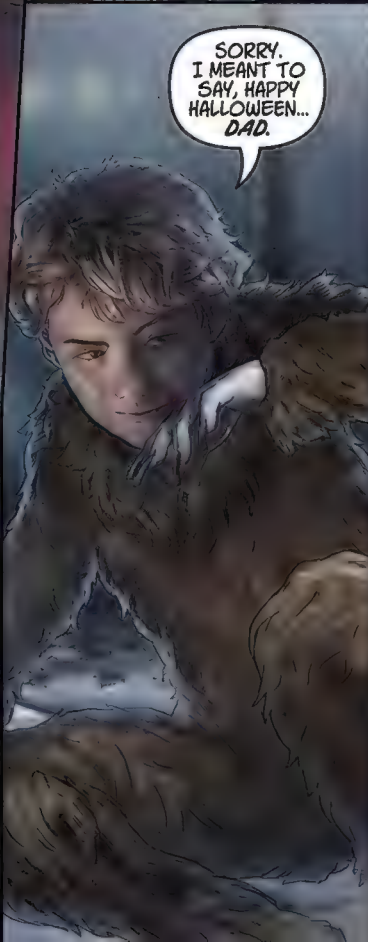
ONE LAST
HALLOWEEN
BEING KIDS
TOGETHER...

THANK YOU
FOR ADMITTING
YOUR GUILT,
JAMES.

YOU'LL RETURN WITH
US TO THE CHURCH WHERE
WE'LL DISCUSS A SUITABLE
PUNISHMENT WITH YOUR
PARENTS.



AND
WHAT ABOUT
YOU, RORY?
ANYTHING TO
SAY?





MORE
TRICKS, I
SEE...

AND... MORE
DELINQUENTS...

R-R-RORY,
DID YOU
SET THIS
UP...?

NNNNNNNNNN...

RAAAGHHH

HOLY
SHIT!

HSSSSS





RAAHHH

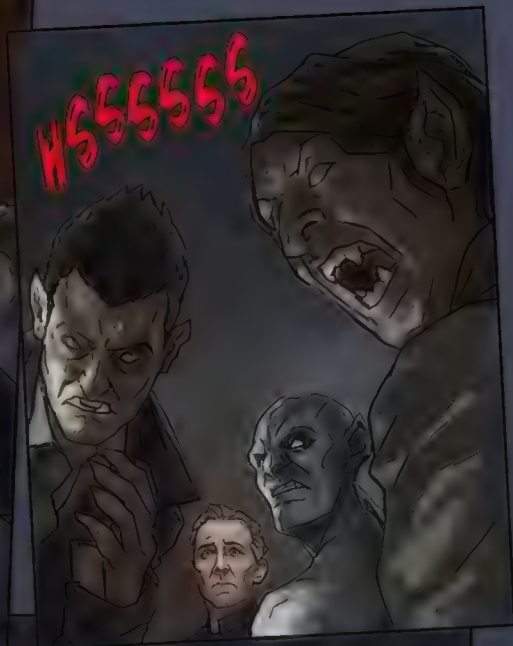
SSSSSS

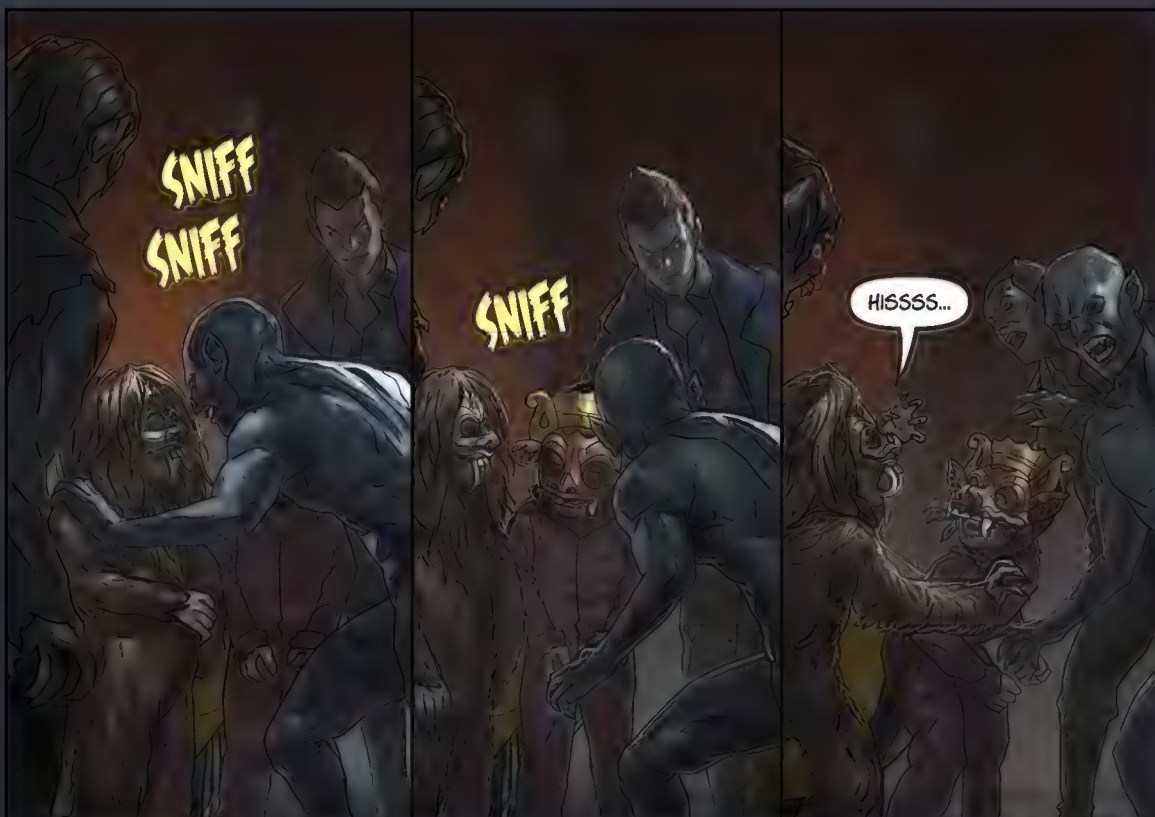
HE, HE, HE!

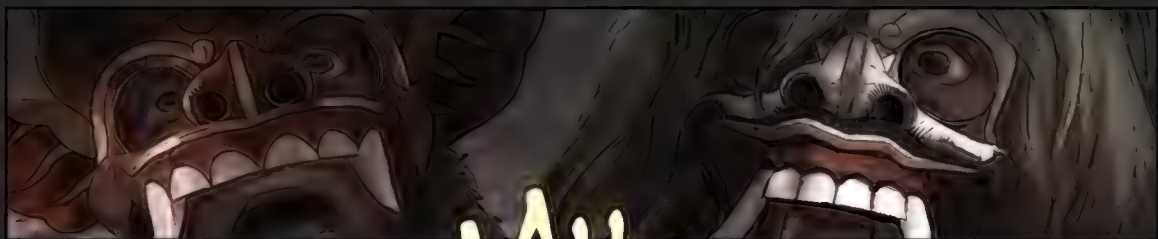
RORY, WHAT DO WE DO?!

"YEA THOUGH I SHOULD WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH, I SHALL FEAR NO EVIL!"

HSSSSSSS



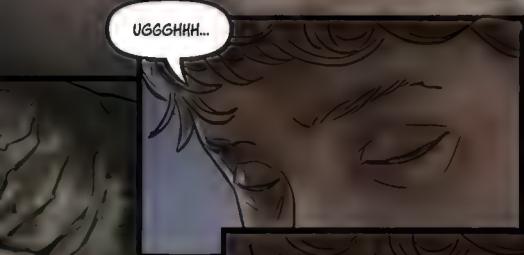




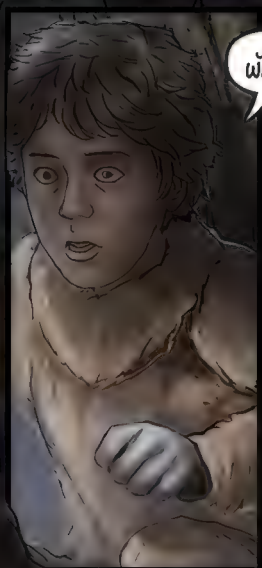
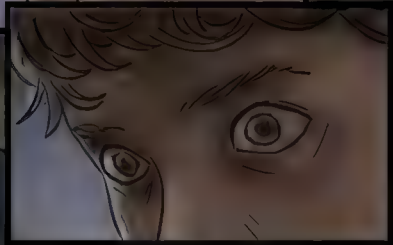
ААААНННННННННННН



UHMM...



UGGGHHH...

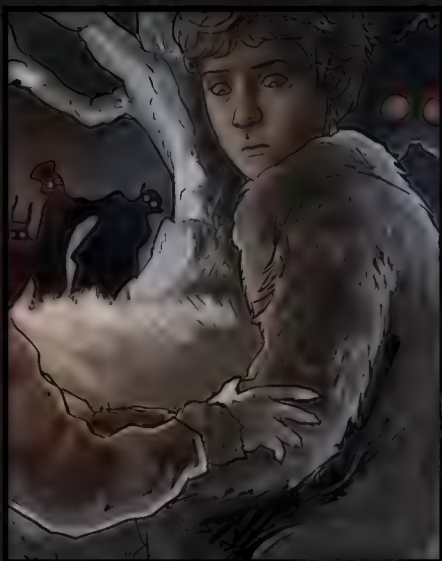
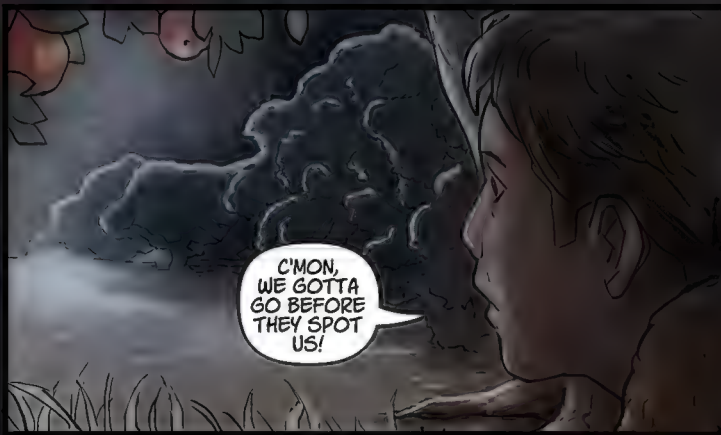


JAMES,
WAKE UP!



OH MY
GOD...







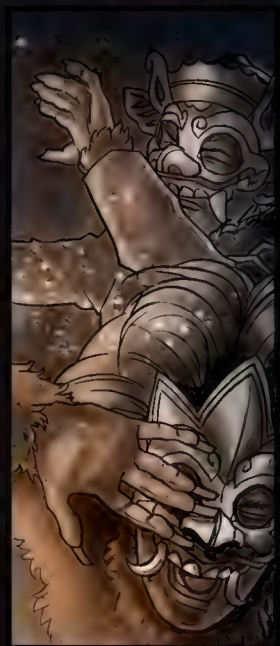


BAROOOOOOWWWW

AROOOOOO

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS... THEY REALLY THINK WE'RE MONSTERS?

RELAX! JUST GO WITH IT!





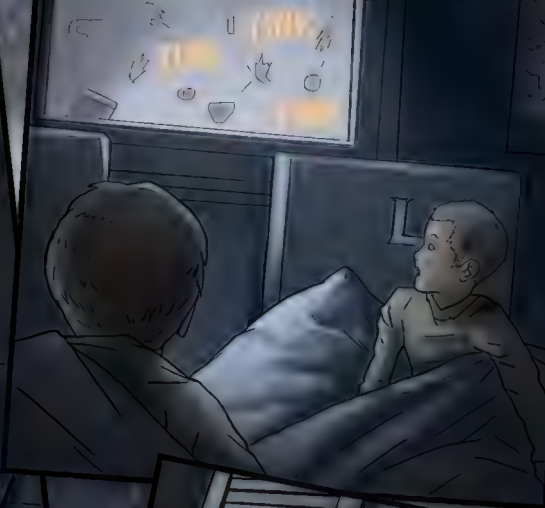
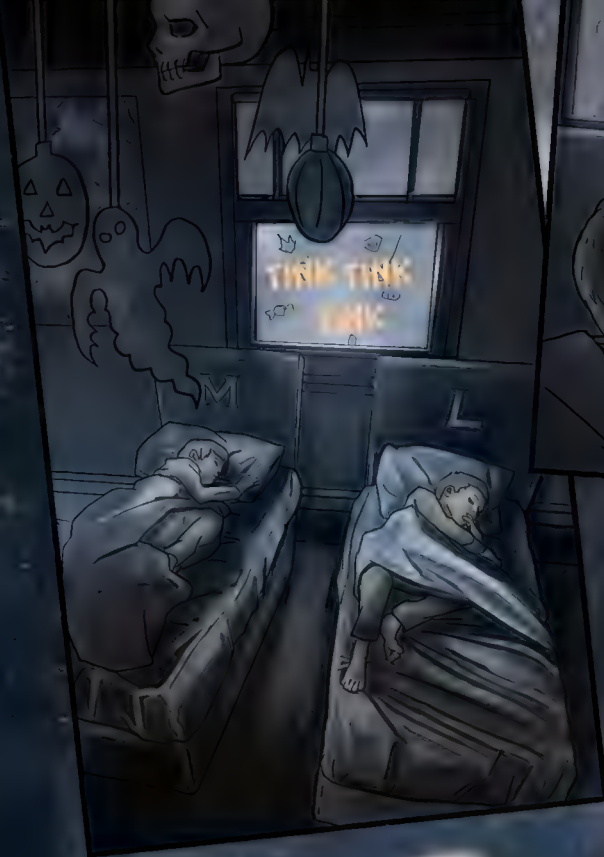


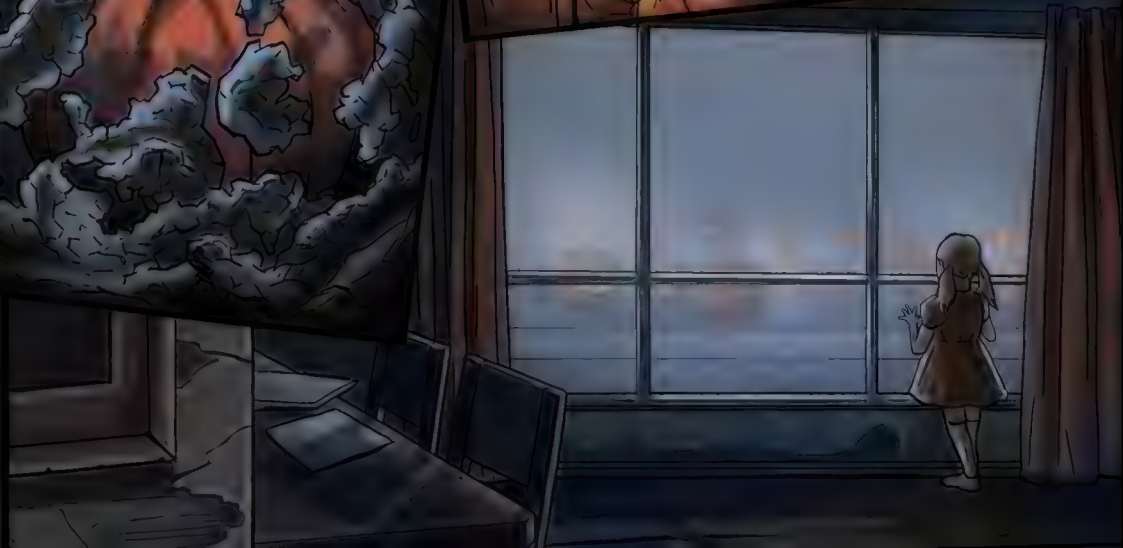
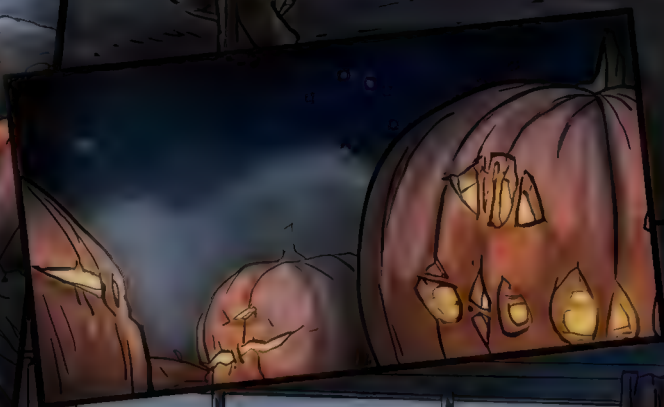
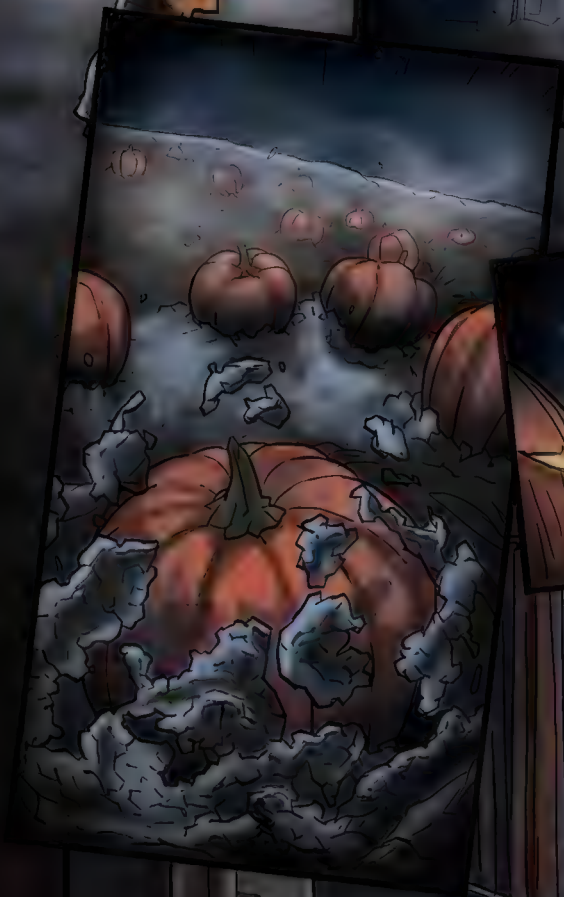
WHERE
ARE THEY
GOING?

I DON'T KNOW,
BUT I'VE GOT A
FEELING THIS TOWN'S
ABOUT TO HAVE THE
BEST HALLOWEEN
EVER.

SO
WHAT DO
WE DO?

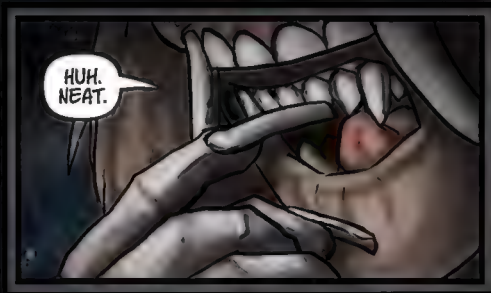
WHATEVER
THE HELL WE
WANT.







ARROOOOO



"IN A FEW MOMENTS,
IT WILL BE THE
WITCHING HOUR..."

55th ANNUAL
ALL SAINTS-EVE
LOCK-IN

JUST AS
YOU BELIEVE
IN HIS LIGHT, YOU
MUST REMEMBER IT
IS BALANCED BY
DARKNESS!

AND ON THIS
UNHOLY NIGHT,
THAT DARKNESS
HAS BLEED INTO
OUR STREETS,
ATTACKING THE
INNOCENT!

HELL, YOU ALL KNOW I
DON'T SHOW MY FACE MUCH
AROUND HERE, BUT AFTER
TONIGHT I'LL TELL YA...
**THE REVEREND AIN'T
BULLSHITTIN'!**

AND DON'T
FORGET
WHAT THEY
DID TO MY
GNOMES!

THERE'S
SOMETHIN' OUT
THERE TONIGHT!
THE KIND OF
SOMETHIN' A GUN
WON'T--

**KNOCK KNOCK
KNOCK**

CHRIST,
NOW
WHAT?

**KNOCK KNOCK
KNOCK**

*TWICK
OR
TWEAT!*

IT
SOUNDS
LIKE A
CHILD...

NO,
WAIT--

--DON'T
OPEN IT!

TWICK OR
TWEAT!



ARE
YOU OKAY,
SWEETIE?
ARE YOU
LOST?

TWICK... OR
TREEEAT...





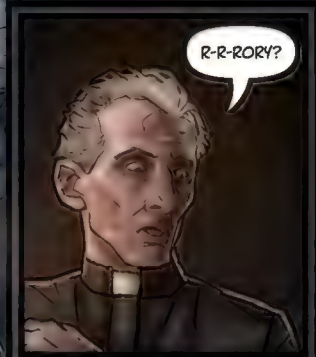


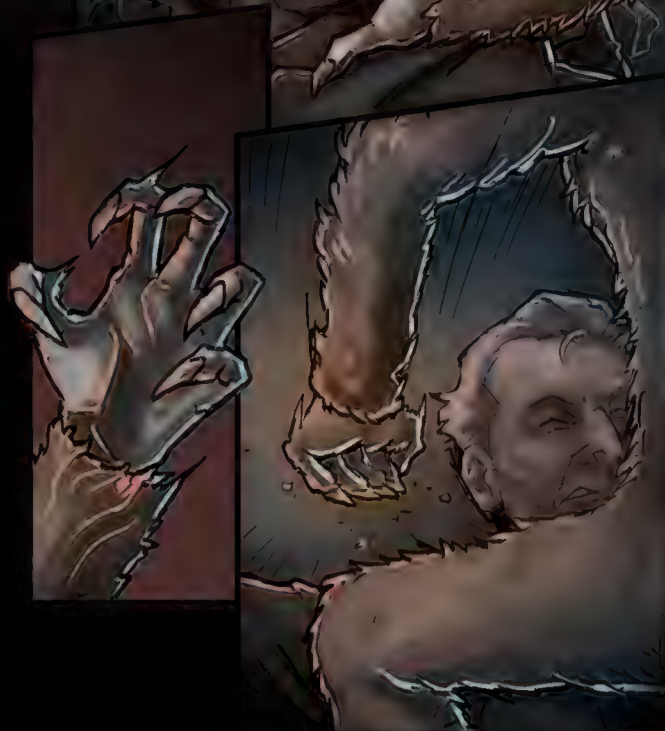
AHHHH

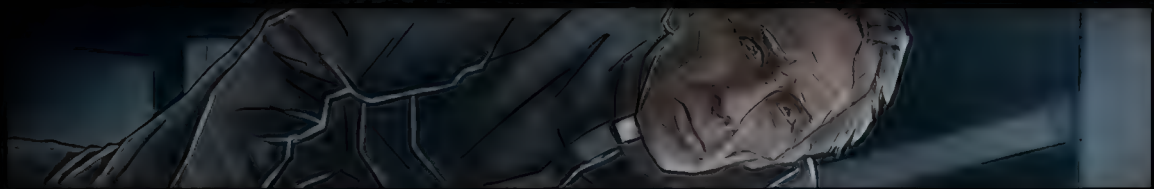
NOOOO

OH GOD

HELLLP









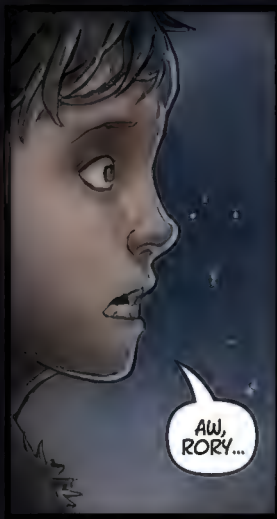
IT'S THE COSTUMES, RORY!
WE GOTTA TAKE THEM OFF BEFORE IT'S...



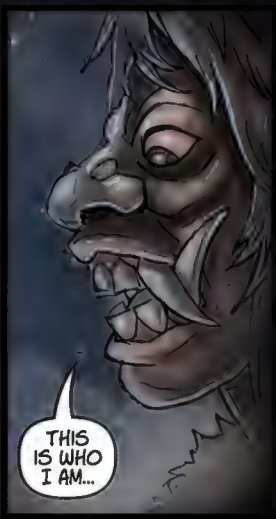
...TOO LATE.



I'M SORRY, JAMES.



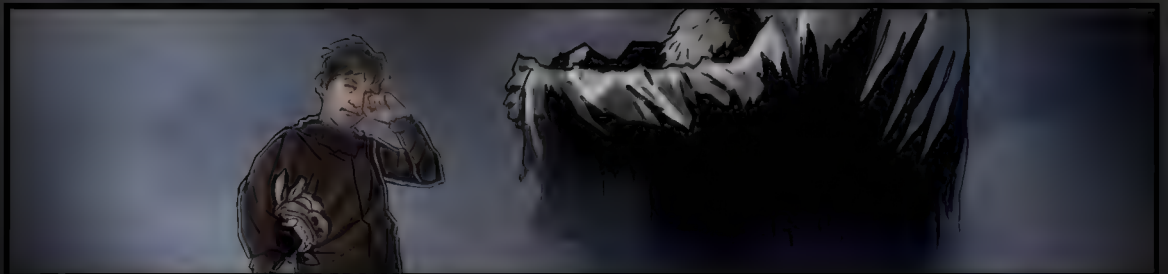
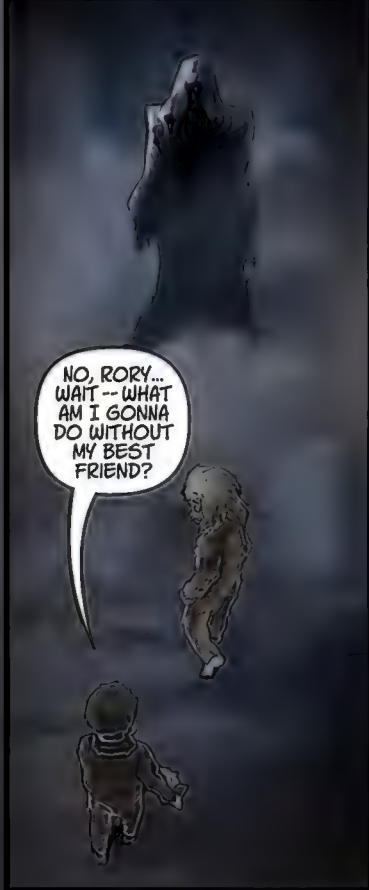
AW, RORY...

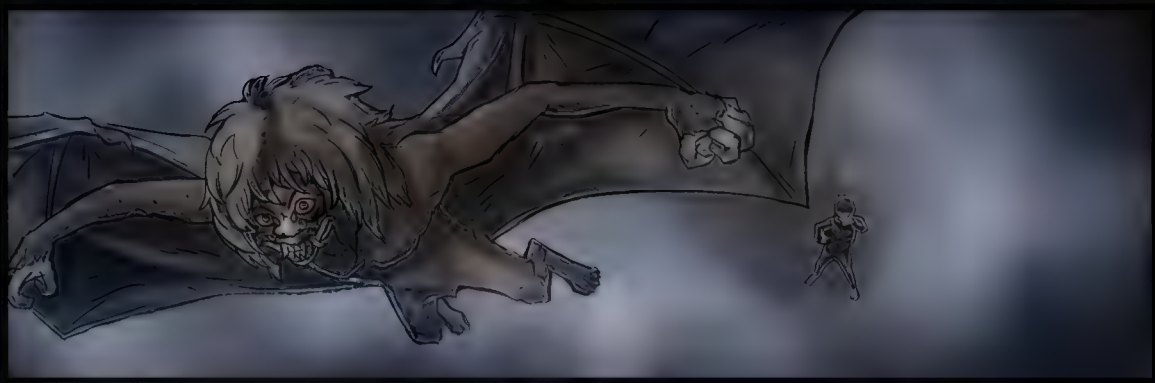


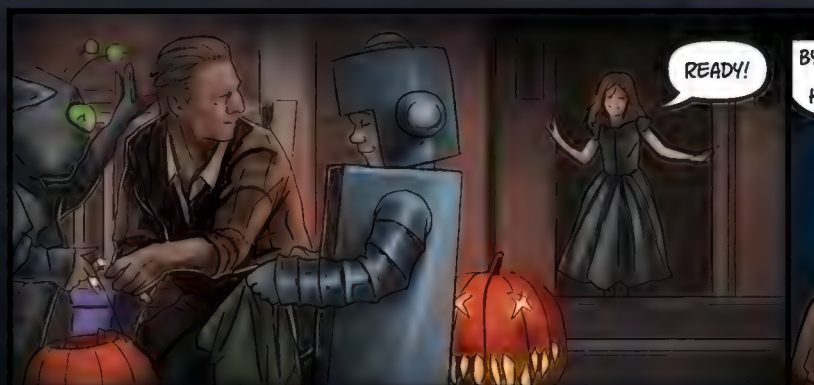
THIS IS WHO I AM...



...AND WHERE I BELONG.









EXTRA TREATS







SKETCHBOOK
SPREAD BY STUART SAYGER

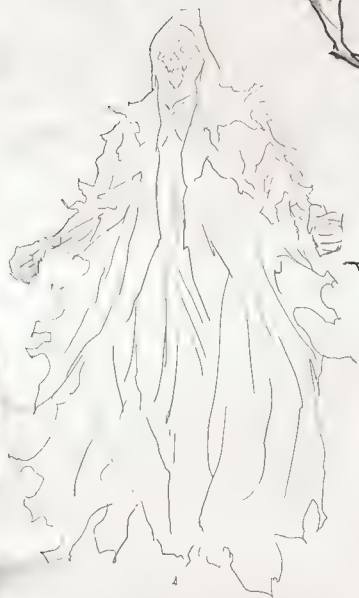


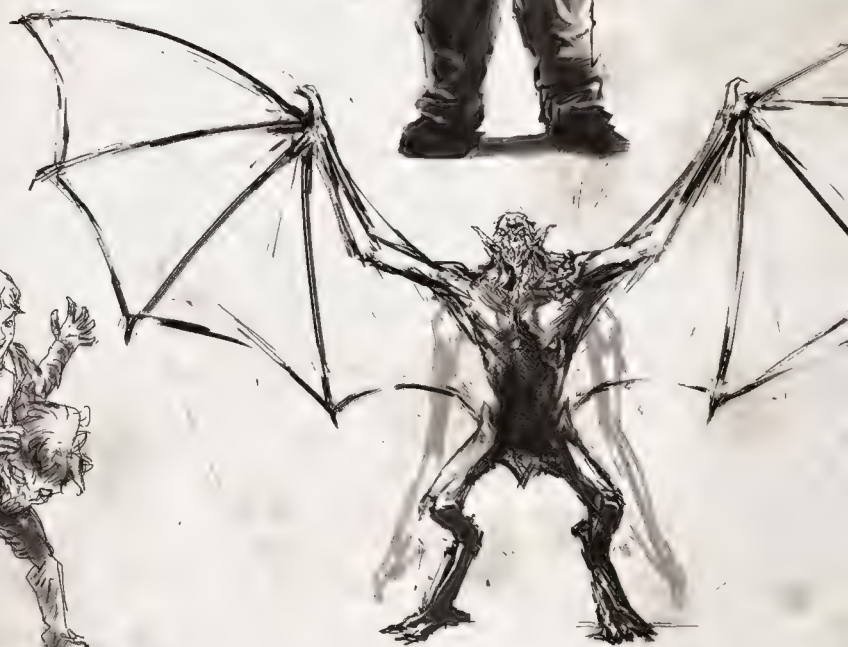


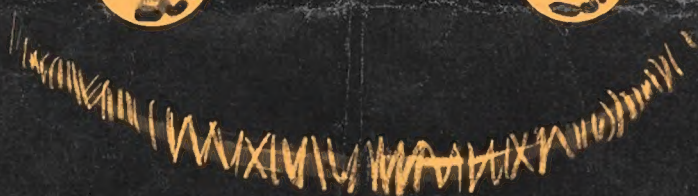


SKETCHBOOK

SPREAD BY ZID







SAM'S 10TH ANNIVERSARY COLLECTION

Trick 'r Treat

From the deliciously dark imagination of *Trick 'r Treat* creator **MICHAEL DOUGHERTY** (director of *Godzilla: King of the Monsters*, and the horror hit *Krampus*), comes the definitive *Trick 'r Treat* comic book collection in celebration of the 10th anniversary of this beloved horror saga. For the first time, Legendary Comics brings fans the full compendium of twisted Halloween tales, brought to life by a top-notch team of creators including writers **ZACH SHIELDS** (*Godzilla: KOTM*, *Krampus*) and **TODD CASEY** (*Krampus*), Eisner Award-winning writer **MARC ANDREYKO** (*Batwoman*), Eisner Award-winning artist **FIONA STAPLES** (*SAGA*), **ZID** (*Skull Island: Birth of Kong*; *Lost in Space: Countdown To Danger*), **STUART SAYGER** (*Bram Stoker's Death Ship*), **STEPHEN BYRNE** (*Green Arrow*), **GRANT BOND** (*Supernatural*), **MIKE HUDDLESTON** (*Man Bat*), and **CHRISTOPHER GUGLIOTTI** (*Texas Chainsaw Massacre*).

Trick 'r Treat, the graphic novel adaptation of the film, reveals 4 evocatively illustrated tales of horror interwoven into one unforgettable Halloween night as the unsettling figure known as Sam pays a visit to an unsuspecting community, wreaking havoc during the scariest night of the year.

And then in *Days of the Dead*, franchise icon Sam takes readers on a journey back through Halloween history with 4 chilling new *Trick 'r Treat* tales. Discover old-world lovers whose romance takes a chilling turn and Western pioneers who discover the dark side of the frontier. Travel to 1950s Los Angeles for a tale of pure horror noir and into the heart of small-town America to see some pranksters taught a lesson they'll never forget. Across centuries of Halloween horror, wherever fear lies, Sam will be waiting...

This new deluxe edition features all-new cover art, and brings all of Sam's stories together into one collection for the first time. No tricks, just treat after treat for horror fans!



LEGENDARY.COM

DR. VINK

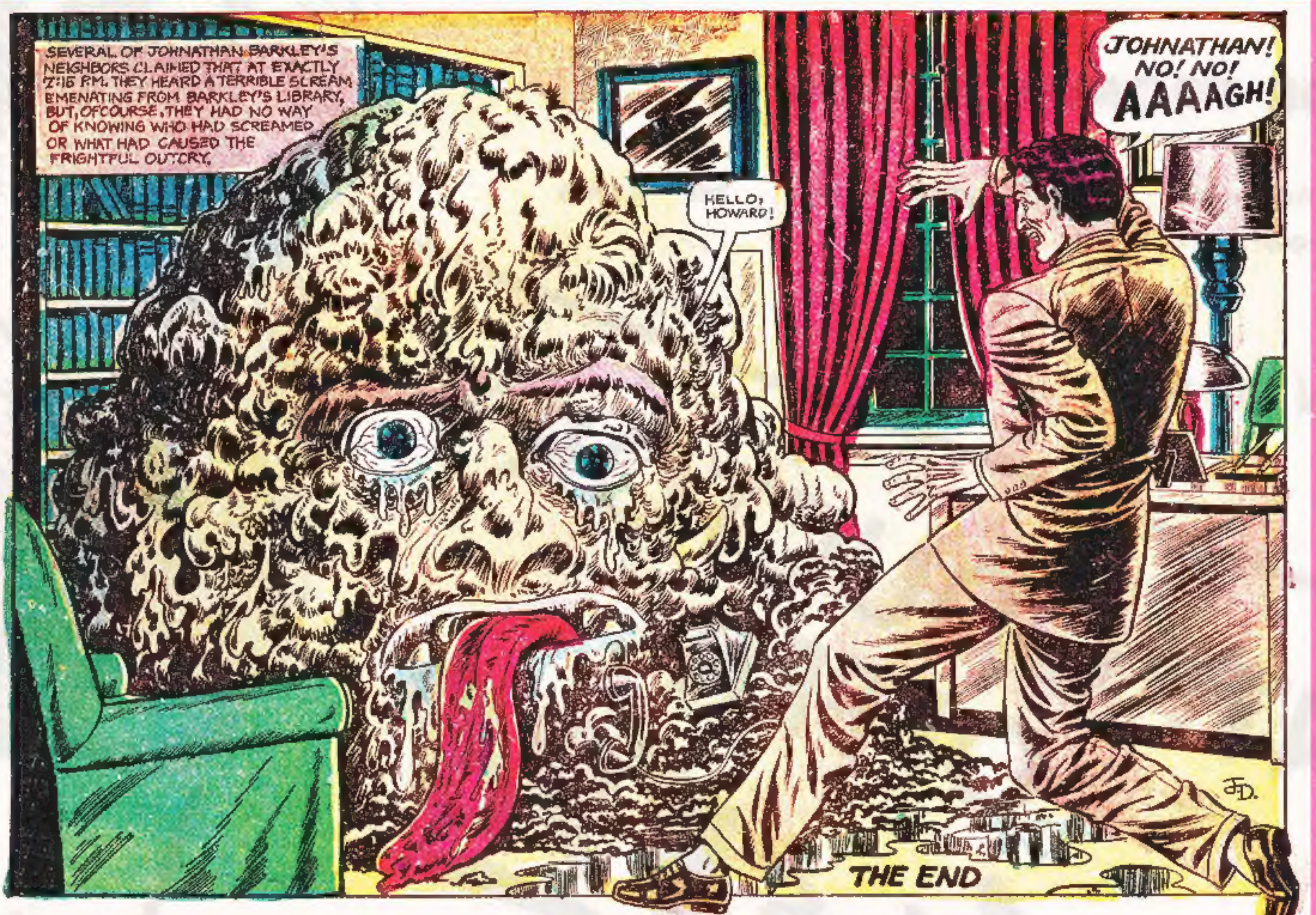
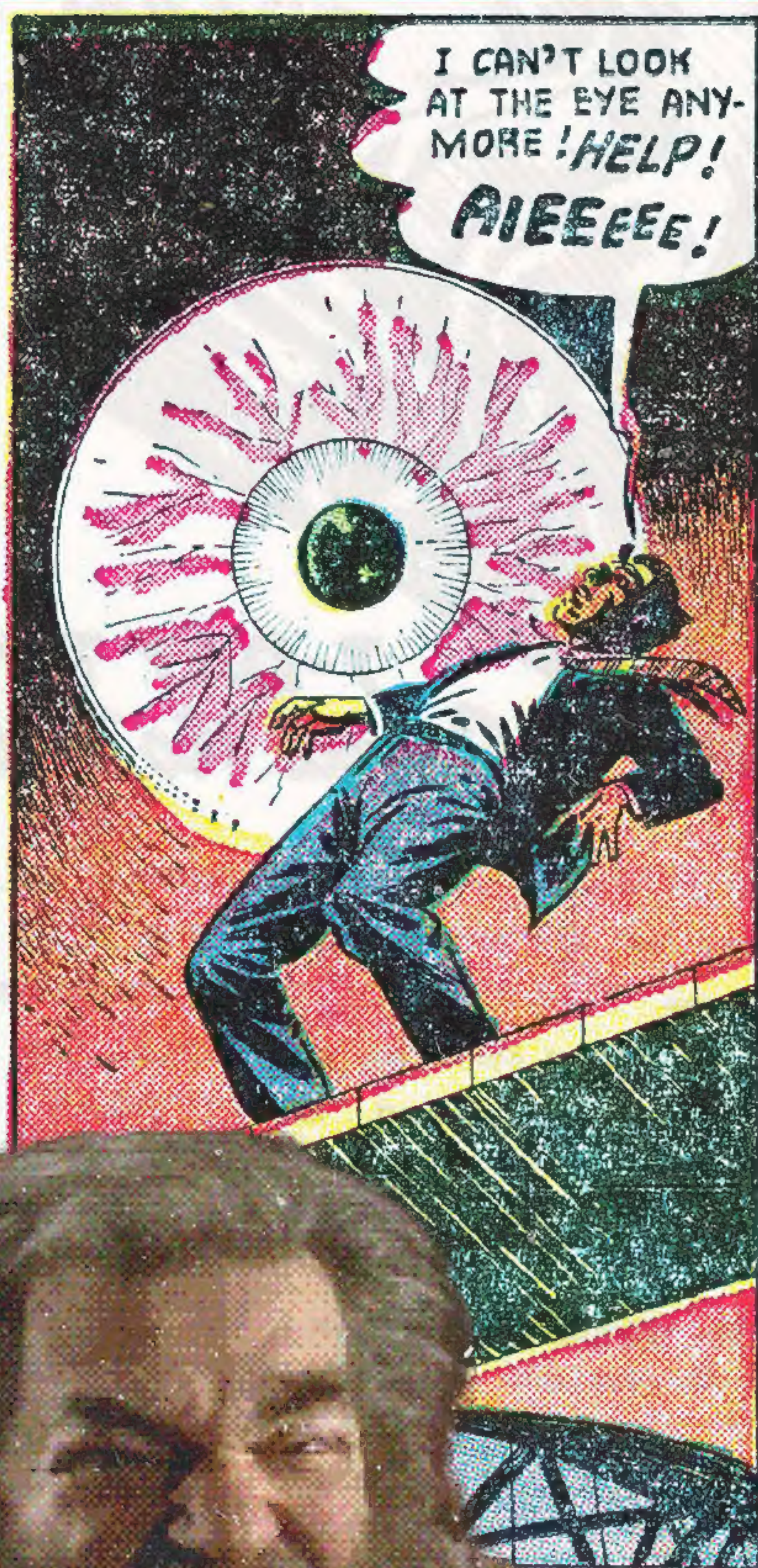
WITH A VA-VA-VA

A DR. VINK POOR MAN'S RIP

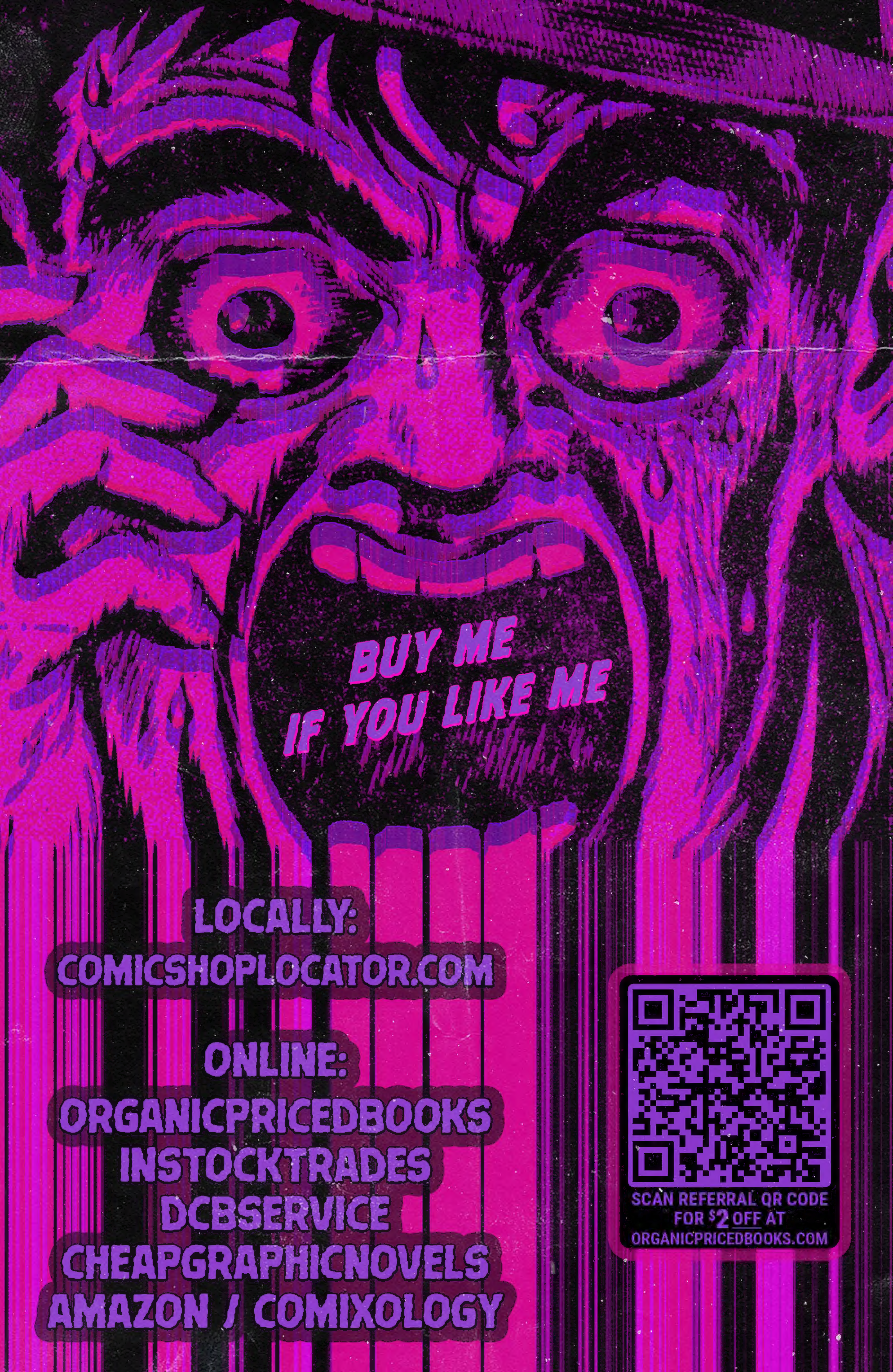
~ RIPPIN POORLY SINCE MAY 2022 ~

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...AND I AM NOT A NUT BAG



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